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# LAPLAND JOURNEY



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*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

THE ARCHES OF THE YEARS  
A TIME TO KEEP  
IN MY PATH

# LAPLAND JOURNEY

By

HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND

GEOFFREY BLES  
TWO MANCHESTER SQUARE  
LONDON

PRINTED BY  
J. AND J. GRAY  
EDINBURGH

FIRST PUBLISHED MAY 1938

TO  
THE RT. HON. LORD AITCHISON, P.C.  
LORD JUSTICE-CLERK OF SCOTLAND

“Lovely was the maid of Pohja,  
Famed on land, on water peerless,  
On the arch of air high-seated,  
Brightly shining on the rainbow,  
Clad in robes of dazzling lustre,  
Clad in raiment white and shining.  
There she wove a golden fabric,  
Interwoven all with silver,  
And her shuttle was all golden,  
And her comb was all of silver.”

(*Kalevala*. Translated from the  
Finnish by W. F. Kirby.)

## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. MURDER OF A SAINT . . . . .	I
II. THE PROFESSOR PROTESTS . . . . .	15
III. FINNISH FARE . . . . .	36
IV. A DOG'S LIFE . . . . .	53
V. GOING NORTH . . . . .	63
VI. LAW OF THE WILD . . . . .	80
VII. DRIVING A REINDEER . . . . .	96
VIII. FINNISH BATHS . . . . .	111
IX. LITTLE BREAD EATER . . . . .	118
X. A LAPP TENT . . . . .	124
XI. THE ENCHANTED FOREST . . . . .	137
XII. ON THE OLD TRAIL . . . . .	153
XIII. STENBÄCK'S HOUSE . . . . .	163
XIV. LAKE INARI . . . . .	174
XV. A BRAVE GIRL . . . . .	186
XVI. THE DYING MONASTERY . . . . .	194

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVII. A GENERAL IN THE ARCTIC . . . . .	205
XVIII. MY FRIEND NILS . . . . .	219
XIX. LURE OF SALMON . . . . .	232
XX. ESPIONAGE IN NORWAY . . . . .	244
XXI. TO THE TANA RIVER . . . . .	259
XXII. MR. TAPIO . . . . .	267
XXIII. A ROUND OLD WOMAN . . . . .	275
XXIV. THE POSTMAN WHO LIMPED . . . . .	282
XXV. THULE . . . . .	290

## CHAPTER I

### MURDER OF A SAINT

“DO you want to have me arrested as a lunatic?” Thus with righteous indignation did I address the Anglican chaplain at Helsinki (formerly known as Helsingfors), after a dozen or more visitors to the Museum had, from a safe distance, watched me talking aloud to myself and creeping on hands and knees around the replica of the cenotaph to St. Henry of Finland.

“I’m extremely sorry. I thought you’d have noticed that I had to—ah—leave you for a moment.”

“All right, but please don’t do it again,” and then we both went down on hands and knees, and continued creeping round the replica.

When innocent and even praiseworthy actions are misconstrued the doer is entitled to indulge in the scriptural luxury of righteous indignation. The Anglican Chaplain had lived in Helsinki for some years and so had never visited the Museum, even as I have never visited the Wallace Collection in London. He had never seen the replica of the empty brass tomb at Nousis. Nor did he know the story of St. Henry as etched on the twelve narrative brasses on its sides. Thanks to Professor Tancred Borenius<sup>1</sup> I knew the story, and so of my charity conducted the chaplain to the Museum. To explain the brasses it was necessary to creep on all fours, and with the chaplain creeping on my right I told him the story. All went well until I reached the first corner. Then and then only, for I cannot see with my right eye, did I notice that the chaplain had disappeared and that I was talking aloud to myself. It was most annoying.

<sup>1</sup> “St. Henry of Finland: an Anglo-Scandinavian Saint,” *Archaeological Journal*, vol. lxxxvii, pp. 341-356.



Immediately I resumed the erect attitude of *homo sapiens* and looked around. To my greater annoyance I saw a group of visitors fifteen yards away who had been watching me and who looked as though they were ready to bolt at the first signs of frenzy in me. The situation was ludicrous, and I had every right to resent the chaplain's unannounced temporary departure.

Bishop Henry was an Englishman and probably of Norman descent. On a winter's day in 1157, when his horse-drawn sledge was crossing the ice of Lake K yli n in south-western Finland, he was slain with an axe. The killer was Lalli, a yeoman on whom the bishop had imposed ecclesiastical penance for the sin of murder. Lalli lived in the parish of K yli n, fifty miles north of Turku, and at his house the bishop stopped to obtain food for himself, his driver, and horse on one of his journeys. Lalli was not at home, but his wife refused to give them anything. Whereupon the bishop commandeered bread, beer and hay, for which he made payment, and resumed his journey. Soon afterwards Lalli returned and learnt from his wife that food and hay had been commandeered. The woman, whose housekeeping accounts might not have borne inspection, said nothing about the money she had received.

Lalli set off on his skis with an axe and overtook the bishop on Lake K yli n. Seeing him coming, the bishop left the sledge so that the driver might escape, and told the latter to return with a sledge drawn by oxen. On this sledge he was to place the bishop's body, and allow the oxen to go where they would until overcome by exhaustion. Where they stopped a church was to be built. Lalli slew his victim on the frozen lake. Thereafter the driver returned, and the oxen wandered thirty-five miles south to Nousis, where a church was built for the sarcophagus of the bishop. Lalli went home wearing the bishop's red skull cap, and to explain the blood on his axe he told his wife that he had killed a

bear. When she commented on his red cap he took it off and also his scalp, which had adhered to the cap. Such are the outlines of a legend, confirmed to some extent by modern historical and archaeological research.

At the Swedish Synod of Linköping in 1152 Henry was consecrated as Bishop of Upsala by the Papal Legate, Cardinal Nicholas Breakspear, who was also an Englishman. In 1154 Breakspear became Pope Adrian IV; and Bishop Henry sailed with King Erik IX of Sweden (later St. Erik of Sweden) on the Crusade to Finland. The Finns were offered peace and the Christian faith. Both were refused. Thereafter the Finns were defeated in battle and the vanquished were baptised by Bishop Henry, the place of battle and baptism, according to tradition, being the Spring of Kuppis, near Turku on the extreme south-western coast of Finland.

King Erik returned to Sweden, and the bishop remained in Finland, where he was murdered three years later. There is a widespread pious belief that the dead bishop was canonised by his friend Adrian IV in 1158, but this statement so far as it can be traced was first made in 1623. There is no documentary evidence that St. Henry was ever formally canonised, but in 1250 his name appears among the Saints in the *Acta Sanctorum* of Rome, the day of his Feast being 19th January. In Finland the earliest reference to St. Henry's day is in 1256.

According to tradition the actual place where St. Henry was slain was a small island on Lake Kjöyliön, known as Kjöyliönsaari (Church Island), and of this Professor Borenus writes: "That there is something special about this island is undoubtedly indicated by the fact that although it is less than 30 yards long and about 20 yards wide, a stone edifice did stand on it in days gone by. That building is nowadays regarded as a memorial chapel to St. Henry, erected in the fourteenth century at a time when there is evidence that

much was being done to add lustre to the name of St. Henry."

The oxen, according to tradition, stopped at Nousis, where a church was built. Historically Nousis was the first bishopric in Finland, and there a few years ago archaeologists found not only the remains of an old wooden church, but also a sarcophagus lid of twelfth-century design. This may or may not have been part of St. Henry's coffin, but we do know that on the 18th of June 1300 (also commemorated in the Roman Calendar) the relics of St. Henry, borne in a silver reliquary, were translated from Nousis to the cathedral at Turku (Åbo in Swedish), where the Episcopal See had by then been established. There the relics remained in their silver reliquary, and, when the latter was stolen, in an iron box—until the Russians in the invasion of 1714-21 carried them away to an unknown destination. Those were the seven years of "Great Wrath," when thousands of Finns died under torture or were taken as slaves to Russia.

At the present time, twice every year—on 19th January and 18th June—St. Henry is remembered on the altars of Rome all over the world, when these words are spoken in Latin—"Born in Britain. Abounding in the Grace of God by heavenly providence he became a bishop of great renown in Upsala. At last, fighting strenuously for right and justice in Finland, he died a fearless Champion of Christ."

The present church at Nousis was built during the first half of the fourteenth century, and in 1370 a cenotaph in black schist was erected in honour of the Saint. "It was this cenotaph," writes Professor Borenus, "which, in the next century, was encased in engraved brass plaques, the donor being one of the most notable figures in the history of Finland in the Middle Ages, Bishop Magnus II Tawast, who occupied the See of Åbo between 1412 and 1450—a widely travelled, splendour-loving Prince of the Church, scion of one of the great noble families of mediaeval Finland,

and curiously enough, if a recent genealogical theory is accurate, himself a descendant of St. Henry's murderer, Lalli."

The cenotaph is oblong, 7 feet long, 3 feet  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide, and 1 foot 8 inches high. On the top is a single brass showing St. Henry against an elaborate cathedral interior background. He is trampling on Lalli and the axe. To the right Bishop Magnus kneels in prayer, and the brass is bordered by eight lines in Latin from the Office of the Saint. The twelve brasses around the sides of the cenotaph tell the story from the landing of the sister ships of Henry and Erik on the shore of Finland, with the anachronism that the Finns are shown as having cannon and ample supplies of ammunition in 1154.

As a mediaeval work of art this narrative in brass is unique. Here the craftsman of Flanders or of Lübeck—for the point is not yet settled—excelled in recording so vividly the first joint page of Swedish and Finnish history, and the background of scenery even as it is to-day. As work on metal it is comparable only with the bas-reliefs in silver on the ch<sup>â</sup>sse of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle. As the pictured story of two nations it is comparable with the Bayeux Tapestry, whereon is interwoven the history of England and of France from 1064 to the 16th of October 1066—"the day when King Harold was alive and was dead."

The last four brasses depict miracles attributed to the invocation of St. Henry. The sorrowing parents of a dead child invoke the prayers of the Saint, who then appears against a background of stars and the child comes to life. The next brass shows the ice floes on Lake K<sup>ö</sup>yliön in spring. A fisherman and his wife are out in a rowing-boat, and on an ice floe they see a bird pecking at an object which proves to be a severed finger wearing St. Henry's ring. To accentuate the loneliness of the lake a lion is seen crouching on the bank, although even in Pliocene times there were no

lions in Finland. Be it noted that the armorial device of the cathedral chapter at Turku is now and always has been a severed finger wearing a ring.

Another miracle is when two seal hunters on the Baltic are overtaken by a storm. Their boat is sinking by the stern, and the mast has been smashed by a flying devil. They invoke St. Henry, who appears. The storm abates, the boat is righted, and even the mast is as good as new. The last brass shows two monks at supper. One is drinking from the only goblet on the table, is scornful, and jeers at St. Henry. In the night he is taken ill, goes to his friend's cell, and implores his aid. His friend advises him to invoke the aid of St. Henry, and points to the cornice of the cell where the Saint appears with his hand raised in benediction.

The reality of many saints has been obscured by pious legends with which the truth about their lives is embroidered. Those who write the lives of saints too often seek either to improve on the original or to suppress anything detrimental to sanctity. They forget the saying that the difference between saint and sinner is that the saint knows he is a sinner. The final result of alternating exaggeration and suppression is something that is much too good to be true. Of such hagiographers St. Thomas More, once Lord Chancellor of England, wrote, "They have scarcely left a life of martyr or of virgin without foisting into it something untrue, piously no doubt, for of course there was a danger that truth left to itself should not be able to stand upright: so that it was necessary to prop it up with lies." There you have a saint who never lost his sense of irony. When under sentence of death and told that the King, as a special favour, had commuted his punishment to decapitation, he replied, "God preserve all my friends from such favours."

A distinguished Carmelite of our time has also written, "*Les pieux ont toujours le devoir de ne pas scandaliser les savants.*"

## MURDER OF A SAINT

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Mental attitudes towards miracles are often curious. Thus a person may blindly believe that the astral body of a fakir has been seen walking about in Canada whilst the fakir himself was asleep by a dusty roadside in India; that Home, the medium, was levitated in a trance so that his body in a horizontal position floated out of a first-floor room through one open window and floated back through another; that mahogany tables have risen without visible cause to the ceiling or that pianos have likewise walked upstairs.

Towards all such alleged events it is advisable to adopt the attitude of doubting Thomas. It is foolish to believe in them without examining the evidence (which in Home's case is in favour of the thing having happened). Yet more foolish is the man who blindly believes in astral bodies of fakirs, but refuses to believe in any unusual happening when associated with a Christian saint. "I don't believe in miracles!" is the boast of many a modern mind. Yet if you ask him to define a miracle the betting is a hundred to one that he gives the wrong answer—that a miracle is against Nature.

Now a miracle is certainly above what little we know of Nature, but is no more against Nature than is the fourth dimension against tri-dimensional space as understood by the average individual. Yet who, even if he had never thought in the fourth dimension, would be so foolhardy as to deny its existence? After reading Mr. Dunne's books<sup>1</sup> I found myself thinking for a few minutes in five dimensions, whereas a real mathematician can think in many more dimensions until he approaches Infinity, one of the attributes of God and beyond the comprehension of any finite mind.

The advanced thinkers of the Victorian era worked overtime to get rid of the supernatural, and to-day Dean Inge, last of the Victorians, writes, "There are few amongst our ecclesiastics and theologians who would spend five minutes

<sup>1</sup> *An Experiment with Time; The Serial Universe.*

in investigating one alleged supernatural occurrence in our own time. It would be assumed that if true it must be ascribed to some obscure natural cause.”<sup>1</sup> Personally, as a rationalist who seeks conclusions by the use of reason, I think an “obscure natural cause” deserves more than five minutes of a theologian’s valuable time—for every cause must have a cause until we get back to the First Cause.

Yet with all respect to St. Henry and with the fate of the scornful monk in mind, I see nothing very remarkable in the finding of his severed finger. Indeed, that was a trivial affair in comparison with the finding of another English martyr’s body on which I made a post-mortem examination. This was the strangest post-mortem examination I have ever made, or that anyone is ever likely to make, and so I now record it before leaving St. Henry and all other saints in peace.

On 24th June 1654 John Southworth, aged sixty-two, was arraigned at the Old Bailey for being a priest of the Catholic Church and “a false traitor to this Commonwealth of England.” He pleaded not guilty to treason, but acknowledged his priesthood—for which in point of fact he had already been imprisoned many times. His main work was in Westminster, and in 1636 he had appealed to the Catholics of England for money to help the Catholic poor, then stricken by plague, starvation and unemployment. By this appeal he raised over 800 gold crowns.

At the Old Bailey his judges now urged him to plead “not guilty” to the whole indictment. They told him they had no evidence that he was a priest, and that if he pleaded “not guilty” to the whole indictment his life would be safe. Yet he refused to deny his religion, and two days later sentence of death was passed. “You shall be taken back to the prison whence you were brought, thence you shall be drawne to the place of execution, and there hanged by the

<sup>1</sup> *Outspoken Essays*, p. 169.

neck untill thou art half-dead: your head shall then be cut off, and the rest of your members divided into four parts shall be fixed up at the four usual points of the city, and may God have mercy upon you!"

This meant hanging until suffocated, emasculation, evisceration, and finally removal of the heart, all these organs being thrown on a fire, after which the corpse was quartered into head, trunk and lower limbs. In the case of priests the right hand, the hand that is raised in benediction, was also amputated with the axe and burnt. If the executioner was merciful his victim would be unconscious from strangulation before being mutilated.

On 28th June 1654 John Southworth was "drawne," or, as we would write, dragged face downwards on a hurdle from Newgate Prison to Tyburn, near the present Marble Arch in Hyde Park. I mention this because being dragged on a hurdle was distinct from being drawn after hanging. The Oxford Dictionary gives over two dozen meanings for the verb "to draw," and one is to disembowel.

John Southworth's executioner was not merciful. What happened after the hanging is described by a witness, Lorenzo Paulucci, Venetian Secretary in England, in a letter to Giovanni Sagredo, the Ambassador in France: "Then in a fashion worse than barbarous, when he was only half-dead, the executioner cut out his heart and entrails and threw them into a fire kindled for that purpose, the body being quartered, one for each of the quarters of the city."<sup>1</sup>

The quartered body was sent overseas in a fishing smack by one of the Howards of Norfolk to the English College at Douay. One of the cervical vertebrae was retained as a relic, but this was subsequently lost. At Douay the body was embalmed, placed in a lead coffin, and kept in the chapel. Soon afterwards the coffin was removed to the crypt, because in the countryside around Douay a cultus of John

<sup>1</sup> Record Office, Venetian State Paper (unbound), 1654.



Southworth had arisen, and some maintained that by invoking his prayers miracles had occurred. This cultus had not been authorised by Rome, and so the coffin was removed from public view in order that the practice might cease.

The coffin remained in the crypt until 1793, when war was declared between England and France. The College authorities had anticipated the subsequent visit of Revolutionary troops, and on the night of 4th May 1793, as a measure of precaution, the body of John Southworth in its lead coffin was secretly buried in a field near the College. At the same time a plan showing the site of interment was prepared by one of the priests at Douay, Father Stout. The plan was lost, and for 134 years the remains of John Southworth lay in an unknown grave.

In 1927 a new road was being constructed across a field near the College, and on the 15th of July workmen discovered a lead coffin at a depth of five feet. The lead was corroded and the embalmed remains in the coffin were sodden. The remains were sent to the medical school at the University of Lille, where they were dried in a current of heated air and then X-rayed. The body was that of a man who had been drawn and quartered, and the X-rays showed that one of the cervical vertebrae was missing. Was it the body of John Southworth? More than one man has been drawn and quartered, embalmed and placed in a lead coffin. More than one body might have lost a cervical vertebra. As there was no inscription on the coffin the identity of the body was not yet established to the satisfaction of the authorities in Rome. Then in England two months later the original plan made by Father Stout was found in the archives of the English Benedictines, and the site marked on that plan was the place where workmen had found the coffin.

Again the scene and time is changed. On a wet and windy day, 14th December 1929, in an upper room of St. Edmund's College, Ware, Hertford, a small group gathered

round a wooden case sealed with the arms of Douay. By permission of the Governments of France and Britain the body of John Southworth was on its way home. There was a bishop, a vice-postulator, a sub-promoter of the Faith, a notary, two doctors, and two clerics to witness the proceedings. The bishop was Bishop Butt, and the two doctors were Mr. Ernest Ware and myself. We doctors were present because in Rome on the following day at noon John Southworth would be beatified. From that moment he would be called Blessed, and his remains would become the property of the Holy See. For that reason Rome required an accurate anatomical description of the body to be given by two doctors, each independently of the other.

The vice-postulator testified on oath as to the finding of the body, that the sealed case contained the remains of John Southworth, and that a portion of lead coffin exhibited by the bishop was part of the coffin he had seen at Douay in 1927 before its contents were sent to Lille. And then, before the seals of Douay were broken, the bishop to my astonishment passed sentence of conditional excommunication on everyone present, in these words:

“I pronounce upon all you now present, irrespective of your titles or dignities, sentence of excommunication if any one of you shall now, or at any time, remove relics from this the body of John Southworth, except by permission of the Holy See and in accordance with the Canon Law; and if any one of you shall act otherwise he shall *ipso facto* place himself under that extreme form of excommunication always reserved by the Holy See unto itself.”

Thus in the Middle Ages did the Holy See seek to stamp out the trade in relics. No one may sell relics, and for all genuine relics a certificate is issued, in accordance with

## LAPLAND JOURNEY

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Canon Law. There are collectors to-day who buy stolen paintings, and there were Catholics who would buy stolen relics. There was also a trade in spurious relics.

Thereafter the bishop broke the seals of Douay and the wooden case was placed on a bier. Led by the bishop, this was carried in procession downstairs and along the ground-floor corridor. Immediately behind the bier were my colleague and I, and behind us walked the two clerical witnesses. All the clergy wore vestments and chanted Psalms in Latin. Ernest Ware had the forethought to provide suitable attire for both of us, and our white surgical gowns and caps did not destroy the harmony of colour in the procession as plain morning dress might have done. He is taller than I, and had the kindness to provide me with a shorter surgical gown than his own. Otherwise I might have tripped and fallen. Everyone in the procession carried a lighted candle. That part of the College through which we passed was locked and closed to all except ourselves, but from outside through the windows of the long corridor peered professors, teachers, theological students and school-boys. Assuredly they were watching a unique procession such as none of them was ever likely to see again. It was a solemn moment when Ernest Ware spoke:

"Sutherland! Do you know what you look like?"

"I suppose I look like a surgeon."

"No, you look like a chef from Simpson's in the Strand."

I laughed. Thus do some minds, including my own, sometimes react on solemn occasions.

In a room adjoining the chapel the lid of the wooden case was unscrewed, and my colleague and I lifted the body on to a table covered by a white linen cloth. Ernest Ware then left the room, and I knelt on a crimson cushion to answer questions from the bishop on his throne:

"What is your name?"

"What is your father's name?" A strange question, but

## MURDER OF A SAINT

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I was back in the Middle Ages when bastardy was a *baton sinister* to the holding of certain offices, although it never hindered William the Conqueror.

"What is your nationality?"

"What is your age?"

"What are your degrees?"

These were the questions asked and answered, and then I made oath to examine the body and to speak the truth.

The head had been sewn to the neck, and the pelvis and lower limbs to the trunk. The abdominal wound had also been stitched. My commentary word for word as spoken was recorded in longhand by the notary. Thus, "There is evidence that the body has been decapitated, drawn and quartered. . . . The right hand is missing. It has been severed above the wrist joint and through the lower end of the radius and ulna. The right arm measures 51 centimetres from the stump to the tip of the acromion process."

"What of the teeth?" asked the bishop. "Do they give any indication of age at death?"

"They are the teeth of a man who was probably not less than fifty years of age." (The incisors were blunted, the molars worn down, but I had in mind the rough fare of the seventeenth century.)

"That is the most you can say as to age?"

"That is so, my Lord."

"Do the remains correspond exactly with those described by the Rev. Albert Purdie in his report?"

"Yes, they do."

The proceedings were formal and untinged by any emotion. The body on the table was a silent witness to what it had suffered 275 years earlier. The report I had given was read aloud by the notary, and then read and signed by me. I withdrew, and Ernest Ware came in to make an independent examination. Thereafter I was recalled and the bishop drew attention to a discrepancy between one of

our measurements. This arose through our having chosen a different bony point from which the measurement was made. We were now instructed to remove some carpal and tarsal bones as relics, and Ernest Ware removed them deftly and gently—as if he were operating on a living subject. An anatomical description of the relics was recorded by the notary. Thereafter the body was clothed with vestments as for Mass, and replaced in the wooden case. The lid was screwed down, the heads of the eight screws being sealed by the bishop. In all, the proceedings had occupied three and a half hours. A sworn verbatim report in Latin would later be sent to Rome.

The wooden case was next opened in the Cathedral Hall, Westminster, on 30th April 1930, when I testified on oath that the remains were those that I had examined at St. Edmund's. They were then transferred to a reliquary of wood and glass, which was sealed by Cardinal Bourne. On the following day the reliquary, borne on a bier by representatives of the secular clergy, Jesuits, Benedictines, Franciscans, and followed by the Hierarchy of England, was carried in the presence of thousands of people through the Cathedral grounds to its last resting-place in St. George's Chapel. There the remains of a simple priest who worked amongst the poor of Westminster receive that homage and honour which no living man can ever know. It is interesting to speculate what, at the moment of his execution, were the mathematical odds against the body of John Southworth ever entering the then unbuilt cathedral that is now the centre of the diocese in which he worked. At all events, from what I know about the finding of John Southworth's body, I have no reason to scorn the legend of St. Henry's Finger.

## CHAPTER II

### THE PROFESSOR PROTESTS

“AND when do you go to Lapland?” asked Professor Hirn.

“To-morrow night, if the road is open beyond Rovaniemi.”

“Then you’ll see very little of our capital. Surely there is no need—you will forgive my saying so—for this haste. I took the liberty of telephoning to the Tourist Association, and they say the snow in Lapland will last for another month. Perhaps we might go round to their office?”

Yrjö Hirn, Professor of Aesthetics at Helsinki, was the first to welcome me to Finland. He is a Finn whose fine features, silver white hair, pointed beard and delicate hands would have graced the Old Quadrangle of Edinburgh University. Other elderly Finns have I seen who looked like Moderators of the Church of Scotland. Professor Hirn has perfect English, and with scholarship the gift of irony.

“You see,” and he smiled as we rose to walk from my hotel to the tourist office, “I am doing my best to stop the fashion set by your English writer, E. D. Clarke, in 1779.”

“The man who scared the Lapps with his fire-balloon! Well, I haven’t even brought a firework.”

“I was not thinking of the fire-balloon, although possibly something more representative of English culture at the end of the eighteenth century might have been displayed for the benefit of the Lapps. No, I refer to the fashion of writers to ignore Finland except as a means of getting to Lapland as quickly as possible. It is in the nature of things that strangers should be attracted by all that is most curious in an unknown land. Yet it is most unfortunate that in the consciousness of Europe, mostly through literary influences,

Finland should be so often confused with Lapland, and the Finns with the Lapps."

"But is such confusion widespread?"

"Assuredly it is," and the Professor stopped on the pavement, as was his custom when a point had to be accentuated—an academic custom that bespoke a tranquil mind. "I spent the winter of 1899 at Oxford, and there I became friends with a distinguished Englishman who was somewhat short in stature. It never occurred to me that he was sensitive about his height until one day he said, 'I will confide in you that ever since my youth I have dreamt of settling in your country,' and then, seeing the astonished expression on my face, he added, 'It would be so nice not to have to turn my glance upwards in going about among my fellows.' Then I realised that he was thinking about the Lapps, who as a race are short, although even that I understand has been exaggerated."

The Professor and I continued our promenade along the streets. Many passers-by raised their hats and bowed to him, and he ceremoniously acknowledged their salutations by raising his fur-lined hat. "I understood," he continued, "my English friend's mistake all the better because of what had happened to my compatriot and friend, Edward Westermarek, ten years earlier. He is neither slight nor short in stature, but rather, if I may so express it, abounds in the opposite direction. During his first years of study in England he was invited to dinner by a family who had not then met him personally and knew nothing about him except that he came from Finland. When in his full height he made his entry among them, he saw that his hostess hastily gave some order to the servant; he thought he heard some furniture being moved in the dining-room, and through an indiscretion he afterwards learnt that in pure tactfulness a child's high chair had been provided, so that the guest from Finland should not feel uncomfortable by not reaching up to the table."

Again the Professor stopped on the pavement. We were passing Stockmann's Store, and he indicated one of the windows: "I thought that might interest you." It did. In the window was a display of *Arches of the Years*, *A Time to Keep*, and *In My Path*, with translations of the first two in Swedish. Such a display would bring a smile to the face of the most cantankerous royalty-minded writer. "I called here yesterday," said my companion, "and told them you were coming. They would be glad if you go in and sign their visitors' book." In we went, and I noticed that he always removed his hat on entering a shop—an old-time Finnish courtesy no longer practised by the younger generation. In my own time it was once customary in London, at all events in the Army and Navy Stores, where the Pukka Sahibs and Mem-Sahibs do their shopping, to uncover the head when in the presence of ladies in the lift. That custom is also dead, and I think it died last year. The Academy Book Shop is on the third floor, and with its twelve miles of shelves is the largest in Europe. In proportion to population, the Finns buy more books than any other nation.

Once more in the street the Professor continued, "I told that story of Westermarek's chair to MacCallum Scott, who included it in his book *Suomi, the Land of the Finns*. Indeed, he capped it with a story of Augustine Birrell, who told Scott of his astonishment when in St. Petersburg he met a Finnish lady who read George Eliot's novels. Birrell expected to see a little fur-clad Eskimo woman who had been reared on seal blubber."

At the Tourist Association a Finnish girl, speaking perfect English (so perfect that some of our island race sometimes ask, to her annoyance, "Are you really a native?"), explained that the Great Arctic Highway had been cleared of snow and that buses were now running, although in places the banks of snow were twelve feet deep. She added that if I could wait for a few days their Director, Mr. Wolter



Stenbäck, was going north and would cross Lapland by reindeer sledges.

"A great opportunity!" added Professor Hirn.

"Of course I'll wait. When does he start?"

"I don't know, but—oh, here is Mr. Stenbäck."

I turned and was introduced to a spare man of medium height, clean-shaven, with iron-grey hair, strong features, and penetrating eyes. His expression was serious, and in his smile there was something, I know not what, that reminded me of De Valera. Both had been revolutionaries. He led the way to a large roller map on the wall, "I am going to Kauliranta, the railhead on the Swedish frontier, then by bus 118 miles to Muonio, and from there with reindeer to Enontekiö and across to Inari. If you'd like——"

"I'd like nothing better."

He turned and gave me a swift intent glance. I knew of old that look. It was the "once over," that is usually given by sergeants-major and inspectors of police. "It's going to be rough," he said.

I nodded.

"Do you understand? Definitely rough."

"Yes, I understand—and I want it."

"Very well, what kit have you got?"

"A pair of gum boots——"

"Useless! In fact, dangerous! What else?"

"A leather flying coat."

"Also useless, in that cold! What else?"

"A woollen Balaclava helmet and leather flying helmet."

"That may be useful, and I'll lend you whatever else you need. Don't bother about your kit."

"Thank you very much. And when do we start?"

"On Sunday week by the 11.15 train. Meet me at the railway station." He bowed formally and disappeared into an inner office. I say disappeared, because our short inter-

view had left me with the impression of a man who could appear and disappear with equal facility.

"And now," said the Professor, "there is time before lunch to visit the University and the University Library. We have five hundred thousand volumes, and I shall introduce you to the librarian in case you might wish to do some research."

The University, built 1828-32, is reckoned as an old building, but the interior is modern and in the large auditorium and in the class-rooms the seats and desks were more comfortable and conducive to sleep than the hard benches of my own Alma Mater. In Finland all university education is free to those who have passed matriculation, a very stiff examination; and amongst all classes is the desire to possess a degree. Fees are only charged for the examinations, and many students borrow the money from their relatives. "I sometimes wonder," said Professor Hirn, "if we are not producing an erudite rather than an educated nation. Would you say that the converse held true in England?"

"No, I don't think anyone could truthfully say that. And surely it is a good thing when even your manual workers want higher education?"

"Certainly, as long as they seek it for the sake of culture, but very few can hope to make a living by teaching or practising the subjects in which they graduate. There are not enough positions, and so you may find a Doctor of Engineering driving a railway engine."

"That should make him a better engine-driver."

"Yes, provided he is content to drive an engine."

At our last meeting Professor Hirn spoke of one of his books, *The Sacred Shrine*,<sup>1</sup> published in London after two Paris publishers had declined it, "the one because it was

<sup>1</sup> *The Sacred Shrine*. A Study of the Art and Poetry of the Catholic Church. Macmillan & Co., London, 1912.

likely to offend his Catholic *clientèle*; the other because it would offend free-thinkers. Yet its reception in England was very friendly. And now I hope your new book may be a success, and that you will do something to clear up the regrettable misconceptions about Finland."

"Surely others have done that already?"

"To their credit many have tried to do so. George Saintsbury in *A Cellar Book* mentions a tall Finnish lady with golden hair, whom I wish I could identify. In the eyes of that eminent literary historian she had the merit of appreciating more than anyone else a dry white wine which the epicure valued more than all his other wines. It is difficult to uproot an age-old error. Saxo Grammaticus, the old Danish chronicler of 1150 to 1220, pictured the Finns as if they were Lapps. So also does the *Encyclopædia Britannica* of 1929."

"Most extraordinary!"

"It is extraordinary and most unfortunate. In the fourteenth edition you will find a picture entitled 'A Finn with his native conveyance of reindeer and sledge.' The supposed Finn is dressed in picturesque Lapp costume and is accompanied by that arctic animal, the reindeer. Now I myself and the majority of my countrymen have never seen Lapp costumes except in ethnographical museums, and the only reindeer I have ever seen are in our zoological gardens. The nearest part of Lapland is over 400 miles from here. How long do you intend to stay there?"

"For two or three months."

"I hope you will not stay longer."

"And why not?"

"Well, I have never been to Lapland, but it is right to tell you that strange things are said about that country. A short visit does no harm, but if people stay longer they never come back."

"What happens to them?"

"I understand that their minds become affected by the solitude, and that they have no wish to leave."

There is truth in what the Professor said, because even now, here in London, I sometimes hear the call of the snow, of the cold, of the stars and of the reindeer to come back. Here also I looked up the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, fourteenth edition, and found the picture of which Professor Hirn complained to be that of an Inari Lapp, because the pulkka or boat-like sledge is peculiar to that district of Lapland. Strange to say, it is produced by permission "of the Consulate-General of Finland." Yet we should be grateful for small mercies, to wit, that the following farrago of rubbish in the tenth edition has disappeared: "Physically the Finns (here to be distinguished from the Swedish-speaking population, who retain their Scandinavian qualities) are a strong, hardy race, of low stature, with almost round head, low forehead, flat features, prominent cheek-bones, eyes mostly grey and oblique (inclining inwards), short and flat nose, protruding mouth, thick lips, neck very full and strong, so that the occiput seems flat and almost in a straight line with the nape; beard weak and sparse, hair no doubt originally black, but, owing to mixture with other races, now brown, red and even fair; complexion also somewhat brown. The Finns are morally upright, hospitable, faithful and submissive, with a keen sense of personal freedom and independence, but also somewhat stolid, revengeful and indolent. Many of these physical and moral characteristics they have in common with the so-called 'Mongolian' race, to which they are no doubt ethnically, if not also linguistically, related."

It would be as accurate to describe the present inhabitants of Britain in terms that might apply to Eurasians, and yet the above was written of a nation whose standard of education is higher than our own and whose athletes have won international fame at Olympic games. One thing I noted in

Finland is that school children have a remarkable practical knowledge of botany. As a holiday task in the summer each has to collect and classify in Latin, according to Linnaeus, two hundred different specimens of wild flowers—a most useful accomplishment that I lack in spite of having once passed a professional examination in botany.

In the anatomy department of the medical school I breathed once more the formalin-laden air and saw derelict bodies on the dissecting tables. Adjoining the dissecting room was a Lutheran chapel where a service is held when the bodies are coffined for burial. Also new to me was the underground room in the department of physiology. Professor Granit, thirty-five-year-old physiologist, who had been a Rockefeller lecturer in America and whose researches for the most part are published in the *British Journal of Physiology*, explained the purpose of this room: "Here we measure the effect of colours on the frog's eye. The cells of the frog's retina live for three days after its death. We can measure their response to colours by amplifying through a series of valves the electric changes induced in the retina. Wireless waves interfere with the apparatus, and so this room is radio-proof. If you brought the most sensitive radio set down here and turned it on you would hear nothing." Professor Granit is a Finn who lectures in Swedish.

Amid the pinewoods on the outskirts of Helsinki are the four most modern hospitals in Europe—the Tuberculosis, the Red Cross, the Military, and the Gynaecological—huge buildings of ferro-concrete, where the floors are supported by hollow steel columns that also serve as vents for furnaces in the basement. All floors are carpeted with rubber, and no ward has more than six beds. Operating theatres are centralised, with communicating doors, so that surgeons may pass from one to another. On large covered balconies patients can rest in the open air even in winter. And the cost to patients—2s. a day in public wards ; 8s. for a private

room ; accouchements £2, 5s. inclusive ; and your appendix removed for £4. In comparison, most of our London hospitals are antiquated buildings on expensive sites in the midst of petrol-laden air. It is time that these old sites were sold and the hospitals rebuilt in the Green Belt, to which patients could be sent from small clearing-stations in the denser areas. A long way from Harley Street! True, but if the honorary staff surrendered plurality of appointments they would have plenty of time to attend at hospitals on the outskirts of London, and, moreover, a larger number of the medical profession would enjoy the benefits of hospital work. We are a long way behind Canada, where any doctor may send his patients to hospital—and treat them there.

Helsinki is the cleanest capital I have seen. Indeed, the Finns have standards of personal, domestic and civic cleanliness far in advance of western or southern Europe. It is no exaggeration that by comparison with the streets of London you could eat food off the pavements of Helsinki. It is also a smokeless city. Birch wood gives little smoke, and is burnt in large closed stoves that occupy a whole corner of the room from floor to ceiling. The fumes, by the time they have left the tubular ramifications of the stove to reach the chimney, have lost most of their heat, which has radiated into the room. Only in countries as rich in coal as Britain is it possible to have cheerful open fires in grates from which 80 per cent. of the heat is dispersed up the chimney with a view to warming the stratosphere.

Finland is a poor country, if wealth per head of population is an index of prosperity. A moment's reflection proves the falsity of that index when great discrepancies exist in the distribution of wealth between the very rich and the very poor. In Finland these discrepancies are relatively small. Thus in 1931 only twelve individuals out of 3,550,000 had an annual income exceeding £6637 (1,500,000 marks), and only six owned property in excess of £132,743 (30,000,000

marks). The ownership of land is a finer index of the equitable or inequitable distribution of property. In 1901 there were 100,000 landowners, whereas in 1934 there were 570,000 cultivated holdings, of which 300,000 had a ploughed area of not less than three-fifths of an acre. Large estates and large farms are rare. They do not cover more than 6.1 per cent. of the total field area of Finland. Two-fifths of all land, mostly forest, is owned by the State, but of the arable land 92 per cent. is owned by private individuals.

Wages and salaries for manual and mental work are low in comparison to those paid in Britain or in the United States. Again, that is no index of the standard of living, because in Finland the prices of essential foods and articles of utility are lower than in any other European country. Moreover, there is little outward variation in the standard of living amongst the different social classes. Artisans, business employees, and the lower ranks of the Civil Service live in outwardly similar circumstances. Class distinctions are further reduced by the children of all classes meeting in secondary schools and at the universities.

There are no slums in Finland, and no "submerged tenth" or "problem class" as in Britain. Unskilled labourers are poor, but they possess the necessities of life, are decently housed, and self-respect is unimpaired. Even during the world depression (1931-32) unemployment did not affect more than 3 per cent. of the population, or 6 per cent. of the workmen in all trades. Why? Because 60 per cent. of the population depend on agriculture for a living. Many of the industrial towns are relatively new, or, if old, were built mostly of wood, as was Helsinki, until the beginning of the century. This has simplified the building of houses for manual workers. No new wooden houses may now be erected in a town; and when the old houses are either destroyed by fire or pulled down by the local authority, they are replaced by modern dwellings of brick or stone. Thus

housing conditions have been improved more rapidly and on a larger scale than was possible in the older cities of Europe, and the newest dwelling-houses, as regards construction and comfort, are probably second to none.

During my first few days in the capital I was puzzled by the number of invitations from people who were by no means rich, to pay a visit during the summer to their country house. In Britain the possession of a country house is a mark of wealth. In Helsinki a large number of people, whose opposite numbers in England would stay at a seaside boarding-house, own well-built wooden houses alongside rivers and lakes in the country, or on one or other of the thirty thousand little islands of the great archipelago beyond the harbour. Aye, more, on a stretch of woodland on the outskirts of the city I saw hundreds of gaily painted little wooden bungalows with gardens, and these during the summer are let for a few shillings a week to poorer people.

In many towns the change from shacks to stone buildings has been rapid and recent. At Rovaniemi, the capital of Lapland, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles south of the Arctic Circle, I saw it happening. For twenty yards I walked on asphalt pavement alongside large shops. On the other side of the street was a ferro-concrete bank. Then the pavement stopped, and the street continued as a road fenced on either side, and behind the fences were wooden shacks. I had some difficulty in finding the railway station, for the railway ends in the middle of a large field, where there is a platform and a booking-office. The capital of Lapland is a small town with a few thousand inhabitants, and it reminded me of one of those growing American townships that I had seen as a boy through the eyes of Bret Harte.

There are ancient castles and mediaeval churches, of primitive simplicity, in Finland. Between these and the architecture of the twentieth century are very few transitional



forms. The intervening centuries left few monuments in stone, and the missing links are really missing. There is little to connect the past with the present, and on the spot there are few old buildings with which side by side the most recent could be compared. That gap may be to the advantage of the modern. In London a little church, St Clement Danes, designed by Wren on an island in the Strand, is a constant reminder of the futility of our sham Gothic Law Courts, of the brutality of the Shell-Mex erection that towers above the most expensive suites in the Savoy Hotel, and of the freakishness of that glass-house built by Lord Beaverbrook, presumably as a warning against the practice of throwing stones in Fleet Street.

In Helsinki the Church of St. Nicholas, the State Council building, the University, its Library, the House of Estates, and the Athenaeum, an art gallery in renaissance style, date from the nineteenth century. Yet the city was founded by Gustavus Vasa of Sweden in 1550, and in 1812 became the capital of Finland under the liberal Czar Alexander I. All other public buildings are of the twentieth century. The railway station has been much praised, but Mark Twain gave good advice when he advised travellers not to get drunk on other people's corks. I am no judge of railway stations, being usually in too great a hurry or in too bad a temper after missing a train to do them justice. The station here has a massive frontage of red granite, but I regret the black roof and think that all granite buildings when the roof is visible should be roofed with red or green tiles. Yet the frontage suggests power, and the 157 feet high clock tower punctuality—the main attributes and virtues of a railway. I may have done the station less than justice, because Miss Agnes Rothery is lyrical on the subject. "In it Eliel Saarinen, without resorting to any of that exaggerated brutality by which lesser architects struggle to express power, has created one of the most impressive monuments in Europe.

As a symbol of Finland's position—the last bulwark of the West and gateway to the East—and of her aspiration to be an immutable integrated nation, it is profoundly affecting.”<sup>1</sup>

The new Diet House, where Parliament has met since 1931, is a monument to the truth and beauty of parallel lines. In the twentieth century J. S. Sirén has created one of the world's finest buildings. The Diet House is neo-classic, but less ornate than anything in Greece. Built on the street level, the long lines of the steps leading to the portico give a sense of distance. Then comes the plain pillar and lintel design in red granite. The pillars are undecorated, the design on their capitals is simple, and they are so high that the enormous masses of granite forming the architrave seem to have lost their weight. Even one so ignorant of architecture as myself beheld Truth, Beauty and Dignity—unadorned. That is rare.

Also in Helsinki I discovered that to the beauty of classical music I was not so deaf as hitherto I had believed. The symphonies of Sibelius spoke to me and at times made me afraid. When the first violins made the forked lightning flash from peak to peak and the drums rolled thunder, I was back to that awful moment of Creation when God said, “Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters.” Moreover, in the symphonies and in the Valse Triste—surely the saddest love story ever told in music—I recognised the undercurrent of sorrow that runs through every life. Sometimes in the music of Sibelius that stream slows down to a dreamy sadness, but there are other times when it rises to the frenzied anguish of impotent despair. Yet the great composer, from what I heard of him, is of a very happy and buoyant disposition. Strange that it is your professional humorist who is ever on the brink of suicide.

There are many noble pictures and sculptures in the Athenaeum, of which I saw a few. If you try to see every-

<sup>1</sup> *Finland, the New Nation*. London, 1936, p. 167.

thing in an art collection you see nothing. What I liked most was the Magdalen by Albert Edelfelt (1854-1905). The scene is a woodland of birch trees by the shores of a lake in the clear air of spring in Finland. In the foreground a peasant woman in a black dress is kneeling in front of Christ, who happened to be walking through the woods and is wearing the traditional white robe. The woman's expression shows the perfect contrition that is greater than grief, and the Christ is looking upon her with the understanding that is compassion.

In all large cities there exists what euphemistically is called night-life, but in Helsinki this was less apparent than in other capitals I have known. Indeed, only a few days before leaving London I saw within twenty yards of Piccadilly Circus a scene that seemed worthy of the worst I had ever read of Broadway. It was not a humorous scene, nor do I think it could be made humorous even were I capable of describing it in the picturesque slang of the American underworld. I had supped in a restaurant famous for its cooking, where I had Minestrone soup and *moules marinières*, two appetising and nourishing dishes—provided the vegetables in the soup are chopped small and all sand has been washed out of the mussels. This night the vegetables had been cut large, and there was plenty of sand in the mussels.

On leaving I reflected on what a single grain of sand could do in the appendix, and concluded that the best way of sending a restaurant to the dogs was to give it a good name. In a narrow street for one-way traffic to Piccadilly two young women, aged about twenty, brunettes of medium height, cheaply but conspicuously dressed, were walking arm-in-arm in front of me on the pavement. The street was one of those through which an octogenarian could not pass at night without receiving the salutation, "Hello, darling!" One of the two young women was very garrulous, and from her talk I overheard that her companion's name was Flo.

During a pause in the traffic the talkative one exclaimed, "Look, there she is, there's Gladys!"

I also looked, and saw a pretty girl, a blonde, crossing the street. She was hatless, and wore a green silk blouse, black skirt, flesh-coloured silk stockings, and high-heeled black patent-leather shoes. The two girls in front stopped, and without a word Flo ran back into the roadway. There she greeted Gladys with a resounding slap on the face. I also stopped because some spectacles, such as fires, much as we deplore them, have an interest of their own. Gladys darted for safety towards the oncoming traffic. Within a couple of yards Flo overtook the girl, gripped her hair with both hands, pulled her head down, and proceeded to kick her on the shins. Flo's companion beside me on the pavement jumped with excitement, and shouted, "Give her the works, Flo! Give her the works." Not for nothing has the Hollywood dope been purveyed under the eyes of statesmen to the masses of Britain.

To me this was a new method of attack, but Gladys appeared to know the technique. She butted, threw her arms upwards, and in a moment had a double handhold on Flo's hair. Both girls had now their heads down, their bodies bent forwards from the hips and, with arms reaching forwards like antlers, they resembled a couple of stags in mortal combat. If readers will place their bodies in this position they will find it difficult to kick without loss of balance. It was a stalemate.

All traffic had stopped, and motor horns were hooting. In the forefront was a limousine with two sleek well-groomed men and two beautiful women in evening dress. One of the men tapped on the window. A liveried chauffeur moved the car a few feet forward, then stopped, and shook his head. The girls were pushing and pulling each other all over the slippery roadway, and at any moment one of them might fall. On the pavement on each side passers-by had stopped, and I heard the inevitable question, addressed to nobody in

particular, "Where are the police?" I also wondered what the police were doing, because in the West End of London are more police per square yard than elsewhere. And rightly so, since this is the pleasure ground of the rich and the hunting ground of criminals.

The Spitfire beside me, realising the statement, ran into the roadway and with both hands tore the green silk blouse from the back of Gladys. It was a cold night, and yet the girl's chest had no other covering. She would have lost more clothing had not a waistbelt upheld her skirt. Balked of the skirt, Spitfire darted back to the pavement and addressed myself: "Serves 'er right. She took Flo's boy. We found 'im, and he was standing us drinks at our table when Gladys butts in, and Flo's boy says he prefers blondes. I'd give her the works."

At that moment Gladys slipped and fell. Both girls released their handholds of hair, and Flo proceeded to kick her fallen enemy on the thighs until a policeman pulled her back. Holding Flo back with his right hand, the policeman with his left helped Gladys to her feet. At that Flo sprang forward and tore what remained of the green silk blouse. The policeman had now two girls in his hands until a second policeman appeared and led Gladys across to our side of the roadway. The first policeman, having released Flo, who disappeared in the crowd, proceeded to clear the traffic jam. On our side of the roadway the second policeman was endeavouring to get a statement from Gladys, but the girl would not answer him.

With her blouse hanging in ribbons from her waist, and her back marked with dirt from the greasy street, she looked a sorry spectacle. Yet modesty was not altogether lost, for with the right forearm she shielded her young breasts from the gaze of the crowd.

As the girl stood mute before the policeman, a flower-seller, amid the hooting of horns, hobbled across the street. She was an old woman, shabbily dressed, with a red face

and straggly white hair that fell from beneath an old-fashioned black poke bonnet. On her arm was a basket of half-faded flowers. She had been round the pubs to sell them. A weary round. As soon as she enters the saloon she hears the shout from behind the bar, "Not this side, if you please." In the Four Ale bar the shout is the same, except that "if you please" is omitted. She must wonder if there be any side where she will be suffered to offer in peace her half-faded flowers. To-night, having crossed the street, she set her basket on the pavement, removed her shawl and wrapped it round the shoulders of the half-naked girl, "Ere ye are, dearie," she said in a hoarse voice, "that will get you home, and you can give it back if yer sees me to-morrow." Before the girl had time to thank her the old woman had picked up the basket and vanished.

This act of charity was too much for Spitfire alongside me. Despite the presence of the policeman she walked up to Gladys and slapped her in the face. The slap must have hurt, because the unfortunate girl in the black patent-leather shoes danced with rage on the pavement, and with tears streaming down her cheeks shouted, "For Christ's sake, can't you leave me alone!"

"And they call this a Christian country!" remarked an elderly man beside me. The oath may have offended him. I made no reply, because I did not know whom he meant by "they." Assuredly no one outside Parliament or Bedlam would boast that ours was a Christian land, although no country where the Good Samaritan appears in the form of an old flower-seller has altogether forgotten the teaching of Christ.

The unprovoked attack perplexed the policeman. He turned from Gladys and held Spitfire by the arm. Gladys walked away—probably to the single room in the shabby apartment house that girls such as she call "home." The policeman led Spitfire slowly along the pavement, and I

hoped he was taking her to Vine Street. Yet, if no one makes a charge, what are the police to do? That may have been in his mind. Spitfire was unabashed. "All right. Take me inside. What's the charge? She took Flo's boy, and I'd give her the works. Go on, take me inside."

More deplorable than the fight was the reason thereof. No boy, even a rich old boy, whether taken away for a night or for a lifetime, is worth such degradation of womanhood. In some ways I am old-fashioned. It may well be that the policeman shared my opinion, because within a yard of me he released Spitfire's arm, and said sternly, "Make yourself scarce." She did so—in the direction of Piccadilly. Perchance some man enjoyed her charms that night.

Then did the policeman look at me and say, "Move along, please." I moved. Greatly would I have liked to ask him why no arrests had been made. Yet I forebore. Had I asked that question an arrest would have been made on the spot, and next day a magistrate would have fined me forty shillings for being a meddlesome fellow and "obstructing the police in the execution of their duty." All that I have written here is true. And why have I written so sordid a story? In order that you may compare it with what I shall now tell you about "Night-life" in Finland.

On my last evening in Helsinki I had supper at the Royal Restaurant, where my companion was a Finnish girl-graduate, aged twenty-five, who had specialised in Social Science. To her I remarked that there seemed to be no night-life in the capital.

"There's night-life if you know where to look," said she, "and I'll take you there, if you like."

So off we walked through a maze of narrow and badly lit streets to a doorway above which red neon lights spelt the name of the café. As we ascended a steep straight staircase my companion said archly, "What about your reputation?" to which I made the obvious retort, "What about

## THE PROFESSOR PROTESTS

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your own?" for I knew her to be a respectable girl and engaged to be married. I pointed out that if by chance we were recognised in such a place, we had as much right to be there as the person who knew us. Also I told her of the undergraduate who on the old Empire Promenade in Leicester Square recognised one of his professors. "And what did you do?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I bolted."

"*You* bolted!" exclaimed his friend. "Why not have allowed the professor to bolt?"

This café is on the first floor, and glass partitions, rising from the stair landing to the ceiling, partially divide the place. On a small platform between the front wall and the partition a pianist and violinist played to the customers on either side. These are musicians whom we should pity, as only an unrequited love of music could lead to their playing in places such as this. All around the walls and alongside the glass partitions were tables and chairs for two. We took the only vacant table, and an elderly waitress brought the list of wines, beers and soft drinks. No spirits are sold in the café. On each table was a telephone, and on the otherwise undecorated wall the number of the table was painted in large figures. This was new to me, and my companion explained, "If you want to talk to a girl you telephone to the table where she's sitting. She doesn't know who is telephoning, and so you can have quite a long flirtation before inviting her to your table—if you decide to do so."

"Wouldn't it be quicker to go to her table?"

"That would be considered very bad manners, and the management forbid it. There is etiquette in these affairs. Last time I came here I brought two friends, women older than myself, who were visiting Helsinki. Only two are allowed to sit at a table, and so one of them had a table to herself. We only stayed for half an hour, but on our way home the one who had sat alone seemed to be in a bad temper.



So I apologised for having had to leave her alone. That was not what had annoyed her. You'd never guess, and it's really funny—she being a most staid and respectable person—she was annoyed because no man had rung up her table."

Byron would have liked that story. To-night there was little telephoning, although a half-drunk middle-aged Amazon caused amusement by ringing up every table in turn and then expressing herself volubly on receiving no replies. The smoke-laden air was depressing, and the prevailing expression on the faces of customers was gloomy. They looked as anxious and preoccupied as gamblers at a casino, and I can well believe that more *joie de vivre* is to be found at an assembly of the Peculiar People, if that sect still exists. "The happiness is in ourselves," said the Buddha under a tree, and pleasure is a flower that withers when forced.

"Do you find it dull?" asked my companion.

"No duller than I expected," and I told her of the only place I could remember where night-life was gay, glamorous and reckless. That was the old Café Americain on the Boulevard des Italiens in pre-war Paris. There the women were beautiful, and in dresses that must have cost hundreds of francs. Only champagne was served. The orchestra was playing, and a diminutive negro in evening dress with a little straw hat on his head was singing a song of which all I recall is the refrain:

"Quand je vois la grande frisée  
Je m'en perds la tête,  
Je suis comme une bête,  
Quand je vois la grande frisée."

Incidentally, the French appear to be the only nation in Europe who regard the negro as a brother, and accept him even as a brother-in-law.

The company joined in the chorus, and one elderly man sitting alone at a table beat time with his umbrella. Then,

overwhelmed by wine, women and song, he rose and, holding the umbrella by the tip, aimed a blow at the electric light above his head. His aim was accurate, and the bulb exploded. Two uniformed porters ran to eject him, and as the trio passed my table I overheard his explanation: "Wha are ye pushing? Do ye ken wha I am? I'm a bailie from —, and I'm here on a deputation to inspect the Paris waterworks." He was, nevertheless, ejected, and to the end of his days he probably delighted his cronies in — by telling them what a wicked place is Paris.

At the café no one did anything to merit ejection, and my companion indicated two young girls at the table opposite. "Don't they look innocent and demure?"

"They look very young. What age would you say?"

"Seventeen or eighteen. They're probably shop-assistants, and the wages are so low that unless a girl lives at home she's forced to do something like this."

"How much would they expect here?"

"Ten shillings in your money, but if you met her in the street she'd probably take five shillings. It's a serious problem, because in proportion to population we've got twice as much V.D. as they have in Denmark."

"It's largely an economic problem."

"Yes, but there's also this double standard of morality that I can't understand. Some of my girl friends are miserable because they know that their fiancés go with these women. A few are honest enough to admit that they'd rather their fiancés went with themselves."

"No doubt, but in that event would the marriage take place, and if it did would it be even comparatively happy?"

"There may be something in that."

"I think there is, and it's on the side of the angels."

"There's another café you might like to see."

"No, this one is enough. Never have I seen vice more decorous or dismal."

## CHAPTER III

### FINNISH FARE

LUNCH in Scandinavian hotels is mostly *hors-d'œuvre* and one hot dish, to both of which you help yourself from a side or central table. In Norway this is called the Smørrebrød (buttered bread), and in Sweden the Smörgäsbord (buttered goose) table. At each end of a white-covered table are stacks of plates, and trays of knives and forks. In the centre is a china stand supporting a large cone of butter balls, and around this are other stands with different kinds of bread—white, brown, black, crisp and sweet. The rest of the table is covered with dishes and tins of *hors-d'œuvre*, known in Finland as Voileipäpöytä. These consist of almost every kind of food that can be dried, smoked, salted, pounded, bottled or preserved.

At one table I had a choice of—red caviare, smoked goose, anchovies, radishes, raw salmon, veal brawn, smoked sausages, sardines, horse-radish, smoked salmon, *paté de foie gras*, herring roes, cucumber in sweet sauce, reindeer tongue, jellied eels, boiled potatoes, kippers, salted salmon, olives, smoked venison, herring salad, chicken mayonnaise, slightly salted salmon, mashed potatoes, smoked eels, crayfish salad, cold roast venison, salt herrings, boiled ox tongue, salmon mayonnaise, scrambled eggs, prawns, cold chicken, potato salad, roe of turbot, red pickled cabbage, liver sausage, salmon in aspic, pig's feet, pickled herrings, cold roast beef, mussels, boiled ham, lobster salad, ribs of pork, smoked herring, pounded brawn, soft cod roe, smoked ham; together with one hot dish of meat patties for the second course, and four varieties of cheese to end the meal.

A lunch on these lines would suit patients for whom a high protein diet has been prescribed, and the Professor of

Physiology at Helsinki, with whom I shared this meal, assured me that my metabolism would be thereby increased by 30 per cent. It is customary to take two helpings of *hors d'œuvre*, and only those who take more are considered greedy. The only sources of vitamins were the radishes, cucumber, olives and horse-radish. There are no winter greens, and even in summer French visitors complain of the scarcity of salads.

In Finland the Smörgäsbord table does not appear at dinner, where *hors d'œuvre*, soup, fish, meat and a sweet are served as in Britain. Thus I was pained to read in an article entitled "Finnish Fare," by Vyvyan B. Holland, the statement that in Finland "The basis of all luncheons and dinners, as in all Scandinavian countries, is an endless variety of *hors d'œuvre* and cold dishes (Smörrebröd)." Now *hors d'œuvre* are not the basis of Finnish dinners, and this and other errors in the article made painful reading, because it was printed in the 1937 Summer number of *Wine and Food*, a "Gastronomical Quarterly" devoted to the palates of a select company of diners whose knowledge of food and wine is profound, and to whom any error about such matters is distasteful. In the same number Miss Dorothy Sayers is pilloried in a letter to the editor because she "in her *Busman's Honeymoon* twice calls Hermitage 'Claret'!" A most grievous error, since I suppose even a child is expected to know that Hermitage is a Burgundy from a hill with a ruined hermitage near Valence. Yet *noblesse oblige*, and on behalf of the lady I shall now break a lance with great gusto. "The liqueurs, on the other hand," writes Mr. Holland, "are interesting, being nearly all made from fruit grown in the country. The best of the local liqueurs, to my mind, were a cherry liqueur called 'Sorbino' and Finnish Punch which is similar to Swedish Punch." Now Sorbino is a liqueur made from rowan berries and not from cherries. The cocktail containing Sorbino is called a Sorbus. There

is also a liqueur made from wild cherries and called Kirsikka in Finnish or K rsbar in Swedish. Mesimarja is made from the dark red arctic bramble berries, and Tapio is made from juniper roots. Liqueurs are also made from cloudberry (Suomurain) and from cranberries (Karpalo). But none of the Finnish liqueurs are as interesting as Grand Marnier, Chartreuse, Benedictine or Cointreau.

The "French Bird" of Finland and Sweden is a strange drink, and Mr. Holland makes it even stranger. This is what he says : "There are some very peculiar drinks and methods of consuming them in Finland. After a long journey by road, which is apt to leave one a little cold in winter, one is introduced to a ceremony known by the name of 'French Bird.' The procedure is as follows: A plate containing small slices of lemon is handed round. Each guest takes one of these and sprinkles it liberally with powdered sugar. Then small glasses of brandy are distributed. The consumer puts the piece of lemon in his mouth and chews it up. Then he hastily swallows the brandy and disposes of the inedible portion of the slice of lemon with as much dignity and delicacy as possible. Strangely enough, the whole process is not as unpleasant as it sounds, and certainly has the effect of restoring one's numbed faculties."

The Wine and Food Society may be truly described as filling a long-felt want, and its members practise what they preach, as witness Mr. Maurice Healy, K.C., on the cooking of potatoes. If it were possible to have his ideas about potatoes incorporated in the marriage service our divorce lists would be shorter. The dry, floury, mealy potato boiled in its jacket ought to be within daily reach of the poorest citizen's fork, and yet it is a rarity even on the tables of the rich. Up! Maurice Healy.

And so out of gratitude I shall now describe the correct and more polite ways of drinking French Bird, in case the members of the Wine and Food Society be minded to con-

sume their Napoleon brandy in this fashion. To drink French Bird, known also in Sweden as Frensk Vogel, you sprinkle one side of a thin slice of lemon with sifted sugar, and place the slice with the sugar uppermost on your tongue. The brandy is then sipped over the sugared lemon, which is then removed unchewed. With the lemon on the tongue speech is somewhat difficult, and it may be that this peculiar way of taking brandy was devised for the purpose of silencing garrulous drinkers. Another way of taking French Bird is to fold the slice of sugared lemon, hold it in your left hand, and alternately sip the brandy and suck the lemon, a more ladylike proceeding. The mystery of the name I never solved.

Never have I seen Finns gulping brandy, but with the *hors d'œuvre* it is customary to quaff at one swallow a glass of Akvavit, which is 42 per cent. pure alcohol, either plain or flavoured with oil of anise. This is followed by a bottle of beer. On festive occasions you quaff two glasses of Akvavit on the theory that a bird cannot fly with one wing, and the beer is followed by wine, the wine by brandy, and the brandy by liqueurs. A more rapid method of inducing intoxication has never been invented. One of my English friends at Helsinki attended a luncheon-party which began at 11 a.m. and ended at 8 p.m. At dinner one night he was telling me and a middle-aged Finnish friend about this lunch. Thereafter the Finn remarked, "Well, things are certainly improving. I can remember going to a lunch at 11 a.m. and leaving at 5 a.m. the next morning." These long luncheons may be a relic of the Russian conquest. Finnish dishes contain less oil and onions than those of Russia, but the Russian Bortsch survives—an excellent broth made of cabbage, beetroot and sour cream.

The prices of all alcoholic drinks are fixed by the Alcohol Monopoly Company, in which the State has a controlling interest. There are no public houses or saloons, and bottles

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of spirits, wines or beer are sold in the company's alcohol shops. Licences are granted to some hotels. An "A" licence allows the hotel to retail all spirits, wines and beers. First-class hotels are allowed to make a 50 per cent. profit, and second-class hotels a 30 per cent. profit on these sales. A "B" licence excludes the sale of spirits and only covers the sale of wines and beers, marked I and II, of which II is the weaker. Restaurant-cars and station buffets have only a "B" licence. There is a third and weaker beer, III, which can be sold anywhere without a licence. It is not worth drinking. Prohibition was tried in Finland, but abandoned in 1932, and as far back as 1723 there were laws against the sale of alcoholic drinks in Lapland. To-day there are only four licensed hotels in Lapland, and the licence only covers sales to visitors. Indeed, to encourage temperance the Alcohol Company gives a share of its profits to local authorities that refuse licences to hotels. Thus there was difficulty in getting licences for the tourist hotels in Lapland, and this was overcome by the company agreeing to make a grant to the local authorities despite a licence being granted for the benefit of tourists.

As a further incentive to temperance the Alcohol Company has fixed a high price for spirits, which in first-class hotels cost the same as in London, and a low price for wines. These are all imported, and the taster for the company is an excellent judge of wine. The company is a large buyer, and so the wine-growers of Germany, France, Italy and Spain seek its custom by offering their best vintages. At all events, I was more fortunate than Mr. Vyvyan Holland, whose "recollection of the 'Port' is that it was the same as the 'Sherry,' with a different label on the bottle." There are Estate bottled wines, but some of the best wines are only known by their number on the list. These are wines that have been bought in casks, and when mature are bottled in Finland. One day when lunching with a friend he asked to

see my passport. The request surprised me, but I gave him the document. He turned to the last page, and then ordered a bottle of 7049, described as Bordeaux Rouge. "I noticed," he explained, "that when Professor Granit recommended this wine the other day you noted the number in your passport. A wise precaution." It was an excellent wine, and cost 3s. 8d. a bottle.

Hotel charges in Finland are lower than elsewhere. In the large hotels of international class a single room costs from 5s. 5d. a night, and suites from 13s. 7d. The highest charge for a meal at the most expensive hotel in Helsinki is 3s. 7½d. for supper served from 8 p.m. At other hotels and in city restaurants the charges are less by a quarter to a third. The 10 per cent. added to your bill covers all tips bar one. To the cloak-room attendant you are expected to give one penny every time he takes your hat and coat. At cafés a cup of coffee with sweet bread costs from 3d. to 6½d., and the latter charge includes an orchestra. The glass of milk that costs 2d. at a London Milk Bar you may drink in Helsinki for a halfpenny.

The above paragraph resembles the opening quotations from Wall Street as cabled to London evening newspapers, and to prevent a mass exodus of fellow-Scots to Finland the rate of exchange should be mentioned. In Finland the monetary unit is the mark, which equals 100 copper pennis. As the pound sterling is worth 226 Finn marks, the mark is worth one-eleventh more than a British penny. There are copper coins to the value of 5 and 10 pennis, and nickel coins for 25, 50 and 100 pennis. Above the copper and nickel coins come the 5 and 10 mark aluminium bronze coins, and then the notes of the Bank of Finland for 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 marks. At first the rate of exchange made me think myself rich. For a £1 note I received 226 marks and thought of them as the equivalent of 226 shillings. In reality I received the equivalent of 240 British pennies.



On German nationals the psychological effect of the Finnish exchange is in the opposite direction. The German reich-mark is worth two shillings sterling. So when a German learns at Helsinki that his room is going to cost 50 marks a night he thinks of reich-marks to the value of £5 sterling and is in danger of apoplexy. Monetary systems create psychological results. Before the Great War I had a gold sovereign case holding five sovereigns, and thought more than once before breaking into one.

Lest anyone should think that I found Utopia, it is right to add that service, so far as waiters are concerned, is not as good in Finland as in Britain. In Helsinki hotels it is not unusual to ring for the waiter and then go to look for him. The Finns are real Republicans, and few would accept the conditions under which waiters live and work in British hotels and restaurants. Once I travelled in a third-class sleeper from Liverpool to London with an English waiter. When the man realised that I was not connected with the hotel industry he spoke freely of his life, and a pitiful existence it was. He hated the little attic where he slept in a famous hotel, the poor food, the long hours, and the head waiter who in public smiles and bows to customers, and in private bullies his staff. Above all did he hate the man who gave a dinner-party that cost £5, and added a two-shilling tip. He agreed that 10 per cent. was a fair tip, but he cursed the tronc or pooling system whereby the head waiter takes the lion's share of tips. A waiter dare not cheat the tronc. If discovered he is dismissed on the spot, and all the agencies that supply waiters are informed. None of them would recommend him for another job, because if they did so they themselves would be black-listed by the hotels. It is time that the Trades Union Council promoted a strong union of hotel employees in Britain. The present system is rotten to the core, as witness the head porters and cloak-room attendants, who pay hotel managements to be

allowed to work. They are outside the tronc, and if 480 people a day each give the cloak-room attendant sixpence for looking after their hats and coats he is earning £4380 a year. And, by gad, sir, would you dare to offer a liveried flunkey less than sixpence? You may offer a threepenny bit to God, but not to Mammon.

In a restaurant in Helsinki I have sat hungry, and watched five idle waiters having an amicable conversation with the manager. Indeed, a friend told me that if one did not call for a waiter it was possible to go into a restaurant, sit at a table, read a book for an hour, and then leave without anyone speaking to you. When thus neglected I did not, strange to say, become impatient. I accepted this neglect as a penance. On the eve of my leaving London an elderly lady, who is rich and really kind, invited my wife and myself to lunch in a large hotel. There were four other guests. It was an excellent lunch with interesting talk. After lunch the hostess led the way out of the dining-room and I was last in the procession. The gangways on each side of the room went past a circular table on which cold dishes were displayed. At the circular table our gangway was blocked by a trolley of *hors-d'œuvre* in the charge of a little waiter who wore the white apron of inferiority. His back was towards us. Our hostess crossed to the other gangway, and the others followed her. As I reached the circular table a head waiter pushed the trolley to one side so that the gangway was clear, said something to the waiter, and with a smile bowed to me. What he said I do not know, but instead of walking straight ahead I followed the others. I am glad that I did so, for otherwise I would never have heard what the little waiter said. He spoke in a low voice, but, nevertheless, it was the voice of fear. "I did not see them coming, Joe." His taskmaster made no reply, and the pleading voice continued, "Joe, I did not see them. Please, Joe, I did not see them."

The note of terror in that little waiter's voice made me feel sick, and spoilt an excellent lunch.

At international hotels you see, hear and sometimes meet interesting people. One evening in a Helsinki hotel I had a talk with two German-speaking Swiss. One was a tall, lanky, elderly man who carried a portfolio; the other was young, thin, and looked anxious. The tall one was a lawyer from Geneva, and the younger man was his client, who had invented a process for getting tannin out of tea. They were travelling over Europe to sell the patent rights. Inventors as a class are to be pitied. They usually come to selling matches in the gutter outside the mansion of the man who exploited their patents and themselves. For this particular inventor I had great sympathy, because Finnish infusions of tea are ten times weaker than British. There might be a fortune for the man who could put something into Finnish tea, but not for the inventor who wanted to take something out. The lawyer spoke and apparently understood English, and as he came from Geneva I spoke of the League of Nations and of its futility. Only a New Commonwealth of Nations could ensure peace. There should be a Court of Equity to whose decisions all nations would bow, even if this meant a partial surrender of national sovereignty. To ensure that the decisions of the Court of Equity were obeyed there would be an International Air Force. All other armed forces, with the exception of those needed for the maintenance of internal order, would be dispersed. To all this the lawyer listened, and to ensure that he appreciated the points I asked, "Do you understand?"

"Oh yes, I understand well. It is that you sell fish."

On another occasion I overheard a conversation in English between two men who were lunching well at a neighbouring table. One was a large fat old man with a white beard, a bald head and an aquiline nose. His companion was young, clean-shaven, and of swarthy complexion.

This is what they said:

*Old:* "My dear friend, I love you."

*Young:* "I am fellow with no nonsense, and I love you. You will give me agency, yes, no?"

*Old:* "I am happy for all the good you do for us here. I will make you very rich."

*Young:* "When do you give me agency?"

*Old:* "Perhaps one year, perhaps two year. We will see."

*Young:* "You will give me Denmark? You will not fix price so that I am not able to sell cheap?"

*Old:* "My very dear friend, I love you."

*Young:* "I love England."

*Old:* "I also love England. Cheer ho! Who is like to us?"

*Young:* "Dam few," and they clinked glasses.

Whoever or whatever these men were they were not English, since no Englishman even in his cups would confess that he loved England. Nor were they Scots, although sometime somewhere they must have heard our battle-cry, "Wha's like us?" Afterwards I repeated their conversation to an Oxford graduate to whom you will be introduced in the next chapter, who lived in Helsinki, and he said, "You were probably listening to an old Spanish Jew talking to an Esthonian. English would be the only language they had in common."

Even in hotels and restaurants many Finns drink milk at meals, and in most private houses, except on special occasions, there is only milk or water on the table. The milk is excellent, and tuberculosis of cattle has been almost totally abolished in Finland. Over forty years ago the system devised by Professor Bang of Denmark was adopted. All cows are tested with tuberculin, and the animals which react are separated from those which do not react.

Cows that react are segregated in sheds and pastures to which non-reacting animals have no access. All reacting

cows have been infected by the tubercle bacilli, but not all develop the disease. Obviously diseased animals are slaughtered, compensation being made to their owners. The other reacting cows are milked, but before use their milk is pasteurised, and their calves are removed at birth to the healthy herd, where they are reared either on the pasteurised milk of their mothers or on fresh milk from a tubercle-free cow. When the reacting animals are eventually killed their flesh is sold, subject to veterinary inspection. By the Bang system a tubercle-free herd may be obtained in two generations of animals. The value of the herd is thereby increased, and milk fresh from the cow may be used with impunity.

Milk in Finland is not pasteurised. In pasteurised milk, apart from the effect of heat on vitamins, all bacilli harmful and beneficial alike are destroyed. Anyone can ascertain for himself the results of this destruction. If you keep fresh milk it goes sour and becomes a pleasant drink. If you keep pasteurised milk it goes rotten and becomes poisonous. All the milk sold in London by the Combine is pasteurised. Otherwise it would be riddled with living tubercle bacilli. "Drink more milk, John Citizen. Drink more milk, little man! Follow the advertisements and please your masters!"

It has now been decided that all milk sold in Britain must be pasteurised. Apparently it is impossible to provide the British people with fresh, clean, tubercle-free milk, rich in Vitamin C. Pasteurisation destroys most of this fertility vitamin. Yet the birth-rate is falling, and the spectre of depopulation has appeared.

Over two million cows have been tested with tuberculin during the past forty years in Finland, and be it noted that the test was introduced some twenty years before the Republic was founded. In the early years of this campaign a positive reaction to the tuberculin test was obtained in as many as 26 per cent. of the animals tested. Many of these were slaughtered and found to be obviously diseased. In

this aspect of public health Finland is now unique in Europe. In the State-controlled abattoirs only 0.02 per cent. of cows slaughtered are found to be tuberculous, as against 50 per cent. in Sweden and at least 40 per cent. in England and Wales.

At Helsinki another astonishing fact about tuberculosis in Finland<sup>1</sup> was brought to my notice by Dr. Severi Savonen, Director of the Finnish Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. Year by year since the Bang system was applied the percentage of cows reacting to the tuberculin test has decreased. Nevertheless, in recent years the percentage of cows giving a positive tuberculin test has been out of all proportion to the negligible amount of bovine tuberculosis found after death in the abattoirs. Yet the slaughter of reacting animals continued, although tuberculous disease was seldom found at the post-mortem examination. The cattle owners, especially when valuable animals had been slaughtered in vain, complained of the tuberculin test. The value of the test in relation to bovine tuberculosis was again investigated, and in the course of this research Dr. R. Stenius, veterinary surgeon, made a remarkable discovery. He found that healthy tubercle-free cattle when experimentally infected with tubercle bacilli from human sources gave a positive tuberculin reaction without developing the disease. Moreover, he found several cases in which dairy cows had been thus infected by persons suffering from open pulmonary tuberculosis. In the act of coughing, such consumptives expel into the air small droplets of secretion containing tubercle bacilli which contaminate the cow's food and feeding-box. The cow is thus infected by tubercle bacilli of the human type and reacts to the tuberculin test, but when the consumptive attendant, the source of infection, has been removed from the cowshed the animals

<sup>1</sup> Tuberculous infection of cows by persons suffering from consumption. *Tuberkulosbladet*, March, 1937, p. 15.

lose this acquired sensitivity to tuberculin, and cease to react to the test.

The milk of a cow infected from human sources contains no tubercle bacilli unless—and there lies the danger—the milk is subsequently contaminated by the consumptive who infected the cow. By a closer study of tuberculin reactions in cattle it is now possible to distinguish between infection from bovine and human sources. A list of all cattle whose reaction to tuberculin indicates infection from a human source is sent from the State Veterinary Department to the National Tuberculosis Association. Every farm where these reactions have occurred is visited by one of the district tuberculosis officers, who examines and X-rays everyone in contact with the cattle, in order that the infectious consumptive may be discovered and removed for treatment. In Britain I had known of search being made to discover a particular cow whose milk had caused the death of children, but never before had I heard of a search to find the consumptive who infected cattle.

The unpasteurised milk of Finland is excellent, and at Marlebäck was on the table at lunch and dinner. Marlebäck, the country house of Madame Wuolijoki, novelist and playwright, is on an inland peninsula in south-eastern Finland where the River Kymi flows due north and then east before resuming its southern course to the Gulf of Finland. Marlebäck is a long two-storied wooden house faced with white stucco. From the dining-room through open doors the long Louis Quatorze drawing-room and the library were visible across the hall. Breakfast was served from seven till nine—porridge and milk, an egg dish, coffee, bread, butter and preserves. There was also sour milk. This had been kept in bowls for a couple of days in a warm cupboard, and then sprinkled with a powder made from dried barley, rye and peas.

Lunch was at noon, and included a meat course but not

*hors-d'œuvre*. Meat in Finland is inferior to prime Scotch or English. All available pasture is needed for the dairy industry. There is none for raising bullocks, and calves sold for veal have not been fattened. Beef is from old bulls and cows, and so meat has to be over-cooked. In Britain only an inferior class of butcher deals in old cows, known to the trade as "mincers," their flesh being destined for making mince or as a stuffing for sausages.

Afternoon coffee with sweet bread was served out of doors—for it was summer then—under a pergola of roses on the ground-floor veranda overlooking the orchard, the river, the private pier and far on the right the Giant's Island, on which a large glacial-polished and partly-wooded rock rose to a height of two hundred feet. In the evenings there was a three-course dinner at 6.30, and at 9 p.m. tea was served in the drawing-room. The teapot was a double-decker—a small earthenware teapot on the top of a larger one. The smaller one contained an infusion of tea, the larger one hot water. About an ounce of tea is poured into a cup, which is then filled up with hot water, and a slice of lemon added. Once I asked a Finn why he did not like the British way of making tea, and was told, "In Finland we must consider our nerves." Our inconsistencies are puzzling even to ourselves, but I smiled to think that a man who swallowed two Akvavits with his lunch should see danger in an English cup of tea.

In Finnish farmhouses there is coffee and sweet bread at 6 a.m.; breakfast of porridge and milk, coffee, bread and butter at 10 a.m.; lunch with meat at noon; coffee served in the fields at 3 p.m.; and dinner with meat at six. The national dishes of Finland are seen at Christmas and Easter. Their traditional Christmas dinner has three courses. The first is pork and peas, followed by the national dish of *Lipeäkala*. This is dried cod, which when purchased is as hard as wood. It is soaked for a week in cold water, and



then for another week in lye, which is water to which lime and the ashes of birch wood have been added. The fish is then washed in cold water to get rid of the lime that bleached it, cut into large pieces, wrapped in a cloth and boiled for fifteen minutes. It is served with a white sauce made of milk and butter and thickened with flour. The last course is rice porridge flavoured with almonds, sugar and ginger. Mammi is the Easter dish, served in baskets of birch bark. This is made with dry malt, dry flour, salt and orange peel, and is eaten with cream.

We were a small house-party and our hostess was in London for the production of one of her plays, *Women of Property*, at the Queen's Theatre. There was Pappa, in reality a grandfather aged seventy-four, tall, thin, with white hair and moustache, and very deaf. At meals he made jokes that set the others laughing, and spent the rest of the day in his study, where he worked at mathematics and on a new system of phonetics which he had recently invented. Meeri was a fair-haired middle-aged Finnish lady, a cousin of the family, who looked after the house, the servants and the ash from my cigarettes. Ethel was an Esthonian girl of twenty, the only one in the house who understood or spoke English. She was my cicerone, translated the conversation at table, and took me for walks. When indoors she and I usually occupied the library, containing a varied assortment of English, French, German and Russian books. There she had a typewriter, and was occupied in translating Edgar Wallace for an Esthonian publisher. Her sister Edith was three years younger, a very beautiful fair-haired girl and one of the few who look well in shorts. Jooppe was a student from Helsinki. I wondered if he was in love with either of the girls, but learnt that he was really in love with the house, and preferred it to his own country residence only twenty miles away.

When Ethel took me across to the Giant's Island, which is

part of the estate, I saw wheat, oats, barley and rye growing bravely but sparsely on fields that were beds of clay, and wondered why in Britain the richest soil in Europe should be comparatively so little used. Around the Giant's hill were pine trees, and on the ground ferns, juniper, salex, heath and wild strawberries in abundance. The first part of the climb was easy, but towards the top the rock was polished and Ethel pulled me by the hand. My leather shoes gave me no foothold on the smooth rocks, whereas her rubber-soled shoes held fast. I proposed to keep to moss-covered rock where leather had a hold, but on dry moss or lichens she said her rubber shoes would slip. So I agreed to the hand-in-hand ascent, and hoped that I would not slip and pull her down. "No chance of that," she answered, "I'm much stronger than I look."

To the south amidst blue water lay the wooded peninsula of Marlebäck. On the right the Kymi, over a mile wide here, comes north, and beyond the river is Lake Ura, diamond-shaped, four miles wide and long. On the left is the four-and-a-half miles diamond, Lake Pyhä, through which the Kymi flows south-east to become once more a river on whose left bank, twelve miles away, the tall chimneys of the paper mills at Kuusankoski rise from the plain. Between the island and Marlebäck the channel is only a quarter of a mile wide. On Sundays long ago rowing boats carrying worshippers to the church at Iitti up river stopped at the eastern end of Marlebäck before passing through this channel so that the women might land, walk across the peninsula, and rejoin the boat on the other side. There is a reason for everything, and whereas a boat full of men could row past the Giant's Island with impunity, the giant himself was very fond of women and would have plucked them out of the boat. In all probability the stream in the channel ran more swiftly in those days, and if women passengers walked across the peninsula the work of the men rowing the boat

## LAPLAND JOURNEY

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would be lightened. Yet if a giant never lived on this island, archaeologists have found evidence that in the Stone Age it was a fort. North of the island the Kymi is half a mile wide, and to the north-west the long narrow bay of Kimolam runs inland four and a half miles. From the Giant's Hill I saw Finland as the land of a thousand lakes, and realised that in a country of 148,000 square miles over 13,000 are under water. Actually there are over 70,000 lakes.

## CHAPTER IV

### A DOG'S LIFE

“WHAT lovely girls! I never knew Finns were so beautiful.”

“Just as well you’ve mentioned that before putting it in a book,” said the Oxford graduate.

“Why shouldn’t that go into a book?”

“Because the ladies whom you’ve been admiring at the next table are not Finns, but Swedes, and belong to a theatrical troupe playing at the theatre next door.”

“Does one say—a theatrical troupe? I’ve heard of troupes of players and troupes of acrobats.”

“To be polite one would say a theatrical company.”

We were having supper at the Royal Swedish Restaurant in Helsinki, at whose university the Oxford graduate lectured on English literature. He was tall, slender, clean-shaven, of middle age, with strong features and large blue eyes. His thick black hair was tinged with grey, and on his face in repose was at times the look that lingers on the faces of those who have seen the worst of war. In voice and manner he was gentle, and yet like many another mild-mannered critic and scholar he could use the rapier—as a charming Finnish girl, dining with us both one night, learnt to her cost. She was good-looking, well educated, admired everything English, and implicitly believed that the writings of D. H. Lawrence and Mr. James Joyce represent the high-water level of European culture. We were discussing Lawrence of Arabia when she said, “I think he was constitutionally homosexual.” My friend’s brow beetled and the rapier flashed across the dinner-table. “What on earth does it matter if he were? At this rate we’ll soon be discussing the weather.” The thrust went home and drew blood

—to her face in a blush, at which I secretly rejoiced. Later he relented, and when the girl had left us asked if I thought his comment was too cruel. "Not a bit. Could do nothing but good." In this I was right, and his remark never rankled.

If my friend wore his hair rather long, this was not out of deference to any particular school of literature, but by reason of his mission to convince the Finns that the winter climate of Helsinki is less severe than its reputation. To this end he never wore hat or overcoat. In a generous moment I offered to assist the mission, but he advised me to retain my hat. "For myself it doesn't matter, since they all know me, but if you went about without a hat they would think it peculiar. In this country even the poorest person has a hat.

In Helsinki the mean winter temperature is  $20.3^{\circ}$  F., and by reason of winds from the Baltic this is more trying than much greater cold in the dry, still air of Lapland. The steamer in which I arrived on 29th March 1937 had crashed her way to harbour through forty miles of frozen sea, as the two-funnelled ice-breaker in place of leading us in had run aground. In Helsinki there was hard frozen snow on the streets. Yet with Jaeger underwear I assisted the mission by going about without an overcoat.

When first we met at the Royal my friend had his right arm in a sling and handed me a piece of Red Cross Hospital notepaper on which was written in Latin the information that he had sustained a contusion of the right olecrenon bursa. In simpler words, he had housemaid's knee on the elbow. Knowing that Finnish is little known outside Finland, the Finnish doctors write not only prescriptions but also their diagnosis in Latin; and medical Latin, although held in contempt by classical scholars, is easily read all over the world. "How did it happen?" I asked.

"At eleven o'clock this morning I was knocked down in the street by an Alsatian dog."

"Dangerous animals!"

"This one wasn't dangerous, only frightened. Cabot and I were walking on the pavement, and on coming round a corner we met the Alsatian. The animal, on seeing Cabot, got such a fright that he sprang without looking where he was going, knocked me down, and bolted."

"And who was Cabot?"

"The discoverer of Newfoundland."

"Yes, but his namesake?"

"My Newfoundland dog—Christopher Cabot."

Thereafter we forgot the lovely girls and talked about dogs until my friend exclaimed, "Just look at the time! I left Cabot in the flat and must give him a run before turning in. I came on here straight from the university, where I was working late. Otherwise I'd have brought him. He usually waits on the pavement opposite the place where I'm dining and so avoids the people coming in and out. When he gets bored he walks home, or if tired takes a taxi."

"Yes? And what else does the animal do?"

"I should have thought that was enough, but if you like it he spends most of the summer rescuing children from drowning in rivers or lakes, and in winter he searches for men lost in snowstorms. If you get lost in Lapland I'll send him north."

"Thanks very much, and next time I come to Finland I'll bring my children to give Cabot a little practice in the lakes and rivers."

"May one enquire if your visit to Lapland is a journey or an expedition?"

"What's the difference?"

"Well, what is regarded as a journey at 9 a.m. becomes at 9 p.m.—no, I'll be generous—at 11 p.m. an expedition."

"There's another difference. On a journey you travel with your luggage. On an expedition, especially a dangerous expedition, there is no luggage—only baggage, and this for some unknown reason is sent ahead with bearers in advance of the main party."

"Yes, and on expeditions you encamp instead of staying the night at a place."

"The tribes are also important," I said.

"Most important. For an expedition it is essential the tribes be friendly. That, I understand, should always be ascertained in advance."

Thus we left the lights, warmth and glamour of the Royal, whose orchestra has a repertoire of over one thousand compositions, classical and modern; breathed the exhilarating cold air outside, and trod the frozen snow. My friend suggested a taxi, but I had spotted another vehicle which at that hour awoke romance—a droshky with the hood up. On the box seat was an old Russian (one of the few who survived the Finnish War of Independence against Soviet Russia in 1918), and between the shafts an aged horse. In this ramshackle contrivance, resembling an old Victorian brougham mounted on a sleigh, we drove to Cabot's flat on the heights of Helsinki.

The droshky stopped on the outskirts of the city in a road with detached houses and small gardens on either side. My friend went to fetch his dog and I got out to admire the view. No lights showed in the houses, on roofs the snow sparkled in moonlight, and the bare branches of all the trees were clothed in white. The night was still. Far downhill on the right a long row of electric lamps lit the motor road on the frozen sea to the fortified island of Suomenlinna, last bombarded in 1856—by the combined fleets of England and France during the Crimean War when Finland was an autonomous part of the Russian Empire.

Came the sound of large, soft, round paws padding downstairs, and then a massive black bundle of strength and activity rushed through a garden into the road. It was Christopher Cabot. His head and chest were broad, his legs straight. He had no neck, and the thick tail, intended for a rudder, was never raised above the level of his back. He pranced around the droshky and myself with friendly

"woofs," not loud enough to disturb the lightest sleeper. A Peke, twelve times smaller, would have aroused the neighbourhood!

Cabot was owed a walk, and I suggested that the droshky should follow us along the road and then take me back to the Hotel Torni, since I knew neither one step of the way nor a word of the language. In the end we all got into the droshky and drove to the hotel. Cabot was not content to sit or lie on the floor. He got up on the seat between his master and myself, turned round and sat up with his head level to mine. We were now all somewhat crowded on the seat, and Cabot's master remarked, "It's curious that any man who likes dogs should think that to take a dog for a drive is the same as taking him for a walk." Cabot was also aware of the overcrowding. He turned his head and looked at me steadily with small, dark, deep-set eyes, rather wide apart. His ears were also small. As I paid no attention to his master or himself, he then nudged me in the ribs with his left elbow—and I moved farther into my corner. His muzzle was square, short, clean-cut; and in his expression was dignity, intelligence, kindness. Assuredly he was good-natured. I had no gloves and warmed my cold hands under his dense, straight and silky coat.

This breed is famed in letters. Robert Burns thought them aristocrats among dogs. To his Newfoundland dog Byron erected a monument, and near Newstead Abbey, where the poet himself had hoped to be buried, is the monument that bears perhaps the saddest epitaph in all literature:

"But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise:  
I never knew but one, and here he lies."



At the hotel we paid off the droshky; Cabot and his master walked home; I rang the night bell, and so to bed at 2.30 a.m.

A few days later, when walking towards a police-controlled crossing on the north side of the Aleksanterinkatu, a main thoroughfare, I saw Mr. Cabot on the pavement ahead. I say Mr. Cabot, because he deserves the brevet rank of human dignity. He was alone, and I quickened my steps. Suddenly to my astonishment and apprehension he decided to cross the street. There was no need for anxiety. As soon as the dog left the pavement all traffic—trams, buses, taxis, and cars—stopped, and he walked across, looking neither left nor right. And did I follow him across the street? Most assuredly I did not. I knew that to one and all he was known as the only Newfoundland dog in Helsinki, and indeed in Finland, whereas I was not the only Scotsman. Yet in Helsinki a speed limit of 25 miles an hour is enforced, the sounding of horns is forbidden, and the streets are safer than those of London.

At the end of the winter term my friend's class gave a party to which I was invited. This was to be held at Student House, which corresponds to the Union in British universities. At Helsinki the students, according to the district or province of Finland whence they come, form themselves into nations, resembling the student bands at German universities. (So far as I know the only other university that has nations is Aberdeen.) There are nine Finnish and four Swedish-speaking nations, and since the twelfth century the two languages have existed in Finland.

In 1935 the population was over three and a half millions, of which 90 per cent. speak Finnish and 10 per cent. Swedish. The ancestors of the Finnish-speaking population came to Finland from across the Gulf of Finland at the beginning of the Christian Era; and the Swedish-speaking minority first arrived when St. Erik, King of Sweden and ninth of the name, conquered Finland in 1154. The con-

querors never settled in the interior, and to-day the Swedish-speaking population preponderates only on the coast at the western half of the Gulf of Finland and middle reaches of the Gulf of Bothnia. The point to seize is that the Swedish-speaking nationals of Finland, even if some of them never learn Finnish, regard themselves as Finns. Most of them come of families that have lived in Finland for centuries.

Most of the nations use the Student House. Two Finnish and one Swedish-speaking nation from northern Finland have a separate meeting-place—the Ostra-Bothnia House. Students from the province of Tavastland have a House for themselves. All these Houses are comparatively rich, owning forests, farms and property bequeathed by former students, and be it noted that 75 per cent. of that wealth was bequeathed by Swedish-speaking graduates.

Domestic quarrels in a country should not concern foreigners, nor is any stranger involved in the domestic dispute of Finland. Yet I was greatly interested in a procession of several hundred students with a banner that bore the device in Finnish, "One Nation—One Language." They marched to the house of the Minister of Education and there demonstrated by shouting and blowing whistles until two of the ringleaders were arrested. To be arrested by the police is the immediate aim of all leaders of protesting processions, and after the arrests the students dispersed.

The Minister had reduced the number of Swedish Chairs at the university to fourteen, but these students were of opinion that no subjects should be taught in Swedish. Hitherto all Chairs had been duplicated; and every subject taught in Swedish and in Finnish, so that no Finnish-speaking Finn was deprived of a university education by reason of not knowing Swedish. In 1917 Finland became a Sovereign State, and since then ideals of nationalism and education have grown amongst the Finnish-speaking majority. "What would you say," asked one, "if a man

came here, spoke Gaelic, knew no English, and when asked his nationality said that he was an Englishman? When a Swedish-speaking Finn goes abroad he gives the impression that our national language is of little account. Yet it is an ancient language with a great literature."

In this domestic controversy there is no hatred. From 1154 to 1809 Finland became more and more an integral part of the kingdom of Sweden. As early as 1362 representatives of the clergy, landowners and peasants had a vote in electing the kings of Sweden. From the fifteenth century Finland had her own Supreme Court and her own currency. The memories of those 655 years are not bitter memories, "They left us alone, and only bothered us when they wanted soldiers to fight their wars. The best soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus were Finns." Youth is impetuous, and if the young nationalists left the language question alone it would probably settle itself, and Swedish, as one of the languages of Finland, would disappear. This domestic controversy is no concern of mine, or of anyone outside Finland, and only twice did it affect me. In a train I spoke to a ship's surveyor about Helsinki, and he said, "Would you please say Helsingfors?" In a restaurant I spoke of Helsingfors to a girl, who said, "Would you please call it Helsinki?" Thereafter I followed the advice of the Oxford graduate, and when in the capital referred to it as "this place."

At the students' party there was to be a burlesque of *Hamlet* in English. This, the unaided composition of a Finnish girl, was to be acted by her friends. I went to their party in the mood best described as being determined to enjoy it. There was no need for determination. I enjoyed it immensely. The burlesque was bright and topical. There was neither stage nor scenery. At one end of the room part of the polished floor was demarcated by electric footlights, and there the play was acted. The entrance of Ophelia, through a door on the left, was greeted with great applause.

For the purpose of the burlesque she was leading a lamb, and the lamb was no other than Cabot with a pink ribbon round his neck. He seemed to enjoy the play and punctuated Ophelia's most pathetic declamations about love by raising his head and saying "woof." At her first exit Cabot had no wish to leave. He lay down on all fours, and slender Ophelia had to drag 130 lbs. of dog along the polished floor. In the next scene Cabot spotted his master sitting to the right at the far end of the first row of chairs, and slowly but surely Ophelia, as she strove to speak her lines, was pulled across the footlights. Yet Cabot was unruffled even when he knocked down an electric reading-lamp and the bulb burst in his face. Once more he was led back to the stage. There he stood regarding the audience, and then amidst laughter that drowned the play he shook his head slowly and sadly from side to side—at the folly of humans.

From the lounge of the Tornio one evening I saw Cabot, followed by a waiter, walk along the corridor. The waiter then opened a door that gave entrance to the kitchens and the dog went in. Earlier that evening I had telephoned to the flat. There being no reply, I knew my friend was out. I now looked for him in the entrance-hall of the hotel. He was not there, and I consulted the hall porter, a remarkable linguist and an elderly man.

"No, sir, he's not here to-night. But for the dog coming in you might have gone round to the Royal, the Kämp, or the Societetshuset. If you'd seen the dog outside any of them you'd know your friend was there."

"Why does the dog come here by himself?"

"For his dinner, sir! Of course he doesn't always come here. Often he goes to one of the other hotels."

"Well, if I follow him after he's had dinner I'll probably find his master."

"No, sir. After his dinner the dog usually walks home or takes a taxi."

"How on earth can a dog take a taxi?"

"It's quite simple. He just watches for an empty taxi, steps off the pavement and barks. The driver stops, opens the door, and drives him home—him sitting up on the seat. They all know where he lives."

"And the fare?"

"The bill is sent to his master."

If the Devil should now tempt any reader to think that Cabot, his master, the hotel porter and I are strangers to Truth, may he or she go to Helsinki, where the things of which I have written are known to one and all. And how does Cabot's master know that his taxi accounts are genuine? Yes, I thought you would ask that, and the answer is that the taxi-drivers over there are very honest. Incidentally, they do not expect tips.

## CHAPTER V

### GOING NORTH

THE Tampere express leaves Helsinki at 11.15 a.m., and in Finland trains are punctual. At the moment when a train is due to depart the platform is closed by a barrier, so that none may die of heart failure in a last minute rush for the guard's van. Only once has this rule been broken. The barrier had been lowered when a man came running for the train. The official in charge said, "Too late," and the man replied, "I am Sibelius." He was allowed to pass. On the platforms of Waterloo film stars, crooners and conductors of jazz bands receive royal welcomes and farewells, but I doubt if there a train would have been held for Delius, Elgar or Vaughan Williams. As my accomplishments in music are limited to the pianola I made certain of being on the platform in good time, and was much gratified when the ticket inspector at the barrier stood at attention and saluted. The salute was not in respect of my pianola playing, but by reason of the pass I had from the Finnish Foreign Office.

On the platform were Christopher Cabot and the Oxford graduate, who said, "If the question is not indiscreet, may I enquire as to the latest advices from Lapland?"

"All is quiet at the railhead."

"Most reassuring, although I take it you are less certain as to conditions in the hinterland."

"That is so, but no impis are reported on the war-path. Don't you think Christopher Cabot should join the expedition?"

"I think not, but if you get lost in a snowstorm you may expect him. The St. Bernards, I understand, carry a

flask of brandy attached to the collar, and Cabot might bring a bottle of schnapps."

"Most thoughtful."

"Not at all, because there's none in Lapland or for that matter on the trains."

Then Stenbäck, his friend (a civil engineer) and I boarded the Tampere express. You may get into an ordinary train, but for the purity of English prose it is essential that you board an express. The engineer sought a compartment for non-smokers, and Stenbäck and I sat opposite each other by the windows of a second-class compartment. There are only two classes, second and third, but the second-class compartments are as well upholstered as are the first-class in many other countries. In third-class compartments the seats are not upholstered. They are of birch, shaped like garden-seats, and have back rests—more comfortable than the third-class benches in French, Italian and Spanish trains. In some third-class carriages there is a large stove and a supply of wood, whereby the passengers maintain the heat. On short journeys during the summer I thought third-class was more comfortable than second, in that the carriages were cooler. Travel, whether by rail, road or steamer, costs less in Finland than elsewhere. In all carriages is a large earthenware receptacle which originally may have been a spittoon. It is now used for cigar stumps, orange peel, cigarette ends, empty match, cigarette and lunch boxes.

Stenbäck looked tired and remarked, "I was working at the office till 5 a.m. Then a few hours' sleep and a cold shower. But for the cold shower I might not have caught the train."

"You probably want to sleep?"

"Yes, travelling in trains is the only time I can rest, sleep and read. Yesterday I was working in four foreign languages, and got so tired that although I understood the language I was using, I was not conscious whether it was

English, French, German or Italian." He wrapped himself in a rug and slept.

I had no need of sleep, and began to enjoy one of the finest literary portraits of our time, *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. Next day Stenbäck read it and said, "I like it because it is written in the clear English that I used to read in England. I know your language, but have difficulty with some of your modern authors in understanding what they are writing about." I made no reply, because there was the Spanish saying, "Dog does not eat dog." As Stenbäck was tired I resolved to ask no questions, and left all conversation until he was in the mood to talk. None of us wants to talk when tired, and how much more irksome to talk in a foreign language! May Heaven preserve us all, especially on long journeys, from a chattering companion! Such people are vampires who drain the nervous energy of others. A spoilt restless child of ten is capable of fraying the nerves of half a dozen healthy adults between London and Brighton, and is even more objectionable than the dear little toddler who plants sticky paws on the knees of your new cashmere trousers or silk dress as the sex may be. It is every mother's bounden duty to look after her offspring in railway carriages, and yet there are some who expect total strangers to undertake these duties. And why do women with children in their arms make a bee-line for smoking compartments? The smoke alone will make an infant cry. Enough of this grousing, or better still reserve it for a letter to *The Times* to be signed "Pro Bono Publico," or "A Mother of Ten," in the certain knowledge that it will never be published. I was with Stenbäck for many days, and gradually learnt at least a little about the history of his country and himself.

Towards the end of the Napoleonic wars Finland came under the suzerainty of Russia. In 1807 Napoleon Bonaparte, in the peace treaty of Tilsit, promised Finland to Czar Alexander I in the eventuality of Russia having to



## LAPLAND JOURNEY

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make war against Sweden to force the latter to join the Continental Blockade against Great Britain. Sweden refused to join the Blockade, and in the war of 1808-9 the Finnish army fought for Sweden. In 1809, by the Treaty of Hamina, Sweden surrendered Finland to Russia.

Alexander I was a wise and liberal Czar. Prior to signing the peace treaty with Sweden he had guaranteed by separate treaty with Finland her autonomy, had convened the Estates (Diet of Porvoo, 1809), and had given his assurance that the old constitutional laws of Finland would be preserved. Finland was now a Grand Duchy of Russia with the Czar as Grand Duke. He realised that the original faith and culture of Finland had come from Rome, whereas that of Russia was Byzantine; that he ruled in Russia as an absolute monarch, whereas for centuries the Finns had had a large measure of self-government; and that whilst in Russia there were serfs as in the Middle Ages, in Finland the peasants had possessed an equal Estate in the Diet with the nobles, clergy and burghers. Thus did Czar Alexander I rule Finland, and she had her own customs barriers against Russia.

Nicholas I (1825-55) was an autocrat. As a Grand Duchy, Finland was subordinate to Russia in that she could not conduct her own foreign policy, and the Diet could only be assembled at the bidding of the Czar. The consent of the Diet was necessary before new laws or taxes were imposed, but by the Swedish Constitution of 1772 and 1778 the ruler of Finland could issue decrees without the consent of the Diet, and the basis of taxation was the old annual land tax for which the consent of the Diet was not required. Nicholas I took full advantage of these reservations. The Diet was not convened and the country was ruled by Edicts. The Swedish-speaking upper classes were favoured at the expense of the Finnish-speaking masses. Judges who knew no Finnish were appointed, and interpreters were necessary in

the courts. Yet the peasants were not illiterate, and in 1835 Professor Elias Lönnrot had published in Finnish the first draft of the Kalevala, compiled from the folk-poems of the country. This epos represented a Romantic Movement in literature and nationalist aspirations in politics. In 1850 came an Edict prohibiting the publication of all Finnish literature except on religious or economic subjects, and a strict censorship destroyed all public discussion of political affairs.

The accession of Alexander II (1855-81) brought relief to Finland. He chose as his adviser Professor J. W. Snellman, whose nationalist paper had been suppressed in the previous reign. The Finnish language was made co-equal with Swedish. The Diet was convened, and arrangements were made for its periodic meetings. Finland was granted freedom of trade, local self-government in the municipalities and communes, her own conscript army, and elementary schools. Finnish currency was restored. In 1862 the first railway was built. This liberal-minded Czar was assassinated with a bomb on 1st March 1881.

Under Alexander III (1881-94) the autonomy of Finland was attacked in the Russian Press, and in the reign of Nicholas II (1894-1917) the oppression of Finland began. The function of the Diet was restricted to advising on laws to be enacted for Finland, and the final decision rested with the Russian Government. The Finnish army was abolished, and Finns were conscripted to serve in Russian regiments. To this the Finns offered passive resistance. General Bobrikov, a sworn enemy of Finland, was appointed Governor-General. The Russification of the Finns was his life's ambition. "How long," he asked a Finn, "will it be before you are all speaking Russian?" "It is difficult to say," replied the patriot. "You see, for 655 years we were connected with Sweden, and only 10 per cent. of us are now speaking Swedish."

General Bobrikov was assassinated on 16th June 1904.

## LAPLAND JOURNEY

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The prestige of the Czar was further weakened by the overwhelming defeat of the Russian navy in the Japanese War, and by the general strike throughout Russia in 1905. There were likewise disturbances in Finland, and the Czar was compelled to convene the Diet, whose members proceeded to reform the electoral system. The new Diet decided on a single chamber parliament of 200 members elected by general and equal suffrage, extended also to women, on the system of proportional representation. Since the beginning of the century Socialism had made headway in Finland, and in the election of 1907 eighty Social Democrats were returned to the new parliament. All reforms were stultified by the Czar, who refused to confirm enactments of the new assembly, and parliaments were summoned only to be dissolved. The Senate, from which Finns had withdrawn as a protest against unconstitutional laws, was now packed with Russians. In 1908 the oppression of Finland was resumed with renewed rigour, and Finnish officials who refused to enforce unconstitutional laws were incarcerated in Russian prisons. At this time Stenbäck was a medical student at Helsinki.

"Those must have been bad days," I said.

"Yes, they were very bad. At first we tried passive resistance, and when that failed," he added quietly, "we had to shoot them."

"I was told you were in prison."

"Yes, they kept me in prison here for a long time, but they had no evidence. They could prove nothing—nothing at all, so I was exiled to Siberia."

"Was that rigorous?"

"Not for me, because I was not made to work, and in any case I was only there for a couple of months."

"They released you?"

"No, I escaped. It was really quite easy. I had a perfectly good Swedish passport—in those days nobody had

his own passport, and Swedish was my mother tongue. I went to Moscow, and from there to Denmark. It was impossible to return to Finland, and I did not wish to be a burden to my people. So at Copenhagen I studied Swedish gymnastics and got my diploma. That gave me a profession. Then I went to London, and gave remedial exercises at Bart's Hospital. In London I first met my wife—you may have heard of her father, Arthur Evans, the archaeologist. I was in Italy from 1913 to 1915. Mostly in Rome, but I spent one year breaking stones on the roads."

"Whatever for?"

"To find out how other people live. Then I went to Switzerland and got my M.A. degree at Geneva. After that I was in France, and for six months worked as a gardener at a villa on the Riviera. In 1917 there was the Revolution in Russia, and then I and many others were able to return to Finland. I thought there would be peace, but soon there was our War of Independence."

From Helsinki to Tampere is 187 kilometres and the express, stopping only at Hameelina, makes the journey in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours at a speed of just over 53 kilometres an hour. As the reader is aware, 8 kilometres equals 5 miles, and so if you multiply by 5 and divide by 8 you will find that the speed is just over 33 miles an hour. Unfortunately it is necessary for me to make this and many other calculations on behalf of the reader. Not that I shirk calculations. To benefit a reader, even a peripatetic bookstall reader, the sort that is moved on by the police before he or she has time to finish a book at one standing, I would gladly transcribe cubic metres of trees into quires and reams of paper—a matter of no great difficulty to those who know the equation. Yet it would save a lot of trouble if all countries adopted the honest, metric system. I say honest because a kilometre is always a kilometre, whereas a mile is not always a mile.

The Roman mile was the distance covered by the

legionaries in 1000 double paces of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet each, and as the Roman foot was a little more than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  English inches, so the Roman mile was over 140 yards shorter than the English mile of 1760 yards—fixed in the reign of Elizabeth as 8 furlongs, a furlong being 40 perches, and a perch being  $16\frac{1}{2}$  feet. A Swedish mile equalled 11 English miles. The nautical mile is one-sixtieth of a degree of latitude on the Equator, or 6080 feet. The German land mile was equivalent to four English sea miles; and to this day the Irish mile is longer than the British. Why perpetuate mistakes, and why should the boiling-point of water be  $212^{\circ}$  in Britain and  $80^{\circ}$  in France, when in all laboratories it boils at  $100^{\circ}$ ? More calculations! Yet gladly will I take the truthful Celsius, multiply him by 9, divide by 5, and add 32, or if it be cold I will subtract 32 before multiplying and dividing in order that readers may get temperatures on the scale of their old bath friend Fahrenheit, who was wrong in thinking that his zero was the lowest possible. Yet to the devil, say I, with all rods, poles, perches, gills, hogsheads, drachms, firkins, bolls, carats, quarters, pennyweights and scruples, together with Apothecary, Réaumur and Troy.

The train passed over plains of snow, across frozen rivers and through forests of spruce and pine, and in the sunlight the trees cast deep blue shadows on the snow. Those shadows are physiological. Of the component colours of white light the eye is most sensitive to red. The red rays are the first to fatigue the retina, so that the eye is no longer equally sensitive to all the components of white light, but becomes more sensitive to those components which produce the colour complementary to red, which is blue. The reader may prove this by looking fixedly at a strip of white paper stretched across a red-covered book. After a minute, if he then looks at a sheet of white paper the sheet will appear to be bluish, except for the part corresponding to the position of the white strip on the red cover. This part of the white paper becomes

red, the colour complementary to blue. For the same reason when a white screen is illuminated by a red light, the shadows of objects between the light and the screen are bluish.

At lunch-time we crossed to the restaurant-car. I say crossed, because there was no covered gangway. You walked from one carriage to another across iron overlapping footplates. On the right was an iron handrail all the way across, but on the left was an unguarded space of two feet through which it was possible to have fallen on to the line. I was glad the speed did not exceed thirty-three miles an hour, and said so to Stenbäck.

"Well, so far no one has ever fallen out of these trains," was his comforting reply.

The restaurant-car was old, and over its doors was the legend—"Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits." So old was the car and yet so familiar that I wondered if it was the same car in which I had been thrilled to eat when first I went from Paris to Rome in 1912.

"Yes," said Stenbäck, "they're very old. A relic of our War in 1918. There were eight of these cars left in Finland. The Compagnie Internationale could not get them out. The Russian frontier was closed, and they could not get them away through Sweden, because Sweden, like England, has the narrow gauge. So the Finnish Government continued to lease them from the company. As soon as they are worn out we will build our own new restaurant cars."

That is typical of Finland. The Government have to study expenditure. Thus you may see side by side a modern twentieth-century building and a dilapidated building. When the dilapidated building can no longer serve its purpose, then and then only will it be replaced by a modern one. As a Scotsman I can see the sense of such a policy. Only rich or badly governed nations throw money away.

At a quarter to two we reached Tampere, the largest industrial town in Finland, built alongside the Tammer

rapids between lakes Näsi and Pyhä. There was an hour to wait. Stenbäck inspected the new station restaurant, whose kitchens he had designed, and thereafter we walked from the station down a broad street to the bridge across the rapids in the centre of the town. A new dam was being constructed and the bed of the river was dry. It was a very clean and smokeless town, where most of the machinery is run by electricity obtained from the rapids. The population is fifty-five thousand, and there were numbers of well-dressed people in the streets, but few motor cars.

"Most of the people you see," said Stenbäck, "are clerks, operatives, their wives and children. The directors and owners of factories live in the country, and come to their work in motor cars on week-days."

One of those writers whose sayings are immortalised in Baedeker has called Tampere "the Manchester of the North." Except that linen is the staple industry, Tampere has nothing that deserves the comparison. Let no highbrow raise his heavy-lidded eyes at guide-books. It would be as senseless to travel without a guide-book as to attempt a walking tour of Britain by the aid of Ptolemy's Map. My objection is to tags and clichés in place of descriptive writing. The factories of Tampere are large and modern, the largest mill being that of Finlayson. Another Scottish name well known in Finland is Ramsay. These families have been in Finland for centuries. Yet if you saw one of the senior male members at the present time walking down the Mound in Edinburgh, you might easily imagine that he had been presiding with acceptance over the deliberations of the Annual Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

During the War of Independence of 1918 Tampere was a stronghold of Finnish Reds and Russian soldiers. When the Great War began in 1914 the Finnish Nationalist party sought an opportunity of offering armed resistance to Russian oppression. Since the time of Bobrikov there had

been no Finnish army. The problem of the Finns was how to raise and train an armed force without coming into direct conflict with the democracies of Britain, France and Belgium, then ranged beside Russia. The first step was to ask if Finnish volunteers could be trained in the Swedish army. Sweden refused on the ground that this might be interpreted as a breach of her neutrality by the Powers at war.

The Finnish Nationalists then offered to send 200 picked youths to Germany for military training, with the provision that they would only be used on the eastern front against Russia. In January 1915 this offer was accepted by the German military authorities. The 200 travelled to Germany via Sweden, and were followed by so many others that by June 1916 2000 men had been enlisted and were fighting as the "27th Prussian Jäger Battalion" against Russia on Germany's eastern front. In this battalion was Wallenius, a colonel at twenty-three, a general at little more than thirty.

With the Russian Revolution of March 1917 the freedom of Finland seemed nearer than ever. The Jäger battalion was withdrawn from the front line and sent to Libau, where their military training was continued against the day when they might have to oppose Russian troops in Finland. Many exiles and patriots returned to Finland. Amongst the latter was General Baron Carl Gustaf Mannerheim, a cavalry officer in the service of the Czar. At a time when the Russian army was in revolt he made his way undisguised and in full uniform to Finland. From remote Siberian villages the exiles returned, including P. E. Svinhufvud, who was received with acclamation, and became President of the Republic. The Provisional Russian Government of 20th March 1917, with Kerensky at its head, in the name of free Russia, granted the Finnish nation the right of inviolable self-government. The declaration was expected, because for years there had been an understanding amongst the revolutionaries in Finland, Esthonia, Poland and Latvia, that whenever



Czardom was overthrown each of the liberated countries would be free to choose whatever form of government was most desired by its nationals. A new Governor-General, a liberal Russian, M. Stakhovitch, was appointed to Finland, and formed a Coalition Senate consisting of six members of the bourgeois parties and seven Social Democrats.

This new government was hampered by a shortage of food throughout Finland, most of her supplies having been commandeered by Russia prior to the Revolution; by lack of discipline amongst the Russian troops; and by the Social Democrats leaning more and more towards the Left. The latter were confident that a Bolshevik revolt in Russia against Kerensky and his provisional government would succeed, and in the Finnish Diet they gave notice of a resolution that no political legislation affecting Finland should come into force without the assent of the supreme authority in Russia. Kerensky also foresaw the danger, dissolved the Finnish Diet and ordered new elections. In the new Diet the Social Democrats had 92 representatives, a loss of 11 seats, and the bourgeois parties secured 108 seats.

The Bolshevik Revolution in Russia failed in July, but succeeded in October 1917, when Kerensky's government was defeated and power passed to the workers' and soldiers' committees. On 13th November the Social Democrats in Finland proclaimed the "bloody strike," which lasted for a week, during which the Red Guards, aided by Russian soldiers and sailors, released criminals from prison and sought to terrorise the populace by robbery and murder. On 15th November the Diet resolved to assume supreme power and to appoint a new government. A Senate was formed from members of the bourgeois parties, and this was confirmed in office by the Diet on 27th November. On 4th December, at a full meeting of the Diet, also attended by all Senators, it was resolved that the form of government in Finland should be that of a Sovereign Republic. This declaration of in-

dependence was notified to all the great Powers, and at the end of December Trotsky announced that "The Government of Russia is prepared to recognise Finnish independence as soon as the Government of Finland requests it." The request was made, and on 3rd January 1918 news was received from Petrograd that the Council of People's Commissaries and the Central Executive Committee had recognised the independence of Finland. Yet Russia failed to withdraw her troops, and day by day it became more and more apparent that Finnish and Russian Communists were collaborating against the new independence of Finland.

The new republic lacked troops to restrain the excesses of Finnish Red Guards and the Russian soldiery. The latter, despite Trotsky's declaration, believed themselves to be supreme in Finland. Assuredly they were the only armed force in Finland, although the organisation of White Civic Guards had begun in the guise of fire-brigades and athletic clubs. Yet on 15th January the leaders of the Social Democrats urged the proletariat to collect its forces, as the Senate intended "to attack the working class with bands of butchers." On 18th January General Mannerheim, now Commander-in-Chief of Finland, left Helsinki for Vaasa, on the Gulf of Bothnia, to organise a White Finnish army. Time was of the essence for success. A week later the Senate telegraphed a protest to Trotsky against the violence of the Russian soldiers in Finland, and sent four Senators to Vaasa to ensure that the government of Finland could be carried on from that town in the event of Helsinki being captured by the Reds.

On 27th January the revolt broke out. Helsinki was seized. The remaining Senators escaped into hiding, and a "Finnish National People's Committee" occupied the government buildings. Russian Bolshevik forces occupied the fortifications. All business closed down. Freedom of the Press was abolished, and only workmen's

newspapers appeared. Revolutionary tribunals were appointed to deal with crime. In the provinces and communes various Workers' Committees took control, and many political opponents of the revolution were butchered by armed bands. In their frenzy there was little discrimination. "My eldest brother," said a Finn, "had no politics. He was a doctor and took no interest in politics. Yet they took him out of his hospital and shot him without a trial."

The gravest news that reached Mannerheim on the following day was that the Russians had promised the revolutionaries in Helsinki that they would disarm the Civic Guards in northern Finland. On the night of 28th January Mannerheim ordered the Vaasa Civil Guards, eight hundred men, for the most part unarmed, to surprise, attack and disarm the scattered Russian detachments. It was a brilliant order, and was carried out with comparative ease. The Russian soldiers, having murdered many of their officers, were without discipline, and surrendered without serious resistance. Thus Mannerheim secured rifles, field- and machine-guns, with ammunition for his White army. This manoeuvre was repeated in central and eastern Finland, where Russians were disarmed by Finns whose only weapons were their fists. Within ten days the initial organisation of the White army was complete.

There was at first a scarcity of non-commissioned officers and great scarcity of officers. This was lessened by the arrival of volunteers from Denmark, Sweden and Norway; and by the return of the Jäger battalion on 25th February. A week earlier general conscription had been introduced under an unrepealed law of 1878. General Mannerheim had now established contact between his western, central and eastern fronts. Northern Finland was safe, and the road from Sweden was open for supplies. In the south was the Red army of Finns and Russians, with a total strength of 100,000 men, well equipped, but ill-disciplined and badly trained.

Between 20th February and 10th March three strong attacks were made without success on Mannerheim's lines of communication. On 15th March the General attacked Tampere, and with thousands of casualties on each side the city was taken on 5th April. Within two days there were ten thousand Red prisoners. The Russians had an incentive to surrender, because Mannerheim had given orders, and they were obeyed, that any Russians captured in possession of arms were to be shot out of hand. The fall of Tampere broke the Red revolt in the west, and in the east, at Rautu near the Russian frontier, the White army surrounded a relieving force of two thousand troops from Petrograd. More than half were killed and the remainder taken prisoner.

"And how did the Whites treat the Red prisoners?" I asked our fellow-traveller, the civil engineer, who had been in Tampere when the city was besieged.

"Not too badly. Of course, they were short of food, but so was everyone else. If they were half-starved it was their own fault, because I saw them burning flour with petrol in Tampere before the city was captured."

"Were there many atrocities?"

"Less than one might have expected. The Reds made one Lutheran priest kneel at his dining-table. Then they made him protrude his tongue, which they nailed to the table. On other occasions there were massacres of about twenty people."

The White army advanced to the south. Helsinki was held by Russian Bolshevik forces, Finnish Reds and the Russian Baltic Fleet. Fearing atrocities and destruction in the capital, the Finnish Government appealed to Germany for assistance. A commercial treaty with Germany was signed on 8th March, and thereafter Germany gave Finland military aid. On 7th April the so-called Baltic Sea Division of 15,000 troops under General von der Goltz, direct from Germany, landed at

Hanko. Brondenstein's force of 3000 German troops from Esthonia landed at Loviisa.

On 12th April Helsinki was taken by the Germans, assisted by White Guards within the city. A German fleet under Admiral Meurer also reached Finland, but most of the ships of the Russian Baltic Fleet were abandoned by their crews in Finnish harbours. One German regiment went as far north as Rovaniemi, the capital of Lapland. On the 16th of May General Mannerheim's troops entered Helsinki, and by 26th May 1918, when Viipuri, whither the Red Government had fled on the fall of Helsinki, had been captured, the Finnish four months' War of Independence was over. The Russians and Finnish Reds lost six thousand killed.

On 7th August the allied naval and military forces entered Archangel, and on the same day in the British Parliament Mr. Lloyd George said:

"We have not the slightest desire to interfere with the Russian people, and we certainly have no intention of imposing upon them any particular form of government. That is a matter entirely for themselves. *But when we see Germany using her authority over large tracts and exploiting them or attempting to exploit them, to the detriment of the Allies and against the will of the people themselves*, we feel at any rate that the Russian people ought to be free to decide for themselves. . . . Under these conditions the Russian people are more and more seeking Allied assistance, and we should not hesitate to render every help in our power to emancipate them from this cruel oppression wherever we are in reach."

The italics are mine, because so far from Germany "using her authority" in Finland "against the will of the people themselves," the German troops were invited there by the Finnish Government, representing a majority of the people, to assist in a war against Russian Bolshevik forces. On the face of it the Allies seem willing to support with equal

alacrity White Russians in Russia and Red Russians in Finland. On 9th August *The Times* stated: "The German forces north of the Gulf of Finland have recently been reinforced, and now amount to 50,000 men, in addition to Finnish troops." In point of fact, there were never more than 18,000 Germans in Finland, and by the end of May the Finnish army consisted of 27 infantry regiments, 2 regiments of dragoons, 36 batteries of guns, together with Army Service battalions. The Finns were never hostile to the Western Allied Powers.

The German auxiliaries withdrew from Finland at the end of 1918.<sup>1</sup> In 1918 there were conditions of semi-starvation throughout Finland, and the Finnish Government, in return for food supplied, incurred its debt to the United States, the only international debt on which capital and interest are being repaid without default.

"Those were bad days," said Stenbäck. "In search of food I went as far as Lapland. There I managed to buy at an extortionate price two kilos of sugar and two litres of cod-liver oil. That amount of carbohydrate, and the oil for its fats and vitamins, had to last my mother, my sister and myself for six months in the winter."

From Tampere our journey was slower, and the next lap of one hundred and forty-five miles to Lake Seinä Junction was at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. There we had a sleeping-car to Tornio. These cars are also relics of the Russian occupation. Each has two berths, one above the other, but the space between the berths and the partition is so narrow that two people cannot undress in comfort at the same time. Stenbäck gave me the lower berth and took the upper and less comfortable for himself. Even so, when I awoke during the night, by reason of the swaying of the car, I wondered for a moment whether I was afloat or ashore.

<sup>1</sup> *Meine Sendung in Finnland und in Baltikum*, General Graf Rudiger von der Goltz. Leipzig, 1920.

## CHAPTER VI

### LAW OF THE WILD

THE railhead is at Kauliranta on the eastern bank of the Tornio River, separating Finnish from Swedish Lapland, and  $9\frac{3}{4}$  miles south of the Arctic Circle. We arrived at 1.30 p.m., having travelled 600 miles from Helsinki in  $25\frac{1}{4}$  hours. At the small station restaurant there was a meal of hot stewed meat, bread, butter and coffee. This was hurried, because the driver of the motor-bus was anxious to start at once for Muonio, 119 miles farther north. He said the road was bad in places. It was a comfortable covered bus intended for twenty passengers. The body was Finnish and the engine American. There were no chains on the tyres. The bus was half-filled when we started at 2 p.m., and for the first 28 miles the road follows the Tornio River. Here the snow-covered land was flat and bare, but the red earth paint gave the farmhouses on the banks of the frozen river an air of warmth. A broad ladder reached from the ground to the roof of every house—"In case of fire," Stenbäck remarked; "and whenever you see a house without a ladder, you know that it's not insured."

"But what's the use of a ladder," I asked, "when there are no windows or skylights on the roof through which the people can get out?"

"The people get out by the door, and the ladder is there so that buckets of water can be handed up to the roof in case of fire."

"How do they get water in winter when everything is frozen?"

"Everything is not frozen. If the deep wells are kept covered, the water never freezes at a depth of twenty feet. There's a girl drawing water now over there."

It was an interesting well. Twelve feet from the mouth a stout post with a notch at the top rose 12 feet from the ground. In the notch the centre of a 24-foot spar was held by a pivot. From the end of the spar nearest the well there dangled an empty bucket at the end of a long rope. The far end of the spar was weighed down to the ground by a log of wood. As the girl pulled down on the rope the weighted end of the spar rose and the bucket went down the well. Once the bucket was full of water its weight was almost balanced by the weight of the log attached to the fore end of the spar. Thus the girl was enabled to haul up the bucket of water easily and rapidly.

"Is that peculiar to this country?" I asked.

"No," said Stenbäck, "such wells are to be seen in northern Africa."

"And in parts of China," added the engineer.

The bus, seated for twenty passengers, after frequent stops now contained thirty, some of them sitting on the floor and others on each other's knees. Yet there was a limit to overcrowding, and the driver smilingly refused a man who stopped the bus with the intention of putting on board several hundredweight of loose machinery.

"In Helsinki," said Stenbäck, "an overcrowded bus would be stopped by the police. Here we are in the wilds, and it does not matter. In this land people are accepted or rejected on their merits. Titles or degrees may be used, but only to distinguish one person from another. In themselves they carry no privileges. There is only one law here—the Law of the Wild."

"Really?"

"Yes, and what other law could there be—with only twenty policemen in a country the size of Scotland? What's the use of a policeman if he's two hundred kilometres away? The Law of the Wild is more effective."

The Law of the Wild. Had this really survived the decline



of the romantic ideal? Time was, and not so long ago, when on the printed page simple words, such as prairie, sea, desert, forest and many others created mental pictures that endured. In a deluge of ink they were swept away. The plains became Great Open Spaces overcrowded by adjectives. In the desert tough guys began to hand out Life in the Raw, and to shout themselves hoarse about God's Own Silence under the naked stars beyond the Great Divide, where the Sunset Riders go to the Never-Never Lands, where the Cactus dies of thirst and the Screaming Devils dice with the bones of Dead Men for the Cattle or the Commas that never were—for the Gold that never was. A thirsty job for He-men only, and the rate of pay per thousand words has slumped. Most of the tough guys had retired from the unequal contest long before the Debunkers hoisted sail for the Land of No Return. Otherwise blood might have flowed instead of ink, because the debunkers discovered that the Uncharted Trail was worse than a myth, being merely pleasantly ludicrous, amusingly ineffective or tiresomely inadequate. For tough guy, debunker and all of us the adjective was, is and ever will be the enemy of the noun, but not even an avalanche of adjectives can overwhelm those first things that were set amongst us—to be respected, admired, despised, loved, hated or feared. Among these first things is the Law of the Wild.

"In February," continued Stenbäck, "when tree-felling is at its peak, one hundred and forty thousand men are employed in the forests. They sleep in large sheds holding two hundred or even four hundred men. Each has his bunk and a peg on which to hang his clothes. There are no lockers where a man can keep his money or valuables. They have got to trust each other. If in the morning a man wakes and finds his money gone, he calls out, 'I've been robbed.' Then the doors of the shed are locked from the inside, and no man leaves until the thief has been found. They have their own ways of detecting a thief."

"And when found?"

"He is flogged. His skis are taken away. He is given three days' provisions and turned out of the camp. In very bad cases they may thrust a pole through the arms of his buttoned-up jacket, and send him off with arms outstretched."

"And that means?"

"Often death, and even if he survives he must leave the country. He can never return to a lumber camp."

Hearken to that, all you professors who deny the objective existence of a moral law! Hard! Yes, very hard, but these men have a hard life, and their lives would be harder, if not impossible, if every man suspected his neighbour of being a thief! So the moral law whose principles were given in the Ten Commandments has at least a pragmatic value. It is impossible to conceive of any civilised society where lying, theft, adultery or murder were the normal relationship between one human being and another. These laws have also an objective existence, and as G. K. Chesterton said: "There is written in letters of fire across the Universe the words—Thou shalt not steal." The law of gravitation existed long before any man perceived it, and will continue to exist long after there are no men left to perceive it. If the creation of men and women on the earth was possible, then sin was possible, and every sin is a breach of the moral law, intended to govern although not dependent upon—human relations. Suicide is against the moral law, and if only one man were left on the earth he would do wrong to commit suicide.

Before I smell the faggots, let us return to the timber industry of Finland and Lapland. There is less tree-felling in Lapland, because there the pines take three hundred years to reach maturity, whereas in southern Finland trees may reach maturity in thirty years. All trees are felled in the last months of winter, when the sap is low and the wood is dry. After felling, the branches are lopped off, the trunk is branded

with the sign of the individual or company to whom it belongs, and the log is dragged across the snow to the nearest river, where it is left on the frozen surface. In May the ice melts, and millions of logs begin floating down the rivers, shooting the rapids and collecting in the lakes in their long journey, it may be of hundreds of miles, to the saw-mills and paper factories for the most part on the seaboard. Thirty thousand men are employed in floating the timber during May. Some make fixed booms of logs chained end to end to form a channel for the floating logs in rivers where they are likely to go ashore. Others stand on logs lashed together and guide them down the rapids—a dangerous task. In lakes and sluggish rivers the logs are formed into diamond-shaped rafts a hundred feet in length. Only the outer logs, which retain the others in the centre, are chained together. Thus when a storm arises on a lake or river the logs may be dispersed, and have to be collected all over again. These rafts are towed by steamers.

One morning, from my bedroom window at Marlebäck in July, I watched a little steamer going up the river. After breakfast I saw the same steamer going astern down the river and towing from her bow five diamond-shaped rafts extending for a distance of at least 500 feet. Now the steamer in going astern down the river was not using her screw. In the morning she had dropped anchor down-river, and as she steamed up the stream had let out a mile of hawser from the stern. After taking the rafts in tow, this hawser was being slowly wound in on a drum, and thus the steamer and the rafts were pulled down-stream. It was the fact that she was going down-stream that made me realise the inertia of the massive rafts she was towing. The steamer's screw would have scarcely moved them.

All the year round some 50,000 men have regular employment in the wood-working industries that account for 85 per cent. of the country's exports. Most of the 140,000 who

work in the lumber camps in January, February and March are smallholders, who often bring their own horses for the hauling of the logs to the rivers. These facts may explain why, in the world slump of 1931-32, unemployment in Finland only amounted to 3 per cent. of population, or 6 per cent. of workmen employed in all trades.

"Many of those," said Stenbäck, "who come to the lumber camps in Lapland have travelled hundreds of miles on skis and have no money for the journey. They call at the tourist inns on their way, and we provide thousands of cups of coffee, plates of porridge, glasses of milk, rolls and butter. It is impracticable to take the names and addresses of those who have food on credit, and so the inns keep a tally of the cups of coffee, plates of porridge and other food given to men on their way to the camps. When the camps break up the men have money, and on their way home call at the inns to buy more food and to pay for what they had. When the tally is compared with the cash taken, it is seldom that the price of even a single cup of coffee remains unpaid."

"Honesty plus a good memory!"

"Yes, they have good memories. Some years ago I was skiing across the wilds and ran out of cigarettes. I met a lumberman skiing in the opposite direction, and asked him if he had cigarettes and could spare a packet. He gave me a packet priced three marks. The smallest money I had was a five-mark note, and the man had no change. He wanted to give me the cigarettes for nothing, but I insisted on his taking the five-mark note. Two years later, in this very bus, a man said, 'I owe you two marks. Here they are.' I told him that, as far as I knew, nobody up here owed me two marks. Then he reminded me of the packet of cigarettes."

Stenbäck also told me of the hunting of the large brown bear in Lapland. When the second snow, the snow that does not melt until the spring, falls in December, the hunter goes out on skis to look for the track of the bear's footprints.

Once found he follows the footprints which lead to the place, usually a small crevice between boulders, where the bear will hibernate. If the man followed too closely on the footprints, the bear would be disturbed and continue moving from place to place in search of quiet. So the man makes wide semi-circles away from the bear's track, until at last he makes a complete circle before regaining the track. His skis have now marked a full circle round the place where the bear is hibernating. The footprints of the bear enter, but do not leave the circle, and the hunter now owns what is called a "Bear Ring."

Every week or so he inspects his ring to ascertain, by the absence of exit footprints, that the bear has not moved away. If the bear has moved, the hunter follows the footprints until another ring has been made. Bears in summer and autumn, being well nourished on berries and wild honey, are shy animals, easily disturbed, and move far from the vicinity of humans. After every fall of snow the hunter must also renew the ring lest the marks of his skis be obliterated. You may buy a bear ring for from £20 to £40, which gives the right to kill the bear, but hunters have a prejudice against selling their rings, since it is a very noble thing to kill a bear. Those who buy bear rings should buy them on the spot, and avoid the example of two Germans from Berlin who last winter bought a ring, came all the way to Lapland, spent two days and nights in the forest, and found—no bears.

In March the hunter and his friends, armed with rifles and accompanied by a dog, enter the ring. The dog locates the den and barks to arouse the bear, who comes out to be shot. When setting out on this expedition the hunters never leave their homes by the door, but through a window. The hunter, once he has made the bear's ring, never refers to the bear by name. He will speak of "the old man," "beautiful honey paws," "the pride of the thicket," or "the apple of the wood." Nor do the Lapps call the bear by his true name, lest

he should attack their reindeer, and so they refer to him as "the old man with the coat of skin."

These customs are survivals of an older ceremony whereby the gods of the woods were placated for the killing of a bear, king of animals in Lapland. The man who ringed the bear invited friends to meet in March or April for the hunting and subsequent solemn feast. At this meeting one of them beat the magic drum.

These drums were made from a shallow, oval piece of pine, fir or birch wood, and it was essential that the grain followed the course of the sun by winding up the trunk from right to left. The upper surface of the wood was flat, the lower convex. The upper surface was then scooped out so that the piece of wood resembled a shallow, oval kettle-drum, from a foot to one and a half feet long. In the bottom were two holes in which the first and second fingers of the left hand were inserted to hold the drum upright. Across the upper surface a skin was stretched and fixed with wooden pegs, or sewn to the circumference with reindeer sinews. On the skin various figures were drawn in red dye from alder bark. In the centre is the sun. Above the sun are the other gods they most honoured—Thor, who bestows life, preserves health, controls death, protects against demons and never awards punishment unless it be deserved; Storjunkare, his lieutenant, who gives all blessings and rules over all animals as Thor rules over men and spirits; the moon and stars. In addition to these, some drums show Christ and his Apostles. On other drums the symbols are entirely Christian—God the Father, Christ, the Holy Ghost, St. John, Heaven and Death. Below the sun are symbols of earthly things—bears, wolves, reindeer, otters, foxes, fish, friendship and fatal disease.

To use the drum an "Arpa" was placed over the symbol of the sun. An "Arpa," as described and illustrated by Schefferus<sup>1</sup> and as seen in museums, consisted of a single

<sup>1</sup> Schefferus, *History of Lapland*, p. 53. Oxford, 1674.

copper ring, or of a copper ring with smaller rings attached to it, or of a copper plate, the size of a dollar, with a square hole in the centre and rings attached to its margin. The drum was then beaten with a hammer so that the rings moved over the skin. According to the position of the rings and the symbols they encircled after the beating, the drummer foretold all kinds of events, such as where a lost reindeer would be found; if bear hunting would be successful; whether a sick man would recover or die; if a pregnant woman would have a safe delivery; whether the net-fishing would succeed or fail; or the disease of which a man would die.

From what I have read, seen or heard, Clarke<sup>1</sup> was wrong when he wrote in 1799 of magic drums, then no longer used: "The only curious thing concerning them is the proof they afford of the artificial *magnet*: this was always in the possession of the Lapland conjurers and fortune-tellers, who seem to have kept the secret to themselves. In using the *divining-drum*, a piece of magnetised iron is held beneath the skin of the tambour giving motion to a needle placed upon its upper surface, which the conjurer causes to rest upon any figure thereon represented, and augurs accordingly. Many a more bungling trick has served to collect the wealth of nations, and to place it at the disposal of a pampered priesthood: to humble to the dust the noblest powers of the soul, and to elevate ignorance upon an awe-commanding throne." Clarke's error is perpetuated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, where "Arpa" is taken to be a divining-rod.

To return to the old-time hunting of the bear, the party of friends, having consulted the magic drum, leave the tent by creeping under the covering at the back. They are led by the Captain, he who found the bear's den and whose only weapon is now a club with a magic ring attached to the handle. He is followed by the drummer, by the man who is to strike the first blow, by the one who is to boil the bear's flesh, by the

<sup>1</sup> *Clarke's Travels*, vol. v, p. 405. London, 1822.

one who is to divide the portions, and by the man who is to chop wood for the fire. At the den they arouse the bear either by shouting or with a dog. The bear comes out and is killed with spears, or, in more recent times, with guns. Thereafter they sing: "We thank the bear for coming, and doing us no harm in not breaking our weapons." As the carcass is dragged to a sledge, it is beaten with stones, whence comes the Lapp proverb, "The bear is beat." The sledge is drawn by reindeer to the tent, where the flesh, a great delicacy, will be boiled, and on the way the men sing: "We beseech the bear that he will not raise tempests against us, or in any way hurt those that killed him." The reindeer that draws the sledge must not be used by women for a year.

At their destination two tents are set apart, one for the hunters, the other for their wives, and the sledge stops at the back of the men's tent. There the men ask their wives to chew alder bark and spit the red juice in their faces. This the women do, after taking aim with one eye through a magic ring. The red dye, representing the bear's blood, on the men's faces signifies that they have succeeded in a dangerous enterprise. The women return to their tent, and the men drag the dead bear into the other by raising the covering at the back. There the bear is left and the hunters join the women for an ordinary meal, prior to which the women sing, "Thank you for killing the bear." The men, after eating, return to the other tent to skin and cook the bear. Their Captain must remain continent for five and the others for three days. According to Frazer a similar custom persists among the Hottentots (*Golden Bough*).

The bear's flesh, blood and fat are boiled in copper kettles, the fat being skimmed off and stored in wooden vessels. When the meat is cooked the men sit down in order of precedence on each side of the fire. On the right is the Captain, the drummer, and he who struck the first blow; on the left is the one who cooked the meal, the one who is to divide the



flesh, and the one who chopped the wood. The meat is divided between the men and women, the hind quarters being reserved for the men. Nor must the women come to fetch their portion. It is carried to them by two of the hunters, who sing, "We come from Sweden, Poland, England or France," and the women answer, "You men that come from Sweden, Poland, England or France, we will bind your legs with a red band." This done, the men return to their comrades. After the meal the bones are gathered up and buried by men and women together in the belief that the resurrection of the slain bear will take place in another world.

The bear's skin is now hung on a pole by the Captain, to whom it belongs, and the women, blindfolded, are invited to shoot at the skin. During this ceremony the women sing, "We will shoot at him that came from Sweden, Poland, England or France," and the one that scores the first hit wins, because her husband will have the good fortune to find the next bear. She then makes crosses of wire on cloth, and hangs one around the neck of each hunter and one around the neck of the reindeer. The crosses are worn for three days, and possibly are intended to protect their wearers against the anger of the woodland gods whose bear they have killed. When the time of abstinence has expired, the men seize the chain on which the kettle hangs, and dance three times round the fire before going to the women's tent. There they meet the women, who sing, "We will throw a shovel full of ashes upon your legs." Until this last ceremony has been performed, the men are regarded as unclean by reason of their killing the bear, although nevertheless they are honoured for having done so.

Even braver was the Lapp whose only companion was a dog, and whose weapon was a short staff, tipped with an iron blade as thick as a man's thumb. At the lower end the staff had an iron ferrule, and a few inches above the ferrule a circular hoop of metal or of fir root was fastened to the

staff by thongs of reindeer hide, one of which passed through a hole in the shaft. This hoop prevented the staff sinking in the snow when used as a walking-stick, and in principle is the same as the circular wheel attached to skiing sticks at the present time. The staff itself was of birch wood, 4 feet long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. With this weapon bears were hunted in Lapland up to the end of the eighteenth century. The man stood a few yards in front of the bear's den with the staff concealed behind his right thigh. The dog advanced to the entrance and barked until the bear came out. Then was it the dog's business to tease the bear and to hold his attention until, roaring with rage, he rose on his hind legs. At that moment the man rushed in and drove his spear into the bear's heart. If he missed or struck a rib—he was mauled to death.

To shoot a bear with a rifle needs courage and marksmanship. Unless the bear, who when at bay stands upright and roars, is shot dead through the brain, the hunter is in immediate danger of being killed or badly mauled. The number of erroneous ideas with which most of us pass through life is remarkable. Prior to going to Lapland I thought of the brown bear in terms of that lazy animal which sometimes for a bun clambers up a pole at the London Zoo. In the wilds the bear can run as fast as a horse and can spring and leap from 15 to 20 feet. One morning a number of Lapps entered the bank at Parkino: "Please, Mr. Bank Manager, will you come and kill a bear who is eating our cattle?" He closed the bank, and went with the Lapps. Among some large boulders near their village he found the bear, who stood upright and roared. Bank Manager shot him dead through the mouth with an automatic at a distance of 20 feet. Unfortunately the skin, which I saw with other trophies in the bank parlour, was not a very good specimen. But no reader should attempt to rob that bank.

After hibernating the bear is hungry and, if by reason of frozen snow he cannot obtain roots and berries, dangerous. Then he will attack reindeer and men. Two reindeer tethered

to trees by the roadside were killed by a bear within a mile of the inn at Ivalo where I was staying. The Lapps believe that no bear will attack a woman if she shows him that she is a woman.

The wolves are also hunted in the winter by men on skis, but only after fresh snow has fallen. Then the going is soft and the wolf's feet sink in the snow. His progress is slow, after some hours he is exhausted, overtaken by the man on skis, and clubbed on the head. On hard snow the fastest skier could not overtake a wolf.

Our bus journey was interrupted by frequent interludes. Almost every hour we stopped for coffee, costing less than 1½d. a cup. This was served in various places. At one village we climbed an outside ladder to reach an empty hay-loft converted into a café. At another we had coffee in the kitchen-living-sleeping-room of a farmhouse owned by a Finn. It was a large room 18 feet square. In the centre was a kitchen table. One whole corner from floor to roof was occupied by a circular stove for heating the room, and in another corner was a stove for cooking and baking. Alongside the wall nearest the door were three beds where the sons of the house and male servant slept. Along the opposite wall were three beds where the daughters and female servant slept. A small adjoining room was the bedroom of the farmer and his wife. The servants would regard it as an insult if they were expected to sleep apart from the family. All the windows were closed and hermetically sealed with paper pasted around the frames. They were double windows with a space of three inches between the inner and the outer window. Within this space I saw in every window a half-open full box of safety matches standing upright. In some way the box of matches prevents moisture forming on the glass within the sealed space.

Under these conditions it is not surprising that the death-rate from consumption (16·5 deaths per 10,000 of population in 1935) should be more than double that of Britain.

Even in large-roomed houses, with a stove in every room, there is a tendency for the family to use only a few rooms during the winter months in order to lessen the labour of lighting, fuelling and cleaning many stoves. The Finnish death-rate from consumption is also much higher than in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, countries which began their campaign against consumption earlier than Finland.

In the late afternoon, as the bus was passing along a ridge between Lake Sieppi and the village of Kolari, I saw in the north-east twenty-five miles away a snow-covered mountain, Yllästunturi (2369 feet), that was pale pink in the light of the setting sun.

At 8 p.m. and in darkness we reached the inn at Muonio. In some countries it is difficult to define the difference between hotels and inns, but in Lapland I found a clear line of demarcation between the two. At hotels there is indoor sanitation, whereas at inns the latrines are out of doors. At Muonio there was a door on the ground-level from which fourteen steps ascended to a platform on which were two seats side by side. Far below was the manure heap from the cattle byre, and so the height of the latrine saved labour. At the Orphanage at Riantula there were steps to ascend and six seats side by side. For the benefit of those who have experienced the dreadful outdoor sanitation of southern France and Spain, be it said that in Lapland these places were scrupulously clean. Moreover, in the dark winter days and nights many adults of the same sex and all children prefer to go in the company of others. There are dangers in being over-refined, and if children are taught that in this natural function there is nothing of which to be ashamed, they escape many physical and psychological troubles in later life.

At supper—consisting of oatmeal porridge, cold reindeer meat, bread, butter, cheese and milk—Stenbäck announced that we would start for Hetta in reindeer sledges at six o'clock next morning.

"The guide wanted to start at ten to-night, but I thought we had better have a good sleep. You will be up at five."

Then and then only did I realise that I was expected to drive my own reindeer. Up to that moment I had visualised a sledge with a driver, preferably a beautiful girl, and a passenger, and so I asked: "Is it difficult to drive a reindeer?"

"Not if you forget everything you ever knew about driving or riding horses. There is only one rein. It is attached to the foot of the chin-strap of the halter. The rest of the halter is a leather band round the animal's head from the brow to behind the antlers or the antler protuberances—if he has lost his antlers. The rein passes back along the animal's left side to your right hand. There's a metal hook on the left side of the saddle-piece to prevent the rein dropping too low. You drive with a loose rein, just flapping it against his flanks now and again to let him know you are there. To turn left you draw on the rein gently. To turn right you flick the rein over his back and draw on the other side. To stop you pull the rein hard."

"Yes, and if he bolts and I'm thrown out of the sledge, I let go the rein."

"That is the one thing you must never do," and Stenbäck controlled his features as do men who have received many shocks. Yet it was clear to me that what I had said was enough to put me beyond the pale—wherever that barbed wire fence may be in Lapland. "No," continued Stenbäck, "you must never lose your reindeer whatever happens. Indeed, it is impossible for you or for anyone else to lose a reindeer when driving, because the end of the rein will be fixed around your right upper arm in a running noose, and the slack of the rein is twisted round your forearm."

"Then is one dragged along the snow?"

"No one is dragged along the snow. As soon as he feels the full weight of your body on the rein, he stops. He has got to stop, since the weight on the rein may pull him to his knees."

It is nothing to be thrown out of a sledge, but if you lose a reindeer and sledge you delay your companions—or if you are alone in the wilds may seriously inconvenience yourself, especially if the snow is so soft that you cannot walk on it.”

“In that case I suppose one would die?”

“There is no reason why anyone should die in the wilds. When the snow is too soft and deep for walking, you can always creep over it on your forearms and legs. Nor need you starve. There are always berries to be found under the snow, and game in the woods to be snared. You always carry matches, and there is plenty of wood to make a fire.”

To all this instruction the engineer listened with interest—for he also was a beginner and two years my senior. For myself, I thought of the manager of the Accident Insurance Company in London that had issued a special policy on my limbs, eyes and life for this journey.

He was a careful and methodical man. He wrote me beforehand to say that it must be distinctly understood that I was not insured against “Winter Sports.” Now in the event of any accident befalling me I had no wish that the question of what was or was not a winter sport should be decided on appeal by the House of Lords—since in that event there would be nothing left for anybody. So I asked boldly and honestly whether I was or was not insured against accidents in reindeer sledges, which I understood to be the usual method of travel in Lapland. To this the manager replied: “With regard to the means of travel you mention, if reindeer sledge is used merely for travelling from one place to another and is not used for sport, then the risk of accident caused through the sledge would be covered.” In my submission the man who drafted that reply is lost in any insurance company. He ought to be drawing the big pay cheque at the League of Nations in Geneva.

And so all three of us to bed in a three-bedded room, for the inn was full of skiers on their way home.

## CHAPTER VII

### DRIVING A REINDEER

WE were up at 5 a.m., and Stenbäck lent me a Lapp outfit for the journey. Over my riding-breeches and Jaeger stockings I put on mocassins (Säpikkääät) of reindeer skin with the hair outside. These extended from above the ankles to the thighs. All Lapp fur clothing is worn with the hair outside, because if the hair were nearest the skin and were damped by perspiration the purpose of the clothing would be defeated, since moisture attracts cold. Thus in Britain only women wear fur coats as they ought to be worn. From the lower end of the mocassins is a cloth flap, which is tucked inside the uppers of the reindeer-skin boots (Nutukkaat). Boots and mocassins are held in place by broad embroidered puttees (Pavlat), wound round the ankles and fixed by a long red cord with a tassel at the end. When puttees have been properly adjusted the tassel should hang above the outside of the ankle. Over my riding-jacket I pulled a Peski, a reindeer fur coat shaped like a smock and reaching to the knees. On my hands were woollen mittens covered by reindeer gauntlet gloves (Kintaat). For headgear I should have worn the Neljäntvulenlakki, or Cap of the Four Winds. This is a broad, four-cornered cap with red piping running to each corner. Coloured felt streamers hang from the posterior corner, and round the deep, close-fitting brim are bands of coloured felt and fur. On this occasion I wore a Balaclava and leather flying-helmet. At 5.30 a.m. four reindeer and sledges were waiting on the snow outside the inn, and I saw for the first time what Professor Hirn had called "that arctic animal." It looks ungainly, being heavily built, four feet high at the withers, and having thick legs with large hooves, accentuated

by white socks round the fetlocks. Over the body the coat, about an inch thick, is brownish grey, crimped or wavy, and the under fur is woolly. There is little of a mane, but from the throat hangs a fringe of long, stiff hair. The hair over the face, neck and throat is whitish. Muzzle and ears, the latter inside and out, are covered with soft brown hair. The limbs are brown, and the short tail is usually white.

Antlers are large and long in relation to the head, and rise far back behind the eyes. Lateral tines may be four feet long. Their narrow beams go outwards, backwards and then forwards, to end in palmated extremities with a number of points on their posterior margins. Brow tines, compressed laterally, branched and palmated, descend over the face, so that their lower edges may almost touch the nose. This led to the erroneous belief that reindeer plough the snow when seeking arctic moss. The hinds, unlike those in any other species of deer, are also antlered, although the tines are smaller than those of the male. During winter antlers are shed, and only two of these four animals retained them.

The main pair of hooves on each leg are rounded, broad and short, with a deep cleft between them, and the surface of each hoof forming the cleft is grooved. Above and behind the main hooves is a pair of small lateral hooves, flattened from front to back. When the hooves strike the snow the main hooves spread out sideways, and the smaller lateral hooves also touch the surface. This gives the animal a firm grip of the snow with each foot, since there is now a wedge of snow between the grooves of the main hooves. When the hooves are thrown backwards, as in galloping, the wedges of snow are thrown out, the main hooves come together, and the meeting of the two grooved surfaces causes the peculiar sound made by a galloping reindeer. This sound may be imitated perfectly by clapping the hands gently. The droppings of the reindeer are little larger than those of



the hare, and many a visitor has remarked that Lapland seemed to be overrun with hares.

The Lapps produce a gelding which, like the gelded horses of southern Spain, possesses the stamina without the ferocity of an entire male. The harness is simple. In addition to the halter and single rein, there is a wooden collar made of two crescent-shaped pieces of smooth moulded birchwood hinged at the top with leather and tied together below the neck with a thong. From the top of the collar two cloth bands, one on either side, pass to the top of the saddle. The saddle is a band of thin leather,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches broad, dyed red with alder bark and decorated with a fringe of green, pink, dark red and yellow wool. The purpose of the saddle is to hold up the short traces of seal or cow-hide which pass from each side of the collar to the shafts of the sledge. The belly-band is kept loose.

The sledge is built on two wooden runners about 2 feet apart and 9 feet long. These in front curve upwards to above the level of the floor. Only 5 feet of the runners are on the snow, and that portion is shod with iron. The floor of the sledge is raised  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches above the runners by stout struts, three on either side. The struts are held by cross-pieces, on which the floor, back-rest and sides of the sledge are built. The floor is nearly 2 feet wide at the back and a foot and a half in front. At a distance of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet from the back-rest there is a stretcher for a foot-rest, and beyond this the floor curves upwards to the prow. The space in front of the foot-rest is for luggage, lashed to the sledge with ropes. The shafts of birchwood, 3 feet  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, are tied with salex ropes to the lower part of the foremost strut above each runner, and reach to the sides of the saddle-band, where they are tied to the traces from the collar. The floor of the sledge is covered with hay, on the top of which are reindeer skins with the hair uppermost. Our luggage was stowed in the sledges. Mine was divided between the others,

for I had one suitcase, one Gladstone bag, one attaché case, one fishing-bag and a case of fishing-rods. All this was brought with Stenbäck's approval. "I don't mind how much luggage people bring, provided it's useful, and you'll be here for the summer." The order of our going was guide, myself, engineer and Stenbäck. Every hour or so the sledges halted to give the reindeer a breathing-space of five or ten minutes.

For the first  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles we followed the main road north to Lake Utku. My reindeer was trotting and gave no trouble until we were passing on our left a string of ten sledges returning with skiers from Hetta (the rule of the road in all countries except the British Empire and Sweden is to keep to the right). Suddenly the guide's reindeer took fright and bolted off the road to the right. Mine did likewise. I watched the guide, who slewed his reindeer round to the left. Then I pulled on the rein, and my animal, galloping at the time, turned so quickly that the sledge overturned on its side and I was thrown out. I landed face downwards prone on the snow, and thought, "Now for the dragging." Yet I was not dragged more than a yard when the reindeer stopped, and I rose unhurt to right the sledge.

At Lake Utku we left the main road, crossed the lake, and went in a north-easterly direction over hills, dales, lakes and rivers. At the first incline downhill I held my breath. All the reindeer broke into a gallop, and mine seemed to be galloping faster than the others, since he was overtaking the guide's sledge. From his hooves wedges of snow were flung in my face, and I tightened the rein. So far from checking, this increased the pace, and I knew fear when I noticed that the near hind leg was outside the shaft. In the case of a galloping horse such a mix-up would lead to certain disaster. Yet a moment later the galloping animal had got his leg back between the shafts. Then a ludicrous thought made me smile—what would the manager of my insurance

company say if he saw me now! At the foot of the hill my reindeer was breathing hard down the back of the neck of the guide, whose sledge we had overtaken. Then Stenbäck drove alongside. "You were holding the rein too tight. You must not do it. It makes the animal frantic, because he thinks you want to make the sledge crash into his hind legs."

"All right. I'll go down the next hill on a loose rein." And a little later down another hill we went on a loose rein. It made not the slightest difference. The animal was bolting, and at the foot of the hill was passing close to the right of the guide's sledge. Guide reached with his right hand to seize the rein. His reindeer swerved to the left, mine to the right, both sledges overturned, and both guide and myself were thrown out. On getting up I thought of asking guide if he were hurt, but forebore—because, in the first place, he knew no English, and, secondly, because I noticed when he rose from the snow that he had not even removed his pipe from his mouth during the upset. Again Stenbäck drove up, but I anticipated anything he had to say. "It was not my fault this time. The rein was quite loose."

"I know it was not your fault. It is a young reindeer and not fully trained. He [the guide] had no right to bring it here."

The journey was resumed, and on going down the third hill my animal bolted as usual. At the foot of the hill was flat, open country, either meadow land or a lake under the snow. I decided there must be no risk of crashing into guide's sledge. As we came near I pulled rein to the right, and there was plenty of clearance between the sledges when we took the lead on the level snow. It was a glorious race. Guide shouted, and on looking round I saw that he was urging his reindeer to overtake us. "All right," I shouted in reply. My animal was going like the wind, and on this wide, level space he could bolt until he was tired. That was what people did with bolting horses, and someone once had

told me it was quite safe as long as you did not run into a brick wall. Here there were no walls, and on we went until I heard Stenbäck shouting "Stop." We stopped, because it is not difficult to pull a reindeer to his knees.

"What do you think you are doing?" said Stenbäck.

"Well, as the animal wants to bolt, I thought we might as well lead the caravan."

"It would be difficult for him or for you to lead the caravan, as neither of you knows the way." After a pause he added, "I am unable to do anything. You could have the engineer's reindeer, which is quiet, but——"

"Certainly not. This doesn't matter to me so long as I don't break a sledge."

"I would give you mine," he continued, "but he's an old reindeer. He would take advantage of you. He would know that you had never driven before. I could put your sledge last, but that is against the rule. Except in a string of sledges, a beginner is never put last."

"It's all right, and if he bolts again I promise to pull him up before he reaches the leading sledge."

There was no more bolting, and at 11 a.m. we reached Puolimatti and stopped for an hour at the only house, that of the forest guard. Here the reindeer were tethered to the sledges and given a feed of dry arctic moss. To tether a reindeer to a sledge the rein is tied to the sledge, and the collar is unloosened. Without his collar the reindeer cannot move the sledge.

The staple food of the reindeer is the arctic moss (*Lichen rangiferinus*), of which they eat the white tips. Ordinary hay they will not eat unless it be mixed with dried great-water-horsetail, a water grass which the Lapps call Aske (*Equisetum fluviatile*), of which reindeer are fond. In the summer they eat grass on the mountains. Like the cow, the reindeer has four stomachs, and after eating lies down to chew the cud. It is curious that Linnaeus, the botanist

before whom all others trembled, should have been so misled as to have written of a purely herbivorous animal, "The reindeer feeds also on frogs, snakes and even on the lemming or mountain rat (*Mus Lemmus*), often pursuing the latter to so great a distance as not to find his way home again."<sup>1</sup> Yet Linnaeus was indignant with those who mistook the pocks in reindeer hides, caused by the gad-fly disease, as evidence of smallpox, and writes, "On this subject, lest any person should be misled by authority, or by the writing or reports of others, I shall quote the learned work of Linder on Syphilis, p. 11: 'Reindeer in Lapland are subject to the smallpox, which in Norland is termed Kormsuika, as I was informed at Wicksbergensbrun by Zachary Plantin, master of arts.' In this the able writer has been totally misled by a person usually esteemed no less honest than profoundly learned. I cannot, however, conceive how a man, who values himself upon such a character, should willingly and deliberately propagate a falsehood. He ought, on the contrary, rather to aim at correcting it. If the reindeer should even have the smallpox every year, this supposed disease will prove on examination nothing else than the sting of the gad-fly (*Oestrus Tarandi*). Did any man ever advance such an absurdity! Even the Laplanders themselves call the disease Kurbma (which is the name of the fly that actually causes it)."<sup>2</sup>

We had coffee in the house of the forest guard. It was an old Lapp farmhouse of stout timber and small windows, with a living-room and a bedroom. In the centre of the floor of the living-room, which is also the kitchen, was a large trap-door over the deep pit where potatoes are stored. Alongside one wall was the stone hearth, three feet square and raised two and a half feet from the floor. On the hearth birch logs were burning and the flames and sparks went up

<sup>1</sup> *Tour in Lapland*, vol. , p. 162. London, 1811.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 280.

a semi-conical chimney of stone and plaster about three feet above the hearth. To the side of the hearth was a stone baking oven with a closed fireplace beneath.

The mother of the forest guard made our coffee, but spoke little. She was a very old woman. The man was middle-aged, tall and burly. He and Stenbäck had a long talk in Finnish. The duties of a forest guard are to watch against fire in the summer, in the winter to see that only those trees marked with a notch as sold are felled, and to measure the timber left on the ice to await the melting of the river. In summer this guard led a lonely life, because he is separated by marshes and rivers from his nearest neighbour, ten miles away.

The forest guard's brother was an authority on the Kufittar, a race of strong and beautiful people who live under the ground. They are the same as the Uldas of Swedish Lapland, but are not the same as the Trolls of Scandinavian mythology. Johan Turi, in his *Book of Lapland*,<sup>1</sup> writes, "Uldas are said to be Trolls and to live underground." Now apart from living underground, the Uldas and Kufittar have nothing in common with the Trolls. The Trolls were originally giants, but in the present folklore of Sweden and Denmark are dwarfs, imps or "a kind of goblin men" who inhabit subterranean dwellings. Neither Uldas nor Kufittar are mentioned in Frazer's *Golden Bough*, and so I shall record what I have heard about them, although they never came my way.

Sometimes the Kufittar come above the ground, and a Lapp may see one of their beautiful fair-haired daughters driving a great herd of reindeer. In that event he should take his knife or some steel implement and throw it as far as he can into the herd. All the reindeer between the place where the knife fell and himself become his property. They are wonderful reindeer, because they will never leave him or

<sup>1</sup> Published by Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd.

get lost, and some say they will never die. In general the Kufittar are kindly, but they are given to exchanging any defective child of theirs for a healthy Lapp baby. For that reason a Lapp mother will never leave her baby unguarded until the infant has cut its first tooth. Even so, the Kufittar sometimes manage to effect the change, as witness the mentally defective child sometimes found in Lapland.

Writing of the Uldas, Turi states that they will even exchange their aged parents—"for these fairy people are said to live to a very great age and then become extremely tiresome to their own people"—for a Lapp baby. "An aged Ulda which has been exchanged for a baby looks exactly like the child, but does not grow or speak and is unable to walk, and is altogether unlike an ordinary child." According to Turi, the Ulda branch of the family seem to be less friendly than the Kufittar. "The Lapps often hear the bells of these reindeer from the mountains, though they see nothing, and it is said to be unlucky to hear them and often predicts death. Sometimes the Uldas are friendly, guarding the Lapps' reindeer and warning them of future events, but on the whole they are feared and spoken of with bated breath."<sup>1</sup>

Turi may have confused the Uldas with the Trolls, but Matthew Arnold seems to have confused the Finns with the Kufittar when he wrote in *Balder Dead*:

"And on the conjuring Lapps he lent his gaze,  
Whom antler'd reindeer pull over the snow ;  
And on the Finns, the gentlest of mankind,  
Fair men, who live in holes under the ground."

At noon we left Puolimatti. My reindeer had lost his love of bolting and went down hills at a reasonable speed. On level ground he was inclined to go slow, and Stenbäck shouted, "Beat it a little." There was nothing with which I could beat the animal except the rein, which I flapped on

<sup>1</sup> *Turi's Book of Lapland*, Johan Turi. London, 1931.

his flank. On this lap the engineer was thrown out for the first time, and like myself was unhurt. At 4 p.m. we reached the inn at Hetta, having come  $36\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Muonio. I asked Stenbäck what he meant by "beat it a little."

"All one can do is to flap the rein on the animal's side or back. Another way of making him go is to extend your left arm. In the corner of his eye he sees your hand and that makes him hurry. Some Lapps prod them with the end of a long stick—but that is considered to be very cruel." Then, when I deprecated my driving, he said, "It was not your fault, but I was frightened."

At the inn of Hetta there is one large room which is common-room, dining-room and kitchen, and three bedrooms accommodating altogether fourteen guests. Everything is very clean. The food is simple, and full board costs less than 4s. 1d. per day. After supper we walked  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the Rectory at Enontekiö. The parish church takes the name of the parish. Thus before the parish church was moved here the place was known as Hetta; whereas now Hetta is in the village of Enontekiö, in the parish of Enontekiö. A map in *Clarke's Travels* shows that in 1799 the church and village of Enontekiö were farther west on the banks of the Muonio River. The three other parishes of Lapland are Inari, Utsjoki and Petsamo.

The Rectory was a well-built, one-storied wooden building, and the Lutheran priest and his wife received us in the drawing-room-study, where we had coffee. The furniture and piano were of the drawing-room; the bookshelves, desk, altar candlesticks and picture of angels were of the study. The priest is also the Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages in his large parish. His farthest parishioner lives 200 miles away. On most Sundays there is a very small congregation, but at Easter, on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, and on the Feast of St. John (24th June) the Lapps come from near and far, and remain for several days



to combine their religious duties with social intercourse and trading.

We returned to the inn at midnight and went to bed in a room with six bunks in two tiers. All the bunks were occupied, and two of the occupants snored. They were snoring out of time with one another, and I had begun to calculate how long it would take before the snoring for a time became synchronised, when—I fell asleep.

At 10 a.m. next day the four sledges were stringed, all the reindeer except the leader having their reins tied to the sledge ahead. Mine was the last. We were going to Pyhäkero, the most northerly peak (2238 feet) of the Ounas mountains,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the south. The way was over Lake Ounas, which we had crossed yesterday, up a river, and across three lakes to the valley which is the source of the Sias. Before leaving London I had read in a newspaper, whose news as a rule is quite unreliable, that an Indian rajah had offered half a million sterling for a cure for insomnia. Here and now I claim the money. When driving a reindeer you have got to keep awake, but when sitting in a sledge with nothing to do, the cold dry air, the gentle rhythmic clap-clap of hooves and the soft sighing sound of iron-shod runners on snow are almost irresistible soporifics. On the eastern side of Pyhäkero there is a valley which runs west and then turns north. This was our route, but on the upper slopes we had to walk beside the sledges.

Under the crest of the mountain was the Skiers' Hostel, which Stenbäck had come to inspect. It is a small oblong, low-roofed building to which the entrance was now reached by going down six steps dug in the snow. There is a small dining-room, a kitchen, and two sleeping-rooms with accommodation for twenty men and twelve women. The sleeping accommodation consists of long shelves six feet wide, in two tiers, on which skiers sleep side by side in their sleeping-bags. Your place on the shelf is indicated by a

coloured plaque on the wall. The colour of this plaque is also the colour of the box in which you keep your shaving tackle, toothbrush, and smaller belongings. All the tables, stools, boxes, and receptacles are of wood, and can be stowed into a solid wooden cube of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet. Thus they were stowed when brought up the mountain. It is a variant of the old Chinese box, which when opened contained another box, and that box another, until there were dozens of boxes. The application of this idea for making and packing camp furniture was patented in Finland a month before I saw its results. The hostel itself had been built within the past five months, as only on the snow could the wood be brought up by draught reindeer. The total cost was £6100. Yet a cup of coffee here only costs  $1\frac{1}{2}d$ .

Does the hostel make a profit? No, and that is why it is there. The aim of the Tourist Association is to provide accommodation in beautiful but out-of-the-way places, where no commercial venture could succeed without charging a high tariff for what is only a seasonal trade. In Britain the summer hotels of England and Scotland are so expensive as to be out of the reach of all but the well-to-do, because for at least seven months in the year they are empty, if not closed. We have nothing like the Finnish Tourist Association, which seeks to provide accommodation suitable for all classes in hostels, inns and hotels. The hotel at Rovaniemi is of international class, and some of their hotels make a profit, but all net profits are sunk in providing more hostels, inns and hotels. Thus at Laukkupalo, at the southern end of the Ounas mountains, they are now building a new hotel for 150 people, so that skiers may have accommodation at both ends of the range, a skiing ground of 18 miles. In 1886 a five-line advertisement in a Helsinki paper brought together those interested in touring, and in 1887 the Association was formed with a membership of 1818. When Stenbäck became secretary-general in 1921 there were 3883 members.

The membership at present is over 17,500. The Association publishes a thirty-page illustrated magazine, *Suomen Iiviatkailu*. Finnish members pay an annual subscription of 2s. 3d., and foreign members 4s. 6d., members being entitled to a 10 per cent. rebate on their bills. The head office is at 7 Aleksanterinkatu, Helsinki. In Sweden there is a similar association with 270,000 members.

On the way back to Hetta I learnt more about reindeer. The sledges were stringed and mine was last. When we came to the slope all the reindeer began to gallop, and I gripped the sides of the sledge. The foot of the valley seemed far below, and I determined to breathe a prayer if I reached the bottom in safety. All went well until my unfortunate animal got its near forefoot entangled in the rein by which it was attached to the back of Stenbäck's sledge, and was now galloping on three legs. No matter; in view of yesterday's performance the animal would probably be able to disentangle its foot. I watched carefully. Suddenly the other forefoot became entangled, and the animal half standing upright between the shafts was leaping down the slope on its hind legs like a kangaroo. This was clearly well over the odds and I shouted at the top of my voice, "Stop!" Stenbäck heard, turned, saw and shouted to the guide. The leading sledge slewed round on the hillside, the others followed and the string of sledges stopped. Stenbäck got out and disentangled the rein, "A stupid animal! Any reindeer ought to be able to disentangle its feet."

"Do they never break their legs?"

"Never."

We walked down the remainder of the slope, and by holding the back of the sledges acted as a brake.

"What happens if you come to a really long, steep hill?"

"You take the reindeer out of the shafts and tie him to the back of the sledge. Then you toboggan down the hill."

The reindeer resents being pulled by the head and draws back, using his forefeet as a brake."

On returning to the inn Stenbäck spent a couple of hours inspecting and checking the stores for our next journey. He was making provision for the next five days, and left as little to Providence as any man I ever met. Such men inspire confidence, and he announced that we were to be up at 5 a.m. next morning, and that we were not to shave. The shaven skin is very sensitive to cold.

That night at supper I met Arno Soldan, the camera man of Finland, a tall, broad and rather silent man. He and his brother are pioneers of cinematography in Finland. In Helsinki one night friends took me to a cinema to see an excellent American farce, *Double Wedding*, but a "short," *Finland Calling*, impressed me more. It was a scenic film of Finland, and more beautiful photography I have never seen on the screen. The opening scene is a frozen waterfall, which you watch from the first trickle of an icicle to the time, much shortened, when it is a roaring torrent. Then on through the woods, rivers and lakes to the paper-mills and the loading of ships. In all this, and here the film is unique, the photography is synchronised with the music of Sibelius.

I was very glad to have seen this film, and especially when I was interviewed on the following day by a reporter. The Soldan film and tuberculosis gave me enough to talk about, and warded off the interviewer from other topics that I had no wish to discuss. Soldan's brother read the interview and sent word to my hotel that he would be glad to show my friends and myself the whole film at the studios. Thus in a truly Scottish fashion was I able to reciprocate the kindness of friends in Helsinki.

Arno Soldan had also read the interview and now thanked me for what I had said. On my part I told him of my surprise that the world rights in such a film had not already

been sold. At ten o'clock that night he slung a large cinema camera on to his back and collected his skis. "He's leaving," said Stenbäck, "with, I suppose, not more than half a dozen sandwiches in his pocket. He will sleep the night at the hostel where we were to-day, and to-morrow will ski along the whole range looking for pictures." Arno Soldan before leaving shook hands with me and said, "Good-bye and good luck. This is a very beautiful country—and very dangerous."

The danger to skiers and others out on the snow in this land, especially in January and February, is the blizzard. The word is American and imitative. In Britain, where severe snowstorms are described as blizzards, the word is misused, because the essence of a blizzard is an intensely cold wind which may amount to a gale. Snow in Britain seldom falls at a temperature below  $25^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, whereas in Lapland the temperature may be from zero to  $-42^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, degrees of cold unknown in this country. Nor is snow essential, because a blizzard may blow under a clear sky. Death comes by reason of the force of the wind, against which the strongest man can scarcely battle, and the intense cold of the frozen particles in the air that he inhales. These combined forces are overwhelming, and records of arctic exploration show that men have perished within a few yards from shelter. Those who have been through such storms will tell you how difficult it is to overcome the intense desire to lie down and sleep, even knowing full well that he who lies down will enter that sleep from which there is no awakening.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FINNISH BATHS

AT Hetta I had my first Finnish bath, and the subject of Finnish baths in general will make, I hope, a refreshing interlude in this narrative. The great traveller E. D. Clarke, of Cambridge, who was in Lapland in 1799, wrote of the parish of Torneo in northern Finland, "The language spoken throughout the parish of Torneä is that of Finland. There is not a village, nor indeed a dwelling, without a *steam-bath*; in which the inhabitants of both sexes assemble together, in a state of perfect nudity, for the purpose of bathing, at least once every week, and oftener if any illness occur among them. These *steam-baths* are all alike; they consist of a small hut, containing a furnace for heating stones red hot, upon which boiling water is thrown; and a kind of shelf, with a ladder conducting to it, upon which the bathers extend themselves, in a degree of temperature such as the natives of southern countries could not indure for an instant. Here they have their bodies rubbed with birch boughs dipped in hot water; an office which is always performed by the females of each family, and generally by the younger females. It is to these baths, and to the natural cleanliness and temperate habits of the people, that the uninterrupted health they enjoy may be ascribed."<sup>1</sup>

In the above passage, from what higher critics would call internal evidence, it is certain that Clarke never had a Finnish bath. The bath is a wooden outbuilding, preferably on the bank of a river or lake, and whenever it can be afforded a dressing-room adjoins the bath. Usually the bath is square, and along one wall is a raised platform four feet above the floor, and three to four feet wide. On this platform and

<sup>1</sup> *Clarke's Travels*, vol. v, p. 294. London, 1822.

alongside the wall is a bench on which bathers can sit or lie. A wooden step-ladder goes from the floor to the platform. The furnace for heating the stones is generally by the wall opposite the platform. In a modern bath the heating apparatus resembles a cylindrical upright galvanised iron boiler with a conical top. The furnace, in which birchwood is burnt, is in the lower part of the cylinder, and the fumes escape through an iron flue. The upper part of the cylinder, where in the case of a boiler the water would be, is filled with large, hard limestones. In the conical top above the stones there is a hinged flap-door, which when hot is opened or closed with an iron rod having a blunt hook at one end. The stones are heated to a black heat, and the heating takes five hours. In more primitive baths a stone furnace with a flue is built on the ground, and the top of the furnace is made of the stones to be heated. In such baths there is always a certain amount of smoke. Most primitive of all is the bath where an open fire on the ground is surrounded and covered with stones. As there is no flue, the door must be opened to get rid of the fumes before the bathers can enter to pour water on the stones.

Beside the furnace and the stones is a large tub of very hot water. In the most modern baths the hot water is in a galvanised iron reservoir beside the cylindrical apparatus and is heated by pipes circulating water through the furnace. There is always a wooden-handled baler with which the hot water is thrown on the stones. There are also wooden buckets resembling those in which mash is fed to horses, and projecting above the rim of the bucket is a stiff wooden handle. The buckets are filled with water as hot as can be borne, and into each bucket is placed a large bunch of birch twigs tied with string. The bunch is placed with the leaves downwards in the hot water and the handle of stems uppermost. There is also soap. The bath is now ready.

Having undressed, you enter and place your bucket with

the birch twigs on the platform. When filling your bucket with hot and then adding cold water, have a care to distinguish between the hot- and cold-water tubs, because the water in the hot tub is very hot. With the iron hook you throw open the flap-door in the conical part of the cylinder. Then fill the baler with hot water and throw the contents on the stones. In doing this the bather must keep his arm well clear of the opening in the cone. Otherwise the arm will be badly scalded, because the hot water on touching the stones is instantly converted not into steam but into invisible superheated steam. Indeed, so sudden is the conversion that unless the door of the bath is securely latched it will be blown open by the increased pressure within, as these doors usually open outwards. The more baleful of hot water thrown on the stones the higher will be the temperature within the bath, or rather in the upper regions of the bath and especially at the wooden roof or ceiling. Each bather must find out for himself how many balefuls of hot water converted into superheated steam he can tolerate. Personally I found that three were enough. After the hot water has been thrown, the flap-door in the cone should be closed to keep the stones hot for other bathers.

You then climb the ladder and sit beside your bucket on the platform, or on the bench, where the temperature is higher. I usually began on the platform and ended on the bench. Perspiration, such as I have never before experienced, starts within a few seconds, and you assist this function by beating yourself all over with the birch twigs, or by getting someone else to beat you. It is not in the least painful and stimulates the capillaries of the skin to dilate. Moreover, the scent of the oil of birch from the leaves is most pleasant, and connoisseurs flick their birch twigs on the hot stones to bring out the oil before using the twigs. In a few minutes perspiration is running out of every pore from head to feet. Finally you lie on the bench and



raise both legs towards the roof. This position of the body sends more blood to the heart, and enables you to tolerate a greater degree of heat.

After sufficient exposure to the heat, and a feeling of discomfort is the index, the bather descends to the floor with his bucket and soaps himself all over. The soap is washed off by pouring buckets of warm and then cold water over the head. Some hardy people now return to the bench for a second heating, but the majority, after a swim in the river or lake if either of these be at hand, or a roll and run on the snow in winter, proceed to dress.

My first bath was with Stenbäck and the engineer. Stenbäck adjusted the heat to suit the engineer and myself, but stayed on after we had left and increased the heat for himself. There are some who can tolerate a temperature of 149° F. Some days later at Stenbäck's country house the engineer and I had another bath. Our host would bathe later as he liked heat beyond the capacity of his guests. After washing myself I said to the engineer, "I think I'll try the snow."

"You'd better not. It must give a great shock to the heart."

"Well, if I don't do it now I shall always regret that I didn't. I may never have another opportunity."

So out I went, leapt on to the snow and rolled over and over for a couple of minutes. Was it cold? It was not cold, or rather there was no sensation of cold, but only a pleasant tingling of the skin. Every pore was being closed and the capillaries were contracting. Then I ran round for a couple of minutes and returned to dress. Be it noted that no one ever catches cold after a Finnish bath. Thereafter I was fortunate in being able to get a bath nearly every week during my stay in Lapland. The only Lapps who have Finnish baths are those who settle on farms, but at all the tourist inns and hotels the stones are heated every Saturday.

In these baths you may meet strange companions. In one I encountered a red-haired, blue-eyed man of medium height, stoutly built, but inclined to fat. He was a naturalised Finn, but a Hungarian by birth, and had served in the Hungarian army during the Great War. On learning this, I asked him if he had read *The Street of the Fishing Cat*, by Jolanda Földes, who tells in a style worthy of Victor Hugo, and with more restraint, of the lives of Hungarian *émigrés* in Paris.

"No, I have not read it. I have heard of it, but would not have it in my house. If friends from Hungary came to my house and found that book there, what would they say?"

"What's wrong with the book?"

"It is not the book. It is the woman who wrote that book. Do you know what she is?"

"I don't know or care who or what she is. All I know is that she's written one of the greatest novels of our time, and that for once publishers were right."

The temper of our conversation was now rising with the temperature of the bath.

"Bah! She is *une Juive*."

"What does that matter if she's written a great novel?"

"You know nothing. What is the capital of Hungary?"

"Budapest."

"No, it is not. We call it Judapest. In the blood of every true Hungarian there is born a hate of the Jews. I hate them," and as he turned towards me on the bench I saw that his blue eyes were wide open. "I hate them," and he lashed himself with the twigs. "I would kill."

Thus did I see a naked but by no means noble savage, and if he was typical of his countrymen, may God help the poor Jews of Hungary!

Five hours' firing are needed to heat the Finnish bath, and the more water thrown on the stones the sooner they will cool down. When cooler they only produce wet steam.

That fact, and a scarcity of bath houses, explains why in the past there was mixed communal bathing: as many people as possible wished to enjoy the heat. By the same token, on small farms at the present time the whole family may bathe together. Apart from that there is no mixed bathing in the Finnish bath. In Britain, even amongst people who are otherwise well educated, there is some sniggering and furtive smirking when the Finnish bath is mentioned. A distinguished Englishman staying at a Finnish country house was asked one Saturday by the daughter of the house if he would like a Finnish bath. "He got quite embarrassed, and said, 'No, no, thank you. I don't think so. Not to-day.' And I knew that he thought I was asking him to have a bath with mother and myself." In the matter of sex the Finns are neither prudes nor exhibitionists. Thus in one bath I was alone, and had reached the stage of warming the twigs when one of the maids from the hotel walked in and handed me the soap, which she had forgotten. I said "kiitos" (thank you), and she smiled and went out. Neither of us was in the least embarrassed, and I am sure that she did not run off giggling and tittering to tell the other servants. In the public baths at Helsinki all the attendants are women, and hefty wenches at that. The only abuse of the bath of which I ever heard was when three young men, having only half a bottle of schnapps on Midsummer's Day, decided to have a bath and to throw the schnapps on the hot stones. Within ten minutes they were all well under the influence of inhaled alcohol. So far as mixed bathing is concerned, the Finnish bath would defeat Priapus himself.

From a medical point of view these baths are beneficial. You may go in exhausted to emerge refreshed. In this the Finnish bath differs from the Turkish or Russian baths as administered in London. There you may see the big pots of commerce, especially the middlemen of cotton and of steel, exhausted after their bath and reclining on divans, where

they are revived with tonic water. A Finnish doctor has recently published his thesis for the M.D. on the effects of the Finnish bath. He made observations on a thousand army recruits and on elderly people. He found that the bath was followed by a fall in blood pressure, and, what is more remarkable, that it is not contra-indicated in cases of heart disease. Nearly every man, woman and child, rich or poor, in Finland has one of these baths at least once a week. Anyone who avoids the bath is regarded as being at least peculiar. As confession is to the soul, so is the Finnish bath to the body. "Clean, clean," as Stenbäck exclaimed on coming out.

## CHAPTER IX

### LITTLE BREAD EATER

ALTHOUGH we were up at 5 a.m. the sledges did not leave Hetta until half-past six. The hostess, as the manageress of a Lapland inn or hotel is named, was coming with us so that she might see the new hotel at Inari and be able to tell summer visitors to Hetta what Inari offered. There were now six sledges, and the order of going was: the guide, the baggage sledge, whose reindeer was stringed to that of the guide, myself, the engineer, the hostess, Stenbäck. Three Swedish girls, staying at the inn with their parents, came down to the roadside to take snapshots and see us off. One of them said to me, "Are you not afraid to go?" To which I replied, "The only thing I'm afraid of is that a pulkka (the low boat-like sledge) will run me under a reindeer." This talk was overheard by Stenbäck, who turned to the girl and said, "He doesn't know where he's going." Deserved no doubt, but with a woman in the party it did not seem as if we would be deliberately seeking the bright eyes of danger.

Our track led north-east to Lake Vuontis, 8 miles and 1 furlong (yes, you shall have your furlong) from Hetta. By the side of this lake was a solitary farmhouse, from which two mongrel dogs rushed out, barking and snapping at the reindeer, who were terrified and swerved in all directions. The shouting of the guide and Stenbäck brought the farmer out to call off his dogs, and the sledges turned south-eastwards towards Peltovuama,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  miles farther. There were no hills, and, so far from bolting, my reindeer went so slow that the guide stopped, and with his knife cut from a willow a long branch, which he stripped and handed to me as a prod. Stenbäck came up to know the cause of the

delay, and I remarked, "You said that prodding was regarded as cruel."

"It depends where you prod. It is not cruel if you prod him on the haunch just a little."

The prod was successful, and Peltovuama was reached at 10.30. Here were a few farmhouses close together, and we stopped at the largest, which was owned by a Finn, a large pleasant man who made us welcome. "The last Finn you'll see for some days," said Stenbäck. The farmhouses were close together, but the farms were far apart and the hayfields of this particular farm were five miles distant. We were not long in the kitchen-dining-room when a Lapp appeared with a collection of reindeer spoons, paper-knives, ash-trays, brooches and napkin-rings carved by himself. He was said to be a half-wit, but there were no signs of mental deficiency when it came to pricing the articles, albeit they cost very little and, moreover, they were genuine. The farmer gave us dinner, and afterwards showed the hostess, the engineer and myself to a bedroom upstairs where there were three beds. There we lay down and slept from 2 to 4 p.m. The house was simply but comfortably furnished, and everything was scrupulously clean. At 4 o'clock there was afternoon coffee with sweet bread, and then Stenbäck proceeded to line our reindeer boots with hay. The "hay" for lining boots is not ordinary hay. It is a rush grass (*carex sylvarica*) dried and put up in skeins. To learn the art of lining boots with "hay" takes from two to three months, and Stenbäck lined all our boots in half an hour. The purpose of the hay is to keep the feet warm and dry by absorbing the perspiration and passing it on to the porous hide, through which it is evaporated into the dry, cold, external air. In great cold any moisture on the skin renders it liable to frost-bite. Thus in very great cold socks or stockings are discarded in order that there may be nothing to impede the evaporation of moisture through the hay and porous hide.

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In reindeer boots lined with hay the feet keep warm and dry. At every opportunity the hay is removed to be shaken out and dried before the fire in a tent or house, or in the sun. During the heat of summer the "hay" is used to keep the feet cool.

Moisture on the face likewise attracts cold, and to prevent frost-bite the face is smeared with lanoline, but it must be anhydrous lanoline devoid of water. To use ordinary toilet lanoline would be asking for trouble. In great cold everyone makes a point of looking at his neighbour's face at every opportunity. The one who is frost-bitten feels nothing, but others can see that the skin, usually of the nose or ears, has gone white. Then it must be rubbed with snow. In fact, on these expeditions everyone is expected to look after everyone else. Thus when driving in a train of sledges you look back every now and then to see if the sledge behind is keeping station.

Our former guide and his reindeer had gone back to Hetta, and by six in the evening the new guide and six reindeer sledges were in the field in front of the farmhouse. Only one of the deer had antlers, and this was given to the hostess. I asked if these animals had names, and learnt that mine was called Pikku Leupukka—Little Bread Eater. When young he had been taught to eat bread by having it jammed into his molar teeth. In this way he became accustomed to the taste of bread and then began to eat it. This greatly increased his value as a driving reindeer, because in the winter he could be taken to places where there was little or no arctic moss. "These are good reindeer," said Stenbäck; "much better than the ones we had. The man says they've been resting for a fortnight, and are quite fresh." They were.

As soon as we started it was the ambition of each reindeer to be first through the gateway at the foot of the field. As only one sledge could get through the gate at a time, it

looked for a moment as if we were in for a grand smash-up of the sledges. In the rush across the field I pulled Little Bread Eater out to the left. This delayed him, and when the engineer on my right checked his animal there was an opening and we all got out of the field decently and in order.

The order of going at first, as before, had to be altered. Twice the antlered deer followed by Stenbäck's raced past the engineer and myself to reach the guide. The guide explained that these particular animals were accustomed to their own order of going. Apparently the antlered one and Stenbäck's were used to being in front, and resented their place in the rear. So the order of going was altered, and after the baggage sledge came the hostess, Stenbäck, myself, and the engineer. This order was preserved to the end of the journey. On a stretch of wide open country the guide stopped and began shouting to a large stag a hundred yards on our left, until the animal turned and trotted away. "A loose reindeer," called Stenbäck, "escaped from some herd. He's been following us for miles." Some time later Little Bread Eater began looking towards the left and then stopped. "Beat it a little," called Stenbäck. I did so, and we moved on. "What was he looking at?" I asked at the next stop. "At some draught reindeer feeding on arctic moss in a hayfield a mile away."

At 9 p.m. we reached Nunnanen, having come 8 miles and 1 furlong. Here small Lapp farmhouses were at some little distance apart, and we stopped for two hours at one where bear and other skins were sometimes for sale. To-night there were no skins, but we had coffee in the kitchen living-room of the two-roomed house. A great fire of birch logs was blazing on the raised hearth. It was a pleasant sight at the time, but the aftermath was disagreeable. It was the only light in the room, and none other was needed.

On peering out of the window I saw in the distance a light, to which I drew the engineer's attention. He also



looked and said, "Signalling." We watched the light appear and disappear every few seconds. It was not Morse, and had it been Morse I could not have read it. My thoughts went back to Christopher Cabot and his master, "Were the tribes friendly?" We pointed out the light to the Lapp farmer, who laughed and pointed to a cradle swung from the rafters of the room in which we were. In that house a mile away someone was swinging a cradle, and the cradle was between a light and the window. These cradles, made of birchwood, are boat-shaped, with an arched canopy over the child's head. The top of the cradle and the front of the canopy are laced across with leather thongs to prevent the child falling out. If it be a good thing to swing babies in cradles, then there is no better way of doing it than by swinging their cradles from the rafters. There is no creaking.

We were only to be two hours in this kitchen, and I had no inclination to lie down on a bench and sleep. During the day there had been a thaw, and so we had to travel by night when the upper snow was once more frozen hard.

At 11 p.m. the harnessed reindeer were less high-spirited than when they started. For me this was all to the good. Having sat for two hours looking at the blaze of a wood fire I found difficulty in seeing anything in the starlight reflected by the snow. In the direct line of vision I could see nothing. Everything was blacked out, but I could see objects on either side provided I was not looking at them directly. If Stenbäck knew what had happened he would string my reindeer to the back of his sledge, and that I did not wish. You cannot truthfully say that you have driven your reindeer if in point of fact it has been tied to the sledge ahead.

Our course was due east, and in front of the house was a lake 7 furlongs wide. Beyond the lake the ground was level until a slight decline led to the Pelto River. Here for the first time I was going downhill with Little Bread Eater, and if he bolted or crashed I would have to announce the tem-

porary loss of vision. At the top of the hill he began to gallop. By lowering my eyes I could see Stenbäck's four-cornered hat ahead. Little Bread Eater was keeping station. There was no bolting, no crashing, and we crossed the river safely. An excellent animal! Beyond the river was a marsh, and with "eyes front" I could see here and there on each side of the track dark patches of heath and moss above the snow. Of Little Bread Eater I could see nothing—except the white tip of his tail and at times his head when he raised it. This was disconcerting, and to restore normal vision the obvious remedy was to rest the retina by keeping the eyes shut for a few minutes. This I did—and promptly fell asleep.

The shouting awoke me. All our reindeer were bolting across the snow on the left of the track, and Little Bread Eater had gone farther than the others. "Throw your rein to the right and bring him back," shouted Stenbäck. I did so and, to my horror, as the animal was returning to the track he galloped round the very edge of a pitch-black pit. Yet we regained our place and then I saw what had caused the reindeer to bolt. We were passing a long string of freight sledges loaded with hay. Our leading reindeer had taken fright and the others had followed his lead. I also saw that the bottomless pit was a circular patch of heath above the snow. Vision was restored.

At the end of the marsh the track led between two small lakes at the foot and to the north of the wooded Repi Hills, and then for a mile over Lake Seida, ringed with tall pines. There was not a breath of wind, the ice was lit by starlight, and in the forest was darkness and loneliness. Farther on, when crossing Lake Armo, I heard voices rising and falling in a low cadence that recalled the chanting of the East. Stenbäck slowed his reindeer until I was alongside, "There are many people in the woods to-night. The Lapps are singing on both sides of the lake, but those on our right are nearest."

## CHAPTER X

### A LAPP TENT

“JOIKING” has no relation to “yodelling,” yet the low chant of the Lapps carries a long way, and I could hear it for some distance beyond Lake Armo. In the woods to the south of the undulating Kieri Hills there was silence, but on the banks of Lake Karsa we hoped to find a Lapp tent and to make coffee on their fire. If there were no Lapps we would camp in the forest. Lake Karsa is long, straight and narrow,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and 2 furlongs wide, and lies from N.E. to S.W. at the foot and to the west of the Karsa Mountains.

On the lake the sledges turned northwards. Right and left were dark pine forests, and between them a long white road of snow-covered ice. I was looking at the horizon ahead when I realised that an iron bar two inches thick had been set across the lake from one bank to the other at the level of my head. In another moment I would strike against it, and raised my left arm to lessen the impact. There was no impact, because the obstruction receded and was always three feet in front of me. It was obviously an optical illusion, and I was speculating on the cause, when half a dozen barking dogs rushed on to the ice from a hillock on the right bank. I expected a stampede of the reindeer, but they trotted quietly on, accompanied by dogs barking cheerfully on each side, towards the hillock where Lapps had pitched a tent.

The reindeer had recognised the reindeer dogs. The dogs, about half the size of a collie or a sheep-dog, are either black or red. The red variety yap more than the black. The reindeer dogs help the men to tend the herds. When the herd is feeding the dogs run in a wide circle and bark

back any reindeer that have strayed too far. By the same bark they keep the herd together and moving in the right direction from one feeding-ground to another, and when the hinds are in milk bring them back to the tents. At the beginning of winter they help the Lapps to round up the thousands of reindeer that have been allowed to roam the forests and fells during summer and autumn. They are not allowed to bite the reindeer. All these things the reindeer knew and remembered.

In olden time the dog was a wild animal and hunted with the wolves and wolverenes. Then came fear, and the wild animals began to fight amongst themselves. Dogs became pariahs, living on the scraps left over by the stronger animals after a kill. One day a half-starved dog saw a Lapp trying to collect his reindeer. The man was running round the herd, and to frighten the animals on the outskirts so that they would return to the centre he imitated the barking of a dog. Seeing and hearing this, the dog came to the man and said, "Would you like me to help you with reindeer?"

According to the Lapps there was a time when all created things—men, animals, trees and rocks could speak to one another. Only man has retained the power of speech, but all the others still hear and understand. Be that as it may, the Lapp answered, "What wages do you want?" To this the dog replied, "I want a daily bowl of reindeer broth, the right to eat any scraps I can find, and two promises." "And what are the promises?" asked the Lapp. "That I shall never be beaten when I am tired, and that when I am old my death shall be by hanging." The Lapp agreed. The dog brought in other dogs to help, and they were able to tell the Lapp when the wolves were coming. To this day all the promises have been kept. The Lapps even hang unwanted puppies.

Let no misguided reader telephone for the police! To-day in Britain anyone known to have hanged a dog would

be punished, and rightly so, because we have more humane ways of putting a dog out of misery. Yet the Lapps love their dogs and think death by hanging—rapid suffocation if a thin cord be used—is the least painful method of despatch. Aye, more, the present method of executing murderers in Britain—by hanging after the drop which fractures the cervical vertebrae and thus causes, it is assumed, an immediate loss of consciousness—was not introduced until the execution of the fourth Earl Ferrers in 1760. Prior to this, suffocation by hanging was the most humane method of execution known to English law. For my part, I think the best way of despatching an old dog is by a tasteless narcotic poison.

The barking reindeer dogs accompanied the sledges to the Lapp tent on the top of the wooded hillock, where the guide led the reindeer into the forest to feed. The rest of us went into the tent, and I was the last to enter. A large wood fire was burning in a two-foot square hearth made of flat stones on the ground in the centre, and smoke and sparks were rising to a two-foot square opening at the top. Two parallel pine logs on the ground, one on each side of the hearth, reached from the entrance to the back of the tent. On each of the logs there was room for two people to sit between the door and the hearth. Beyond the hearth there was room for one person to sit on each of the logs, and farther back was a place for cooking utensils, and another for firewood. Actually there was no need to sit on the logs, because the space between the logs and the sides of the tent was covered with sacks stuffed with hay. You sat on the sacks with your feet on the ground in the two-foot space between the logs.

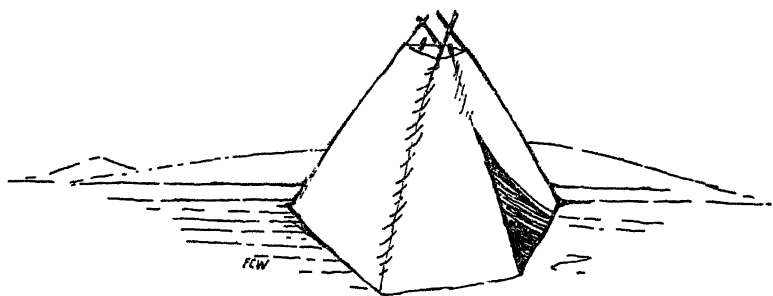
On entering I found my three companions seated on the right. Stenbäck was beyond the hearth, and between the hearth and the door were the hostess and the engineer.

“And where are the Lapps?” I asked.

## A LAPP TENT

"Lapps!" said Stenbäck. "There are Lapps all round you. They are sleeping on the sacks round the sides of the tent. Sit down."

"Well, I don't want to sit on a sleeping Lapp, but I'll risk it," and I sat down opposite the engineer. Around the fire there was plenty of light, but the outer circle of the tent was in darkness. These tents are about 9 feet high and roughly hexagonal. Two stout 10-foot poles, made from the trunks of small pines, are set up to form a pointed arch



SKETCH OF TENT

10 feet wide at the base and held together by a cross-piece 2 feet below the apex. At a distance of 6 feet a similar arch is erected opposite and parallel to the first. (It is as though two wish-bones were set up side by side an inch apart and made to incline towards each other.) The arches are then inclined inwards and held together with their apices a foot apart by two cross-pieces, 2 feet in length, which unite the limbs of the arches 2 feet below their apices. The four cross-pieces form the 2-foot square opening at the top of the tent. The structure is now a quadripod.<sup>1</sup> On the ground the four main posts now make a rectangle 6 feet by 10. On each of the long sides of the rectangle a lateral inclined pole

<sup>1</sup> New word analogous to tripod and denoting a structure that stands on four legs.

is set up from the ground to the cross-piece of each arch. These lateral poles make the base hexagonal. At ground level all six poles are about 6 feet apart, and between each pair of poles is a fairly heavy log.

The fabric of the tent is a double layer of thick woven blankets attached by ties to each other, to the poles, to the four cross-pieces at the top, and to the logs on the ground. For a distance of 3 feet from one of the lateral poles the blanket is not attached to the logs on the ground, nor to the lower 4 feet of the pole, so that there is a flap which is the door of the tent. The tents are very warm, and hot gases rising from the fire prevent rain or snow from entering the square opening at the top, even in a snowstorm. In tents such as these children are born, and men and women die.

When the guide returned he brought a bucket of water and filled an iron kettle, which he suspended over the fire on a chain hanging from the top of the tent.

"Do they melt snow to get water?" I asked.

"We never use snow when there's water at hand. They get water from the lake by breaking the ice. When you get hot and thirsty during the day you may want to eat snow. If you do eat it, remember to let it melt and get warm in your mouth before swallowing—as the reindeer do—otherwise you'll get a violent colic."

"Yes, and an Italian girl fell dead at a dance after eating fifteen ices in succession."

The hostess made hot malted milk and sandwiches of cold reindeer meat between crisp rye bread and butter. Two Lapps then emerged from the side of the tent, where they had been sleeping in their clothes on the sacks. They were short and wiry men with broad heads, jet-black hair, high cheek-bones, of swarthy complexion, and a week's growth of beard. At first sight they looked like Mongols, but the resemblance was only superficial. Their deep-set eyes lacked the Mongolian slant, and the folds of the upper

eyelids nearest the nose were not united. In the Mongolian races, and in congenital idiots of the white races, there is only one fold on the upper eyelids nearest the nose. The origin of the Lapps is a mystery, and of all races they have the broadest heads. In their language the word "lap" means banished, and from place-names they were in Finland before the Finns arrived early in the Christian era, *circa* A.D. 100, and drove them into the Arctic. It may be that they were the first men in Europe, the Cave Men. Others believe that they came from the East, and were already in Scandinavia, Finland and Russia in the first century of the Christian era. Some Lapp words are of Finnish origin, and others are unrelated to a European language. Stenbäck greeted them in Lappish, but they showed no interest in the rest of us, and our visit to the tent might have been a nightly event.

One Lapp boiled water in a saucepan, and the other took down from a rack on the side of the tent a loaf of black rye bread, a chunk of smoked reindeer meat, and a small wooden box enclosing a coffee mill. With his knife each cut a slice of bread and meat and placed them together. In Lapp tents butter is rare. As they were eating this early breakfast and drinking coffee a reindeer dog came from the side of the tent and sat by the fire watching his master. There was no begging, but the man gave the dog the last piece of meat and then all three went out to watch the reindeer in the forest—the men being the servants of a rich Lapp who owned the herd.

Every owner of reindeer must be registered with one or other of the reindeer associations, and for each reindeer over one year old he pays the association an annual subscription. A member of the Lapp Association pays at the rate of nine marks (about eightpence). This is a low rate, and most of the Lapps do their own rounding up of loose reindeer at the beginning of winter. In the Finnish Reindeer

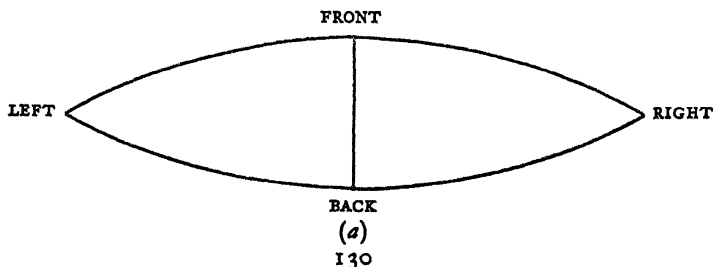


## LAPLAND JOURNEY

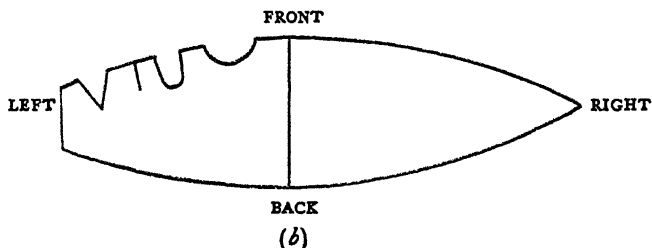
Association the rate is seventeen marks (about one shilling and fourpence), because the Finn owners usually employ Lapps to do the rounding up. Out of subscriptions the associations pay the Government for grazing rights in the State forests and also pay compensation to farmers for damage of hay crops by reindeer. The rates are not heavy in relation to the value of a full-grown reindeer, whose carcase and pelt will fetch from £4 to £5. A herd with men, dogs, tent or tents is a Sida, and for a small Sida of three or four hundred deer two watchers and dogs are sufficient.

The hinds calve about the middle of May, and most calves are born about the 18th, the Feast of St. Eric of Sweden. If there be twins, one is killed, as there is never enough milk for two. About this time there is usually a severe snowstorm in which many of the new-born reindeer perish. Yet fine weather in May is regarded by the Lapps as a bad omen—as a sign that many young reindeer will die in their first year. This is probably an example of the law of the survival of the fittest. A weakling who would have perished in a snowstorm soon after birth is likely to die from other causes in the next twelve months, "He will never hear the cuckoo twice."

Hinds before calving are tethered to trees, and a day after birth the calves are marked by incisions or excisions on the margins of the ears. These markings are chosen and registered by the reindeer associations. In their books the marks are registered on a diagram representing front and back of both ears thus:



The four marks of which one or more may be cut on the margin or margins of one or both ears are: a V, an I, a narrow U and a broad U, and in addition the tip of one or both ears may be cropped. Thus the diagram of a reindeer with the tip of the left ear cropped, and all four marks in the above order on the front margin from tip to base would be:



DIAGRAMS OF REINDEER EAR MARKINGS

The possible combinations and permutations of the five markings, on the tips and on the front and back margins of one or both ears, run into millions, and are more than adequate to distinguish the herds in Lapland. At the last census, in 1934, there were 96,084 reindeer over one year old.

"It's wonderful," said Stenbäck, "how Lapps can tell the ear markings a mile away. Yes, to know their reindeer a mile off is nothing to the Lapps. With powerful binoculars they can recognise a herd on a distant mountain, and if it's not theirs they don't go after it, whereas I've got to be near to know my reindeer."

"Near! Do you know that I had to hold Little Bread Eater's ear in my hand before I could see the marks?"

"When you do that remember also to hold his head down with the rein, or else he might attack you. They don't like their ears being touched. Nor should you stroke them as you would a horse."

"No, I noticed he didn't like being stroked on the nose

—the lie of the hair runs the wrong way—upwards instead of down.”

“Well, it’s the right way for him; but the ear-marks are essential. If you get lost in the wilds and are short of food, then and then only are you allowed to shoot a roaming reindeer. When that happens you must cut off the marked ear and keep it for the police. By the marking they will trace the owner, to whom you will pay compensation. Stolen reindeer are also identified by the marks on their ears, and the penalty for stealing reindeer is from two to three years’ imprisonment.”

“Is it possible to alter the marks?”

“Yes, but it is also a criminal offence to be found in possession of reindeer with mutilated marks. All such must be reported to the police.”

Then I told Stenbäck of how in the Hebrides sheep that roam the hills in summer are marked in like fashion, and of the stranger who in the last century settled on the little island of Barra. He announced that his sheep would be known by a very simple mark—both ears would be cut off. In a few years his flock was the largest on the island. Then the natives began to think, and at last the stranger with a sheep’s skin on his back was marched to Castlebay, transported by boat to Loch Boisdale, and sentenced to jail by the Sheriff.

After calving time most of the smaller herds are liberated and roam the fells and forests, each fertile hind followed by her calf; and when the snow melts all driving reindeer are also freed. The enemies of the calves are wolves, bears, the lynx, the brown fox, the arctic fox and the eagle.

Owners of small herds sometimes find that it is more profitable to combine and have their reindeer in one large herd. Other large herds belong to individual Lapps, who with their wives, children and servants are nomads, travelling with the herd throughout the year. It was ever thus in the

old days, but at present many rich owners prefer to build a house, cultivate a little land, and leave their reindeer to the care of servants. When rich Lapps become settled, and especially when a road comes their way, they begin to call themselves Finns. This leads to the erroneous impression that the Lapps are a dying race.

For a large herd of from three to five thousand deer ten watchers and dogs are required, and in the Sida there are also women and children. The larger herds are not let loose in the spring. On the outskirts of the herd men and dogs are always watching—day and night, winter and summer. The movements of the herd depend on the amount of arctic moss in the forests or of grass on the hills in summer. On coming to a feeding-ground a few of the older animals, including the “bell” reindeer, which has a bell hung round his neck and leads the herd, are tethered to trees, and this tends to keep the herd together. The reindeer is a delicate feeder, nibbling only the white tops of the arctic moss, and can scent the moss even when covered by snow. When the upper snow is frozen hard the men break it here and there with axes or with iron spikes, so that the deer may scrape away the underlying granular snow until they reach the moss even when buried three feet deep.

In a Sida the hinds are milked from Midsummer's Day to the beginning of November. The milk is used fresh, made into cheese, or cooked with sorrel and then allowed to dry in a bag made of the first stomach of the reindeer. The rutting season lasts for the two weeks around St. Matthew's Day, 21st September, and all stags to be slaughtered are killed before rutting, as afterwards for a time they are emaciated. During the rutting season the stags may become savage and dangerous, and at this time herds are spread out as far as possible.

Reindeer are killed by plunging a sharp knife into the heart from behind the left shoulder, so that the blood

collects in the thorax. The blood is collected and mixed with meal and made into black puddings, or it may be preserved with sorrel and dried in a stomach bag. The brains and liver are boiled and eaten fresh. Lungs are fed to the dogs. The meat is smoked, slightly salted and dried in the sun. All geldings and hinds for slaughtering are killed at the beginning of winter, as at that time they are in good condition, and their flesh is frozen by the cold. The frozen meat goes to Norway and to Finland. In London it probably may appear as venison. Sometimes the animals for slaughter are driven to the railhead in Norway or at Rovaniemi, and are there killed. When skinned the hide is washed with water, or in winter is cleaned with soft granulated snow, and dried extended on a board.

Bar the wolf and occasionally the bear, adult reindeer have only one natural enemy—the peste fly. There are two kinds, and both attack the reindeer in July. One bores a hole through the hide, under which it places eggs. The other lays its eggs under the mucous membrane of the nostrils. The fly dies, but its eggs slowly develop into larvae under the reindeer's skin. Nine months later in April the larvae may be felt as small hard lumps under the skin. The fly usually selects young reindeer, and these may have fifty or even two hundred larvae under their skin. Over each lump there is a small hole in the reindeer's hide through which the two black eyes of the larva are seen, and the reindeer men, by squeezing the surrounding skin, can expel the immature fly—a pale yellow bag about the size of the tip of the little finger. During this operation the reindeer's feet are not tied, and as many as fifty larvae may be expressed before the animal becomes restive. When thus expelled from the skin the larvae die, but if left in the reindeer they reach the maggot stage and emerge in June to become the mature fly. During the maggot stage small abscesses form under the reindeer's skin, and when these are numerous

the animal may die of blood-poisoning. Such is the life-cycle of an insect that lives for one month in the open air and for eleven months under the skin of a reindeer. No method of exterminating the peste has been discovered. As over 200,000 reindeer are running wild in July no dip, even if this were available, could be applied to prevent the flies from biting. Nor is it possible to ensure that the larvae are expelled from all the reindeer in April. The rounding up of loose reindeer is from November to the end of February.

Let us return for a moment to the tent. When the reindeer men raised the flap to go out, there was twilight in the north-eastern sky, the slow increasing light of the hours before sunrise in the Arctic. Then we also went out—to sleep for an hour in our sledges; but the earnest reader instead of going to sleep will now read three paragraphs on geography, or skip the remainder of this chapter. The Karsa Mountains, at the foot of which the Lapps had pitched their tent beside the lake, are at the western end of a watershed in central Lapland. To the south the rivers, of which the largest are the Kitinen, the Luiro and the Kemi, flow southwards. The Luiro joins the Kitinen and the Kitinen the Kemi to the north of Lake Kemi. From the lake the Kemi goes south and then westwards to Rovaniemi, the capital of Lapland and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles south of the Arctic circle. West of the watershed the rivers also flow south. The largest is the Ounas. This joins the Kemi at Rovaniemi, and from there the Kemi carrying the waters of all these rivers flows south-west to the top of the Gulf of Bothnia.

East of the watershed the Lutto and the Jauri flow eastwards into Russia; and in the north the Ivalo flows north-west to Lake Inari. This lies south-west to north-east, is 50 miles long and the largest in Lapland. To quote from my unpublished guide-book, "Only those visitors who are sound in wind and limb, and accustomed to the privations

and dangers of cross-word puzzles, should attempt a count of the islands of Inari." The lake is  $37\frac{1}{2}$  miles wide from the parish church at Inari in the western corner to the village of Virtaniemi in the eastern corner, where it overflows into the River Paats. The Paats flows north-east and then north along the Norwegian frontier, which it crosses beyond the Lapp village to Kolttaköngäs to end at the top of the Boh Fjord in Norway.

Russia, by the Peace Treaty of Dorpat in 1920, ceded Finland the Petsamo area. This is now a parish of Lapland, and the northern half of the parish forms the corridor,  $43\frac{1}{2}$  miles wide where it begins in Lat.  $69^{\circ}$ , between Norway and Russia, whereby Finland has access to the ice-free Arctic Ocean. From Lake Pieds, in the centre of the southern half of the corridor, the Petsamo River flows north-west to the top of Petsamo Fjord. The fjord is  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and on the eastern side, half-way to the sea, is the deep-water harbour of Liinahamari.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE ENCHANTED FOREST

AT 3 a.m. we left the Lapp encampment and returned to the lake, driving southwards along its eastern bank, which the guide scanned for an easy place to enter the woods. At the first clearing in the forest he tried a six-foot bank of snow, but the snow was soft, his reindeer stuck, and he returned to the lake. At the next clearing all the reindeer surmounted the bank, and through a valley of pine trees the ascent of the Karsa Mountains began. This last sentence strikes the genuine expeditionary note, but the mountains were not very high and in Lapland all hills that rise above the tree line (800 feet above sea-level) are called mountains. On the top beyond the pines was open moorland, and there behind a ridge of snow under a cloudless sky the sun rose in our path. We were heading north-east. It was quiet up there—an occasional tinkle from the little globular bell hung from each reindeer's neck and the constant sighing of sledge-runners on frozen snow. Then came a loud and familiar cry, "Go-back, go-back," and on a rock 50 yards away I saw a ptarmigan. This bird, in winter white as the surrounding snow, in summer brown, is larger in body and longer in neck than the grouse of Britain, but its cry and flight are the same and its flesh is as good to eat. Yet the men from Eaton Square and Rutland Gate who in August carry guns on the Yorkshire and Scottish moors may be pained to learn that in Lapland ptarmigan are not shot—they are snared, and the legal snaring season is from 1st September to the 15th of February. On the high moors are sheltered hollows where birch bushes grow, and the grouse eat the sweet embryo leaves on the sides of the smaller branches.



Around the hollow a small barricade of birch bush branches is made, and through the barricade are open runs 5 inches wide. Then branches shaped like a large wish-bone are cut from the bushes and inserted into the snow in the runs, so that across each run is a pointed arch  $17\frac{1}{2}$  inches high and 5 inches wide. A nick is made in the bark at the top and at the sides of the arch. From the upper nick a noose of string or fine wire, with the running loop uppermost, is suspended in the arch, the other end of the string or wire being tied to branches in the barricade. The sides of the noose are held apart by the nicks in the sides of the arch, and the lower end of the noose is held down to within  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches of the snow by a fine twig whose upper end is bent like a hook. In the arch there is now a diamond-shaped noose  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches in both diameters. The bird begins by feeding on the embryo leaves of the barricade, then enters the run to reach the bushes beyond, and is strangled by the noose. In a barricade there are often 300 snares, and in these during the season a thousand ptarmigan may be caught.

We crossed the moor and on the eastern side half a dozen Lapps, men and women, were sitting round a fire in the open. Whenever Lapps halt in winter they light a fire both for warmth and cooking. They have also a saying that if you use the last match in a box you will have no fire, and in practice they never use the last match before transferring it to a full box. This is not superstition, but sound common sense, because it means that before using your last match you have made certain that you have another box full. In dry summer weather Lapps make their fires on open ground, lest the vast forest be changed into a roaring furnace. There is always that risk in summer, and in all the hotels and inns of Lapland a red-lettered warning is displayed—in Finnish, Swedish, German and English. The warning, as printed in English, reads:

## THE ENCHANTED FOREST

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### WARNING

"Please put out your fire in the woods most carefully. In dry weather do not set camp-fire at all within the forest nor close to woods. In this way only can you avoid danger of forest-fire and go free from the penalty of law.

"THE DISTRICT-FORESTER IN THE INARI DISTRICT."

As the Lapps sat round the fire, their unharnessed reindeer, tethered to sledges 20 yards ahead of us, were feeding on moss. This the Lapps had brought with them. Stenbäck stopped our sledges and walked over for a five minutes' talk. Then we moved on, but when Little Bread Eater came abreast of the feeding reindeer he stopped, gazed at them, turned left off the track, and took three determined steps in their direction. "Beat it," shouted Stenbäck, "beat it!" I flapped the rein and shouted until the animal's thoughts of a free meal were dispelled, and he turned to the right to resume the march.

Descending from the moors into the wooded valley of the Ivalo I had some trouble with the sledge. On the track winding through the forest the snow was hard, but on either side it was soft, and the rear runner of the sledge often sank into snow or grazed the trunks of trees. More than once the sledge stuck against a tree, and then I had to get out to push or pull. It was obvious that Little Bread Eater needed guidance, and this I tried to give by pulling him to the right. Clad in deerskin, with my head enclosed in an R.A.F. helmet, this guidance was perspiring work, and for a moment I entertained the ungenerous thought that I was working as hard as the animal. Nor were results worth the exertion, for collisions with trees and excursions into soft snow became more frequent.

Of all animals the reindeer, for his size and weight, is probably the strongest. At the foot of the hills a small gully, 15 feet wide and 6 feet deep, lay across the track. Without the slightest hesitation Little Bread Eater plunged straight

down. For a split second I wondered if the sledge would fall on his back, but by the time the sledge had fallen he was half-way up the opposite bank, dragging the sledge with my eleven stone to the top. A driving reindeer is not past work at twenty, and some, retained as pets, have lived to the age of fifty.

We crossed the Ivalo below the Venturi Rapids, and on the small plateau between the Ivalo and the Lisma, one of its northern tributaries, the path was straighter and trees were more apart. Towards the eastern end of the plateau was meadow land, and even under snow unfenced meadows are easily distinguished from a morass. Above the snow are the hurdles on which the hay is dried in summer and the sheds in which it is stored. In summer there are no roads on which it can be moved, but when the snow comes the hay is carried on sledges to the farms. Near meadows in most countries there is usually a house, but Lapland meadows are often 6 or 12 miles from the farmhouse to which they belong. No house was in sight, but the track showed marks of traffic in the large ruts made by pulkkas. The land was also ditched, and one of these ditches, 4 feet wide, cut across the track. Little Bread Eater began to gallop and I watched his feet. For an instant on the edge of the ditch he had all four feet together, and was poised as are the roe-deer when they leap from one rock to another in the Highlands of Scotland. Then he leapt, and there was not the slightest jolt when the sledge landed on the other side.

At the end of the meadows we crossed the Lisma River and turned south to go down a long straight avenue, 40 yards wide, between the pine trees. In England so noble an avenue must have led to one of the stately homes of which Mrs. Hemans sang, now, alas, gone for ever, but here it was the snow and trees that made the avenue, and deep under the snow there was only a footpath leading to Salkko, a Lapp village of five scattered wooden houses of which two were inhabited. At one of these, a two-roomed house

painted black with pitch, we stopped. It was 9 a.m., and as the crow, Tantalus of truthful travellers, is supposed to fly over maps, we were only  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Lapp tent. Twelve and a half miles in six hours! The going had been bad, and in direction we had followed the snipe. A reindeer driven by a man on skis covered 25 miles in one hour at Salla, northern Finland, in 1936 (on present maps the place is called Kuolajarvi, but two years ago at the request of the parishioners the older name of Salla was given to the church, and therefore the village and parish). At the same sports meeting the  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile reindeer race was won in 2 minutes 23 seconds. Compared with the fastest Derby the speed of the reindeer is not great, but on long journeys it beats the horse. At the beginning of winter, when they are in best condition, sledge reindeer can travel 60 miles a day for two or three days, and 50 miles a day for a week.

As the reindeer were being unharnessed to be led into the forest, where they were tethered to trees amidst arctic moss, I remarked to Stenbäck that Little Bread Eater seemed to be exhausted.

"Yes, you have been overdriving him. In the forest you were pulling him to the right. That made him think you wanted to get him into the soft snow. He knew that was wrong and that he is entitled to the hard snow. So he kept all the more to the left. The rein is only used for stopping him, or for getting him off one road on to another. You cannot guide a reindeer as you would guide a horse on a road. In forests leave him alone as long as he's on the right track. He has no more wish than you have to get the sledge into soft snow or against trees. He knows that he's got to get it out again."

In the kitchen-living-room of the house we shook hands, as is the custom, with the household. The farmer, who was over seventy, did not look his age, for his hair and beard, once black, had turned to a sandy colour. Even in old age the

hair of Lapps never goes white. His wife, whose face was wrinkled, looked older, and her back was somewhat bent. The son of the house was thirty-five, comparatively tall, and very well dressed. There was also his wife, a daughter aged twelve, a boy of seven, and two female servants. The daughter seemed astonished when I gave her a handful of toffees in coloured wrappers, but she curtsied before running away. The old man was much interested by my map and pocket compass, and gave me to understand that he had often been to Norway—a three weeks' journey by sledge. Our hostess, watched by incurious eyes, made coffee and porridge. Milk was supplied from the farm, and we breakfasted in the room. The room was not dirty, but judged by the Lapp standard of cleanliness and tidiness it was not clean, and it was untidy, as also was the wood-pile in front of the house.

In Lapland a few houses, occupied by old and decrepit people, are verminous, but in the average house there are no vermin, and none is ever found in Lapp tents. Yet in London I had read of vermin in Lapland, in Helsinki a nice girl had wriggled her shoulders and spoken of "visitors," and in my luggage was half a pound of Unguentum Hydro-rygire Ammoniatum, which I never had occasion to use. Fleas and ants are also unknown. After breakfast Stenbäck removed the "hay" from our boots and placed it in a heap outside to dry in the sun. This "hay" is precious and is never wasted. He had intended to move the sledges into the forest and sleep there, returning to the house for meals, but for some reason, possibly lest the Lapps be offended, he decided that we should sleep in the sledges on the field next the wood-pile where the reindeer had been harnessed.

Stenbäck required an average of nine hours' sleep in every twenty-four, and had the double gift of being able to fall asleep whenever he wished and of waking himself at any predetermined time. He could also go forty-eight hours without sleep, provided he had an extra ration of

sleep beforehand or afterwards. These adjustments of vital mechanism were beyond me. By reason of the bright sunshine, the dazzling snow, the exhilarating air, the six degrees of heat, the barking of dogs, the coming and going of people, and the novel surroundings, I had only one hour's sleep that day, and passed most of the time either in map-reading or in pottering around the neighbourhood. Even my one hour of sleep had been disturbed by the yelping of a dog which the young man was dragging by the scruff of the neck criss-cross from the house to the fence. There he released his grasp. The dog made a bee-line for the forest, and the man shouted directions as do shepherds with sheep-dogs. The man as he returned to the house was laughing. "He knew it was his turn to go and watch the reindeer, and so he hides in the house. He thought he would like to have a holiday, but now he goes to work."

In the correction of the lazy dog I saw the irony of God, because in two generations the family to which the young man belonged had lost most of its riches through laziness and love of luxury. When his grandfather was alive the family occupied all five houses in the neighbourhood, and owned the largest herd of reindeer in the country. That generation intermarried amongst cousins, and of their offspring some were feeble-minded and most were feckless. In the reindeer they saw an unending source of wealth, but the reindeer were neglected and the herd dwindled. Then the herd was divided into portions, the family scattered, and only the young man's father had retained one of the original farms. Rich tent Lapps have recently bought the next farm and house, and there is now a large quantity of sawn timber around this house, which they are rebuilding into a two-storied dwelling. The three other houses are empty and derelict.

One of the old man's brothers went to a farm in the north-west of Lapland, married, and had two sons. These are now two of the most handsome, agreeable and well-dressed

young men in the country. As dandies they are marked men, and for one other thing are they also marked. In his old age their father became bedridden, and, their mother being dead, the two sons nursed him for a time. Neighbours who visited the farm in winter testified to the kindness of the sons to their bedridden father. In the forest were his reindeer. In summer visitors to isolated farms are few and far between, and when the snow once more brought neighbours to the house, the sons announced that their father had disappeared. Prolonged search was made, but the body has not yet been found.

During the afternoon I looked for the cows and found them in a low, oblong building in front and to the right of the house. Through a door, about 5 feet high, in one of the side walls, I entered the dairy, which was lit by a small square window in the opposite wall. A partition from floor to roof separated the dairy from the cowshed, and access to the cows was through a door, also about 5 feet high, in the partition. In the cowshed four Lapland cows—white, hornless, and about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet high—were in stalls to the left, and in the stalls on the right were two cows, and two sheep each with a lamb. There were no windows in the cowshed, the only light came through chinks between the planks of the walls. The gangway in the centre was sodden with dung and urine, the air was oppressive, and one of the cows showed signs of wasting. In winter cows and sheep must be kept indoors, and only once a day are they put out for air and exercise. The mean temperature in February, the coldest month in Lapland, is  $5^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, but during extreme cold the temperature may fall below  $-42^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. In such a climate it is difficult in small cowsheds to have fresh air in conjunction with the warmth that is necessary for health and life. As things are, it would be astonishing if there was no bovine tuberculosis. In Finland there are large cowsheds, and in winter they are warmed by stoves. Next year the Finnish campaign against tuberculosis will be extended to Lapland.

To return to the Lapland farm, we had dinner and supper in the kitchen, and at 9 p.m. Stenbäck relined our boots with dry "hay." At 9.40 the sledges went up the avenue of pine trees, and turned north-west towards the wooded ridge between the Ivalo on the south and its tributary, the Repo, on the north. On the way up to the crest of the ridge some of the snow-banks were steep and deep, and almost at the top of one of these Little Bread Eater floundered and sank up to shoulders and haunches. With the intention of walking ahead to pull with the rein to help him, I got out, and went down over the knees in soft snow. I attempted to walk, but only sank deeper beside the animal in the snow. Here no one was further from my thoughts than the Accident Manager of the Insurance Company. Yet I reflected on how good a thing it was that reindeer do not kick under the snow. Then on forearms and legs, not hands and knees, I crept ahead to the hard snow, where I got up and pulled on the rein. In a few seconds reindeer and sledge were over the top of the bank.

In the forest along the crest of the ridge most of the trees were large and at some distance apart. The night was not dark, all the nearest trees and their branches were clear to see, and Little Bread Eater could be trusted to follow the leading sledges. I was thinking of nothing in particular, when a bright light, first red, then green, such as might have come from a very large diamond, flashed from the snow in a glade on the left. A moment later hundreds of coloured lamps must have been lit under the snow, because their light shone through to the surface. For thousands of years such things have happened, and many stories have been told and written about them. I was wide awake and not in the least astonished. Up to that moment I had never really believed in fairies, but I knew now for a certainty that all the fairy tales were true. And then the Trees spoke, not in words, but as they speak in the Enchanted Wood.



"You should go to the fairy party," said a Tree.

"How could I find the way?"

"Cross the snow to the place where the lights flashed, and you'll find the entrance. They are dancing in their ball-room. Quite a large place, and the snow makes a good ceiling."

"I thought they danced in the forest?"

"Only when there is a full moon."

"I'd be rather out of place at their party."

"They would be very glad to see you, and no guest ever feels out of place at their parties. Everyone is happy."

"I can't leave this reindeer and sledge."

"You could leave them at the entrance, and they'd be there when you came back."

Too late! We had now passed the glade, and there is no going back, even in Fairyland. To the left of the track was an enormous Castle, and the entrance, high and wide between two columns of stone, had a rounded arch at the top. Even the Normans could not have built this arch, because from the keystone a large fan-shaped portico, of white marble fluted like a shell, rose upwards and outwards at an angle of forty degrees, a great advance in the art of building. There were no lights showing in the Castle, but through the entrance, in which there were no doors, I saw part of the empty Banqueting Hall. Obviously the place belonged to a Giant, and this was confirmed by a Tree who lived opposite. "The Giant is away on a long journey, but may be expected back at any time."

"What's any time?"

"Any time is just any time, and all Giants may be expected back at any time, especially by those who enter their empty Castles."

This hint was quite unnecessary. I know what happens to those who enter Giants' Castles. They are chased up spiral staircases to battlements from which only Micky Mouse can

leap to safety. Yet I took another look at the outside of the Castle, whose circular wall was of a great height and surmounted by bastions, battlements and turrets. Beyond the topmost turret I saw the sky, and then, when next I looked on the ground, the Castle had vanished and there was only forest in its place. This I named the "Sky Test." "That's what happens," said the Tree. "When you first look on the ground you see what isn't there, and when you look at the sky you see nothing." I was not prepared to argue, but in all probability the Tree had spoken a most grievous heresy.

From time to time I glanced at Little Bread Eater and wondered if he appreciated the truly remarkable scenery through which we were passing, but he looked preoccupied, and I concluded that he had seen nothing unusual. In this conclusion I was wrong, and before we got out of the wood the animal was destined to save me in a moment of great peril.

Beyond the Giant's Castle we went through a Park in which a Natural History Exhibition had been arranged in the open air. One of the best exhibits was the complete skeleton of a whale, and on the other side of the track was a stuffed Pterodactyl mounted on the top of a high pole. It was the first stuffed Pterodactyl I had ever seen.

There are good and bad Trees in Enchanted Woods. Thus in a thick part of the forest a good Tree gave me a most courteous warning that his next-door neighbour intended to strike me. Not to be outdone in good manners by a Tree, I bowed to thank him, and, even as I bowed, the next Tree raised one of his branches and struck me across the back of my helmet. But for this friendly warning I would have been struck in the face. On the right-hand side of a lane leading from the Park a very thin Hobgoblin was sitting on a log of wood. He had crossed his right leg over the left, and leant back as he looked in our direction. His position was uncomfortable, because behind the log there was no support on which he could lean. As the sledge passed he

leered and laughed in a foolish way. He was a very stupid fellow, because he thought it a great joke to pretend that the log was a garden seat on which he could loll like a young man about town. I also knew that the Princess would have nothing whatsoever to do with him, and had given Strict Injunctions that he was not to be admitted. Farther down the lane was her garden gate, and this was locked. It was a rustic gate of fine trellis-work, through which one could see a pathway of untrodden snow which led to the large evergreens that hid her home from view.

Beyond the lane, and at the far end of a straight road, was a large oblong building of great height. In the middle, on the ground-floor level, was a small door from which a few steps led down to the snow. In the wall on each side of the door were the single windows of small rooms, and in five or six of these rooms nearest the door there was a faint light, such as might be given by poor paraffin lamps. The windows of the other rooms on the ground floor showed no lights. Nor were there any lights in the windows of the upper floors. It is impossible to say how many floors there were. The "Sky Test" failed, and as far up the walls as one could see there were little windows. When our sledge came in sight the door opened, and three black-cowled figures descended the steps and stood in the snow, each with his hands clasped and his head bowed in an attitude that was too obsequious.

"They seem to be expecting you," said a Tree.

"I know nothing about them."

"All the dead religions of the world are kept there. Each has a room to itself. The three attendants were supposed to look after them. Of course, that was impossible, and it's a long time since any of them have visited the upper rooms—but you'll see for yourself."

"It would take me years to inspect that place."

"Years! It would require centuries, but one day all these religions are going to explode and the place will be blown up."

"How can dead religions explode?"

"Because they're not quite dead. Even in the upper rooms they are smouldering."

I had every reason to be alarmed, especially as Little Bread Eater was making straight for the door and I was now almost within hailing distance of the three black-cowled figures, obsequiously waiting. The animal must also have seen them, because suddenly he swerved and galloped away to the right. In an instant the Three knew they had been tricked. Gone was their obsequious attitude as they rushed across the snow to intercept the sledge. They came with great speed, their feet did not touch the snow, and they moved through the air about a foot above the ground. It was a desperate race. Little Bread Eater was going "hell for leather," and the sledge passed the point of interception before the Three had reached it, but not before they were so close that I saw, under their cowls—the heads of skeletons.

Beyond that accursed place the forest was more open and the buildings comparatively conventional. "Less interesting in the suburbs," remarked a Tree. I took him to be a snob, since he also lived in the suburbs, but I said nothing, because, even on the outskirts of enchanted woods, it is not advisable to contradict Trees. Soon the forest was left behind, the country became open, and there was light in the north-eastern sky.

All that I have written here is subjectively true. I speak of Subjective Truth, because in the world and in the universe there is also Objective Truth, although this last is denied by the intellectual gangsters who run the Thinking Racket. To prove to the most sceptical reader that what I have written is true, I have marked the exact geographical position of the Enchanted Wood on the map. Any reader may go there, but if you want to meet the fairies (and if you stay with them you will escape the Unpleasant Things that also live in the Enchanted Wood), you must follow carefully the directions as given by the great explorers of Fairyland—

## LAPLAND JOURNEY

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Hans Andersen, the brothers Grimm, and Topelius. In the first place you must be, as I was—physically tired, and if you wish to make absolutely certain that the fairies will come to you, then it is best that you should also be sad and very poor, as were nearly all the heroes and heroines of fairy tales. Be it noted that most of the great fairy tales are about the forests of northern Europe.

If you have no belief in fairies and are very rich, you may take this book to a psycho-analyst and ask for an interpretation of what I have written. In that event I give you, here and now, a fair warning that his interpretation will be written in Latin, Sanscrit, Hebrew or in some other language not easily read by The Servants, about whose morals we are so much more concerned than about our own.

At the end of the open country was the Repo River. It lies at the foot of a high, fairly steep and unwooded bank, and down on the other side was a house. From the top of the bank all the reindeer galloped down the slope, each choosing his own way to the river, and they were almost abreast when the sledges crashed on to the frozen surface and roared over the ice. In the yard of the house the reindeer were unharnessed, tethered to the sledges, and given a feed of dry arctic moss. In a straight line on the map the last farm was 13 miles 1 furlong distant, and the journey had taken 5 hours 20 minutes. "We'd have done better with pulkkas," said Stenbäck. "This is the Parish of Inari, and the tracks here were never intended for sledges."

It was now 3 a.m. and the door of the two-roomed house was locked. This was surprising, because in Lapland it is not the custom to lock doors. To those who travel long distances on the snow and to those who may be overtaken by a blizzard the difference between a door being left unlocked or locked at night may be that of life or death. By the unwritten law anyone has the right to enter a house for shelter and the warmth of a fire. You have also

the right to ask for coffee at any hour, and for this you are expected to tender the sum of one mark, less than five British farthings. When strangers enter your house by night you remember how glad you were, and will be, to find the door of a strange house unlocked. Yet the door of this house was locked, and when we knocked there were no answering steps.

"They're probably away from home," I suggested.

"No," said Stenbäck, "this door is locked from the inside," and he banged on the wall with a stone. That woke at least one of the occupants, and a woman opened the door to let us in. She then roused her husband and they lit a fire on which we could make our coffee. He had a small reindeer farm and was also the local postman. Twice a week at his house the post-sledge in winter, and the post-rider in summer, left the local mail, which the farmer-postman delivered.

As coffee was being made I looked out of the kitchen window and saw what gave me some anxiety—the snow was yellow. During the day I wore Crook's glasses, but remembered having heard that the eyes, unless these glasses were very dark, might nevertheless be affected by the glare of sunshine on snow. I consulted Stenbäck.

"I hope I'm not in for snow-blindness."

"What makes you think that you are?"

"I see the snow as yellow."

"Well, there's a certain amount of yellow light in the sky."

"Not enough to make the snow a bright yellow and turn the green of the trees into dark blue."

"That's not snow-blindness. With snow-blindness you go suddenly blind, have an intense headache, and always recover in two or three weeks. You're tired, but there will be coffee in a few minutes, and then you can sleep."

"I'd rather sleep now," and I glanced at the narrow wooden bench along one side of the room.

"All right. Here we sleep on the floor. Take off your

peski and spread it—the back next the floor so as not to soil the ribbons. I'll wake you when the coffee is ready."

I removed my fur coat, made a pillow of the R.A.F. helmet, and was asleep before I had time to calculate that during the past forty-six hours I had only slept for four. When Stenbäck awoke me the others had finished their supper and were asleep. I rose, drank a cup of coffee, ate a slice of reindeer tongue in aspic—very good indeed, a great delicacy—and returned to the deep dreamless sleep of physical exhaustion.

At 5 a.m. I was wakened, and not for years had I slept so well. In getting up I placed my hands on a bundle that lay on the floor beside me. It was the hostess in her sleeping-bag. In the forest a bird was singing. This was a Kuukkeli, the lucky bird of the Lapps. It is a brown bird, double the size of the thrush, which in shape it resembles, and is said to mimic the song of other birds. The Lapps never kill this friendly bird, who comes round their tents and houses to be fed with crumbs. After breakfast Stenbäck enquired about my vision, which was now normal, and he added: "You'll have difficulty—everyone has at first—in distinguishing black objects on the snow at night?"

"Great difficulty. Sometimes I see a yawning chasm."

"Yet I can see what the black objects are—a log of wood, the stump of a tree, a rock or a piece of moss."

"Last night in the forest I saw some rather curious things."

"Such as?"

"Well, castles and that sort of thing."

"Yes, I know. The Phantasmagoria."

"Did you once see them too?"

"Once! I see them now. When I'm tired—but only here in Lapland—in the forests."

## ON THE OLD TRAIL

AT 5.40 a.m. we made a start, and now followed the old bridle path on which the mail used to be carried from Kittilä in the south to Utsjoki, 142 miles north, on the Norwegian frontier, before the Great Arctic Highway from Rovaniemi to Petsamo was opened in 1929. The path was now deep under snow, which made a broad avenue between the trees. This avenue, often in a straight line for many miles, led through the forest, which here covered plains, hills and valleys. On each side of the avenue many of the smaller pine trees were buried in snow, above which only their topmost shoots and branches were visible. The four smallest upper branches project from the stem at the same level, at right angles to each other, and at little less than a right angle to the stem. Thus stem and branches form a cross, and in many places dozens of these little crosses were planted on the snow. Most were upright, but here and there was a cross leaning backwards like a helpless baby, and I thought of a children's cemetery. In this long avenue I passed thousands of these crosses by the wayside and then remembered the Great War. Also I thought of those crosses made of poppies and set up on the grass round Westminster Abbey, every year on the 11th of November, by those few who remember some of the 1,089,919 men who fought for England and died in vain.

In the upper valley of the Menes River is a stretch of open country between the forests, and here my reindeer began to take an interest in the scenery. Without slackening pace he would turn his head to one or other side, and with large brown eyes appraise the snowscape as coolly and deliberately as might an art critic view a painting. Even



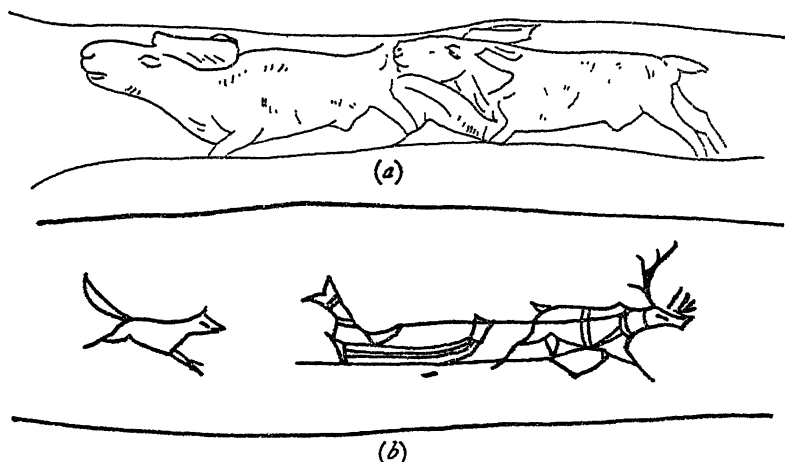
when the ground is covered by snow reindeer can tell by the configuration of the land where arctic moss is most likely to be found.

You are looking for food, Little Bread Eater, but what other instincts are inborn in your brain? In the winter cold you would go south to the shelter of the forests, and in the sweltering summer you go north to the cooler mountains. You come of a species that is older than Man. Before Man was, the reindeer were. They were arctic animals before the polar snow rose and spread; they roamed the central plains of Europe when hyenas, lions, rhinoceroses, hippopotami and elephants were driven south by the cold; they were there before the sliding ice radiated from eastern Norway as far as the Pyrenees, the Alps and the mountains of southern Russia; they were in Britain before the land was buried under four thousand feet of frozen snow; America they knew before ice streams flowed from Greenland over Canada to the valley of the Mississippi.

The Reindeer Period is the dawn of human history. In the caves of Périgord in the Dordogne, Lartet and Christie, a Frenchman and an Englishman, found (1864-74) broken and split bones of the reindeer, bison, horse, chamois and musk-ox, animals that survived in Europe after the Ice Age. They found cinders and charred stones of fireplaces. There were knives, sharpeners, spear-heads, hammers and saws, made of flint or hornstone, together with arrows, needles and harpoons. Most interesting and conclusive that Man—*homo sapiens*—was now in being, they found carved reindeer horns and bones on which sketches of reindeer and horses had been drawn with a sharp-pointed instrument, and also a piece of mammoth tusk on which was the drawing of the mammoth.<sup>1</sup> These men made pictures of the animals around them, and they were not the extinct species of Pliocene times. They were animals that either exist to-day or

<sup>1</sup> Robert Brown, *The Earth and Its Story*, vol. ii, p. 227. London, 1888.

became extinct in the present quaternary geological epoch. Now it is a strange thing that these drawings, which show a sense of art in form and action, resemble those made by Lapps at the present time on the bones of reindeer, and some think that those first drawings in the caves of Périgord were made by Lapps.



TRACING OF DRAWING BY (a) A CAVE MAN  
AND (b) A LAPP, 1937.

At 10 a.m. we reached the free hut (autiotupa) of Mene-slatvan,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles from our last stopping-place. The hut is on the right bank of the Menes River, which flows northwards. To the west are the undulating Urro Hills, and 3 miles due east is the mountain called Kynsileikkaamapää.

Free huts, built of stout timber, are erected by the State for travellers in lonely parts. The hut was about 12 feet square, and nearly one-half of this space was occupied by two large wooden berths, one above the other, alongside the wall opposite the door. Six people could sleep comfortably—three alongside each other at either end, or twelve could lie across the width of a berth. At a pinch, including the floor space, forty people could shelter in the hut. In one corner

beside the door was a large open hearth with a stone conical chimney, and a spit for cooking. Beside the hearth was dry split firewood and logs, the supply being maintained by the forest guard. There were no printed notices in the hut, but travellers are expected to sweep the floor before leaving, and for this purpose a birch brush is provided. On one of the wooden supports the forest guard had written in pencil a request that travellers when leaving would shoot the bolt on the outside of the door, as otherwise the door would be blown off by the wind.

At breakfast Stenbäck announced that he had broken ribs, and declined my offer of adhesive plaster: "It is nothing. Only the lower ones—the floating ribs—on the right. They have been broken before. In one of the drifts this morning I got out. When the reindeer started my legs sank in the snow and I fell sideways on the edge of the sledge. My bones heal quickly, but ribs smart a little when the callus forms."

"You make light of it."

"And what difference would it make if I made a fuss?"

After breakfast we slept for three hours, dined and left at 5.30 p.m., when the hostess failed to recognise her reindeer, who had shed one of his antlers in the interval.

The path continued as a wide avenue running north-east through the forest, and I reflected on the Nature of Knowledge in general and on the Wisdom of the Lapps in particular. I thought it remarkable that our guide should have found the way through the woods by night with snow on the ground. Yet here and there a branch, inserted at a certain angle into a cut in the trunk of a dead tree, had given all the direction he needed. Stenbäck, too, could read these primitive signposts of whose very existence I was unaware, but the guide's knowledge was greater. "He could have found the path last night in a snowstorm," said Stenbäck, "and that I could not have done."

In all probability the Lapp has a sixth sense—that of

direction. In the animal kingdom this sense enables swallows to migrate not only from one continent to another, but also to the eaves of one particular house on a continent; eels to travel from the ponds and rivers of Europe and America to the depths of the Sargasso Sea; and cats or dogs to find their way home from a distance by roads of which they had no previous knowledge. Among races of men living close to Nature the sixth sense is not altogether lost. The rest of mankind have more or less lost their sense of direction.

Even in pathless forests the Lapp is never lost. Almost every Lapp carries a watch. By the time of day and position of the sun he knows the direction in which he wishes to go. On sunless days and without a compass he knows north, south, east and west—by turning round in the forest and watching the pine trees, until the bark on the trees in front is lighter in colour than that of the trees behind and on either side. He knows then that he is facing north, because the colour of the bark is brightest to the south, whence it gets most sun. In a pine forest seen from the south on a sunless day in spring, when the sap is rising, the bark is bright as burnished copper reflecting the light of a golden sunset. An erudite man might know these facts, but only an experienced man could make use of them. In a pine forest anyone may notice that in one direction the bark of the trees is brighter, but when facing a quadrant of bright-coloured trees only an expert can determine the exact point at which the bark is brightest, and so define due north from north-east and north-west.

On sunless days in the mountains or on the plains where there are no trees, he knows north from south by looking at the rocks, because the moss is more abundant on the surface facing south. The longest branches of the spruce point south, and ant-hills are built on the southern side of hillocks.

Without map or compass a Lapp will travel for hundreds of kilometres across unfamiliar country to a place he has

never seen. All he knows is the direction in which he must travel, the names of the mountains he will see on his journey and their position in relation to his course. In summer the deep narrow rivers are crossed by felling a tree so that it falls across the stream to make a bridge. Over lakes he paddles astride on a log. Mountains are recognised by the suffix to their names. Thus the highest mountain in Lapland is Haltia (4343 feet) on the Norwegian frontier in the extreme north-west. Haltia is the Finnish name and merely a name, but the Lapps call it Halditjokko, and the suffix *tjokko* denotes a mountain of which one side is a precipice. Again the suffix *tunturi*, as in Korsatunturi, describes mountains rising above the tree line; *vaara*, as in Rupivaara, means wooded hills; and *oaivi*, as in Urroaivi, is a mountain with a long undulating crest. Sometimes description is more detailed, as in Kynsileikkaamapää, where the three words *Kynsi* — *leikkaama* — *pää* mean cut — finger-nail — hill. The Lapps of old in a roadless, unmapped country named the landmarks by their likeness to familiar things, and thus made the business of living a little easier. To-day we write on a map the words Hill 60 to ensure that the artillery has its range to a decimal. In the next explosion more than Hill 60 will be blown off the map, and those who survive will realise their incapacity if civilisation returns to a simpler phase.

In woods through which the poorest Lapp can find his way I would be lost. Where he could find food I would starve. With standing timber all around me I could not build a house. I could dress in the skins of animals if I knew how to get them, but I could neither shear, comb, wash, card nor weave wool into clothing. To make fire without matches would be as great a marvel as it was to Prometheus. Such discoveries were once landmarks in the march of civilisation, and it may be that humanity will have to pass them again. In that event Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and a

few other useful people will take the lead, because most of us are content to be living in the twentieth century, although of all places in which to live a century is the most nebulous. We are living in the Valley of the Shadow, out of which at no far distant date Western civilisation, if not annihilated, may return to a simpler phase where the humble shall be exalted and the mighty cast down from their seats.

A specialised civilisation is more vulnerable than a simpler civilisation, because if the specialists be obliterated no one is capable of doing their work; whereas in a simple civilisation everyone is more or less a specialist in the making of essential things. The paradox is apparent in Lapland. Thus in most countries rope-making is a speciality, but every Lapp is a specialist in making rope from the stems of willow. There is no reason why he should go to the expense of importing ropes when material for making ropes is growing in the forest.

Every Lapp can build a wooden house, and time was when we could do likewise, but now the building of a house, even of a wooden house, is the work of many men each skilled in his own craft and in no other. The carpenter either cannot or must not do the work of a joiner. By trade union rules each must stick to his lathe. Let no reader be so discursive as to remind me that it is now possible to buy wooden houses built in sections ready to erect, and that with a hammer, screw-driver and a few nails a bungaloid excrescence may be erected any fine week-end alongside the new arterial roads of England. Indeed, I was once tempted to buy a wooden garage built in sections which even a child could set up in a few minutes—but I forebore, because the firm who made the sections refused the name and address of any grateful customer living within twenty miles of London who would gladly show me his garage after twelve months' wear and tear. This refusal, like many another, was probably a blessing in disguise. An irascible householder might have assaulted the

plausible stranger who came to enquire about that warped and leaky shanty, beside which even the dog's kennel, a home-made thing, was like the house that is built on a rock.

Of all these things and much else did I think when driving along that long avenue between the pines, until I was recalled to Lapland by shouts from those in the leading sledges. To the left of the track the forest land fell away to the Menes River, and down this slope the reindeer with the baggage sledge was bolting. He had broken the rein by which he was attached to the guide's sledge, and guide was now driving in pursuit. Both disappeared among the trees. This disturbed all the other reindeer. Each left the track and galloped down the slope into the forest. As sledges were some distance apart, it seemed just possible that sooner than expected the colour of trees might be put to the test. "Stop—everybody—and stay where you are," shouted Stenbäck. Ten minutes later the runaway was caught, the procession re-formed in the forest, and the guide, instead of returning to the track, led us to the river.

This was the first river that was obviously a frozen river. All the others had been covered with snow, but here the ice was green and on a gentle incline. Going downstream was downhill. Soon the river forked. To the right was a frozen tributary, and on the left the channel to Lake Menes. The sledges followed this channel for a short distance, and then all except mine mounted the right-hand bank. We were going to the lake, and I thought Little Bread Eater showed good sense in deciding to continue on the smooth surface of the river. This was not the general opinion. "Stop," shouted Stenbäck. "Stop at once. There are rapids." I stopped, the guide left his sledge, came down to the river, and dragged Little Bread Eater up the bank, here steeper than at the place where the other reindeer had ascended.

A world of ice and snow is deceptive as any other. More than once the scenery had called to mind a painting on loan

in the Glasgow Art Gallery. On a snow-covered plain reflecting the dim lights of a winter sunset the only living thing was a solitary bird standing beside a frozen pool. "A Waste of Snow" was the title, and the artist knew the spirit of desolation. Yet here in Lapland, under frozen land and water, was life in abundance. The earth seldom freezes beyond a depth of six feet, and beneath the frozen zone are warmth and moisture that keep the trees alive. From the earth springs continue to flow into lakes and rivers. Under the ice the water is moving, fish are feeding and swimming, and in the rapids the stream moves as swiftly as in summer. The rapids may freeze over from the banks, but this ice is dangerous. Its under surface is being ever thawed by the friction of running water which never freezes; and in spring, when the ice begins to break up, you can see the air space between the surface of the river and the under surface of the ice—a dreadful place in which the strongest swimmer must die.

Leaving the river on our left, we went through a wood and at the end of half a mile came out on the ice at the southern end of Lake Menes, 755 feet deep, and sheltered by a pine forest that comes down to the shore. In the forest are elks, wolves, bears, wolverenes, lynx, the brown fox, the fox with a black cross on its neck, silver foxes and the arctic fox. On looking into the forest the place seemed familiar and I was happy to be there. One of the tragedies of life is to arrive too late: "And were you born too late, my dear, or was I born too soon?" In Rome I had arrived too late, having forgotten what little I ever knew of Roman history. Here on Lake Menes I was not too late. As a boy, on a lake such as this in Alaska, I had cut the ice with an axe and fished with baited hook and line. By the banks of yonder creek I had waited on a summer evening for the moose that came down wind to the pool. Such was the magic of Fenimore Cooper.

At 8.30 p.m., having come 18 miles 1 furlong from the



autiotupa, the reindeer were rested at a farmhouse by the side of the lake, and we entered the kitchen. The house looked prosperous, the outside and even the steps having been newly painted a light terra-cotta. In the kitchen, where we shook hands all round, everything was spotlessly clean. A bright birch fire burned on the open hearth, a neatly dressed servant was washing dishes, and the next thing would be a cup of coffee. All the others were talking and I sat patiently. Patience was needed, because another servant was looking after a child of eighteen months who yelled. When set on her knee the child yelled. Set on the floor the child yelled. Allowed to toddle in my direction the child tumbled and yelled. A cradle was alongside the wall, but nobody seemed to share my belief that the time had now come to put the child to bed for the night. There was no coffee, nor were there any signs—such as the grinding of beans, the boiling of water, or the fetching of cups—that coffee or anything else was being prepared. With sympathy I remembered dogs lying on the floors of strange houses, listening patiently to the talk of humans, and watching intently for the appearance of anything in the way of food. There was no coffee. This was strange, and so also it appeared to the engineer, who had the advantage of knowing the language. “There will be no coffee,” he said, “because the master of the house is away in Norway.” The engineer was resigned to his fate in the matter of coffee, but to me his explanation recalled Alice in Wonderland. Why should the absence of the master of the house explain the absence of coffee? It seemed most improbable that the man, before going to Norway, would lock up the coffee. If the coffee was not locked up, why could not the man’s wife or one of his servants give us a cup? Worst of all there was a thaw, and on coming into the house I had soaked my reindeer boots in a puddle. Consequently, in the old Highland phrase, I had to “change my feet,” and wear gum-boots.

## CHAPTER XIII

### STENBÄCK'S HOUSE

THE coffeeless house saw the last of us at 9.30 p.m. The reindeer that drew the baggage-sledge was exhausted and was left at the farm—I nearly wrote “was abandoned.” Our luggage was distributed between the remaining sledges, and we drove to the northern end of the lake, from which the Menes River flows into Lake Paadar. By reason of rapids it was impossible to follow the river, and to reach Lake Paadar we had to cross a wooded peninsula for nearly  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The wood was very dark, there was a lot of undergrowth, and worst of all there was very little snow. I was unable to see anything except the white tip of Little Bread Eater's tail, and relied on him to follow Stenbäck's sledge. It is very hard for reindeer to drag sledges over ground and bushes. My sledge stopped, and Bread Eater appeared to have stuck in some kind of thicket on a bank. From behind and to the right I heard the voice of the engineer: “Are you there?”

“Yes, where are you?”

“I'm here,” was his answer.

“Can you see me?”

“No, I can see nothing,” he said, and it was good to know that I was not the only one in the wood who could see nothing. “But what's happened?”

“I'm stuck in some sort of a place,” and I groped around with my hands—“willows on each side of the sledge—and there's a small stream of running water under the runners.”

“What's happened?” asked Stenbäck, and his voice came from the darkness ahead.

“Bread Eater's stuck in a thicket on the other side of a ditch with running water.”

"Beat it," said Stenbäck. "Beat it hard."

I flapped the rein hard and shouted. Bread Eater made a mighty effort. There was a crash, the animal swerved to the right, but the sledge did not move.

"What's happened now?" asked Stenbäck.

"The right shaft has broken loose from the runner."

"I'll come and see to it." He made his way through the bushes, and then pulled the reindeer back in line with the sledge. Then I said, remembering the water in the ditch and that Stenbäck was wearing reindeer boots: "I'll get out and tie the shaft. I've got gum-boots."

"No, stay where you are. You can do nothing."

For the first time I was glad that the wood was so dark—else he would have seen the flush that came over my face. Yet he was right, for I did not know how a shaft is tied to a runner. In a moment he was standing in the ditch tying the knot. "It's knee deep," he remarked, as though giving a weather report, "and the water is icy cold." Then also did I remember his broken ribs. Last of all he gave a pull on the slack of the rein, and the sledge was up and over the bank.

On for another 4 miles the reindeer crashed our way through the accursed wood, and it was good to come out at last on the ice of Lake Paadar, 6 miles long by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles wide. To avoid water on the ice, we went down the centre towards the eastern end. The sky was overclouded, the night was dark, and rain was falling, so that the sledge in front was often out of sight. Yet Little Bread Eater could see it, for whenever I hurried him he came to Stenbäck's sledge. It was lonely on the ice in the rain, but there came to mind the picture of shadowy figures battling their way step by step across the antarctic ice against a gale and the falling snow—Scott and Oates. The reverie was interrupted by a shout from the engineer—"Stop!"

"What's happened?"

"The left shaft has come off. Stop the others."

That was easier said than done, for the others were out of sight, but I shouted at the top of my voice, and at last came Stenbäck's answering shout—"What's happened?"

"Engineer's shaft has come off," I yelled.

Then Stenbäck and the engineer shouted to each other in Finnish, and the engineer got out of his sledge to repair the shaft. "Wait for me," he said.

"Of course I'll wait."

When we began to move on, Bread Eater went off to the left, and by the time I had slewed him round I was behind the engineer and at the tail of the procession. Soon the engineer's sledge was out of sight, but Bread Eater could be trusted to keep it in view. There was no need to hurry the animal. In any case nobody could get lost on a lake of this size. If I missed the others I would drive to the side of the lake, open my iron ration, and have a sleep till the morning. Bread Eater would find some arctic moss for himself. I was aroused from this reverie by a most curious phenomenon. The clouds suddenly fell and rested across the lake from shore to shore in a long, low arch, the centre of which was only a few feet above my head. This gave the sensation of driving along the middle of a long, low cavern, which was pleasantly warm and quiet, and it seemed to me that Bread Eater also appreciated the changed environment, because he continued at a steady pace until we came out of the cavern and found all the other sledges on the snow outside Stenbäck's house.

The time was 2.15 a.m., and we had come 13½ miles from the coffeeless house. Stenbäck had bought a Lapp farm and house, and the house was occupied by a young Lapp, who acted as grieve, and his wife. Near by Stenbäck was building a new house for himself when he retired. The living-room was also a kitchen and bedroom. In addition to the raised open Lapp hearth there was a modern stove, and in one corner were two large bunks one above the other, in which

the grieve and his wife slept. Soon there was a roaring fire on the hearth, and we had tea with bread and butter. On the wall above the bench where I sat at table was a magnificent bear skin, one of the best I ever saw. The hostess had the beginnings of a cold, for which I gave her three drops of iodine, which she accepted, so I thought, rather grudgingly. The grieve went off to sleep in an outhouse, in order that the hostess might have his bunk. Engineer and I were shown into an inner room in which were two bunks one above the other, each having a spring and a horse-hair mattress. I got into the lower bunk, and awoke at 10.30 a.m., when the grieve's wife brought in coffee.

"What time do we start?" I asked the engineer.

"Start!" said he, in a tone of reproof. "This is Sunday."

So it was, and I reflected on the Commandment—"On the seventh day thou shalt rest." Moreover, I had driven without mishap a reindeer sledge 142 miles from Muonio.

Having dressed, I went into the living-room, where the others were not yet up. In the upper bunk was the hostess, and on the floor beside the dinner table was Stenbäck, lying on his peski and covered by the great skin of the bear. My entry awoke him. "Good morning."

"Good morning, and how are your ribs?"

"Oh, they're smarting, but that's only the callus."

He rose, and we both went out so that the hostess might get up. "She got soaked in the rain," he explained, "and that's why she was a little cross when we arrived. When people are tired they are apt to be cross."

We walked to a place from which there was a view of three small lakes and a wide expanse of forest. "All that is now in sight," said Stenbäck, "belongs to me, and I suppose that in England you would call it a fairly large estate?"

"Assuredly."

"Well, it is only a little Lapland farm. Here I shall retire in three years' time. All my life I have been responsible for

other people. In the future I shall only be responsible for myself, and shall have a little peace before I die. This is the right place, because I fear visitors. By visitors I do not mean friends, but friends of friends. When I leave Helsinki I shall have bought my last white shirt. My evening suit will last my lifetime. For woollens I shall have my own sheep. In this country barley and rye can be sown, reaped and harvested in two months. I shall be poor—too poor to buy a ticket to Helsinki—but I shall have security and enough to eat. Lonely! No, there will always be things to make. My sole income will be from the reindeer. In time I shall have a herd of 300. After paying for shepherds, that means £80 a year. The timber! It will be ten years before the contractors will want to buy my trees, and there will be only one felling in my lifetime. Then there are the fish out of the lakes, but from here you cannot send fish to the markets.”

“In the event,” I said, “of a European war, you will be one of the few rich men in the world.”

“You forget Russia.”

“The soldiers descending in parachutes will land on the top of the pine trees!”

“They will not come that way.”

“Then how will they come. There are no roads from this side of the frontier whatever there is behind it.”

“There are no roads here, and yet we have come across the country from Muonio. When there is snow you don’t need roads, even for artillery. If Russia comes it will be in the winter.”

“And her objective?”

“Trondjhem on the Atlantic, and just where we are now will be the most direct route for her armies.”

At noon the engineer and I went to the Finnish bath. Then Stenbäck had his bath, and at two o’clock there was dinner. The grievé’s wife, who was also cook, was at the head of the table, and her aunt, an elderly Lapp lady, was

also present. I use the word lady because her table manners were perfect. There was boiled freshwater salmon, served in soup plates with the water in which it had been boiled, and potatoes, followed by blueberry soup—a thin syrup of dried blueberries and sugar. In winter dried blueberries, cranberries and cloudberries are the main source of vitamins. There was also rye bread and butter, and milk. The table decoration was a bunch of flowering birch twigs in a vase of snow. In spring, when the sap is rising, they will come into leaf and flower in a week when kept indoors. The old lady, according to Stenbäck, was the best bootmaker in the district, and, he added, the only one. She had brought him a new pair of boots and shoes. Boots are made of the thick reindeer skin that is over the forehead between the antlers; shoes and gloves from the thinner skin of the legs. The women also make palliasses. The men in their spare time make sledges, pulkkas, boats, skis, wooden ladles, porringers, troughs and horn spoons.

The grieve was a black-haired, pleasant-looking, clean-shaven, well-built man of medium height and aged twenty-seven. His wife was of the same age; fair-haired, of average height, and with high cheek-bones, she resembled many a girl in the Highlands of Scotland. Both were Lapps. The man wore a dark blue tunic (Verkatakki) with a wide skirt to above the knees, and narrow trousers. The cloth was closely woven, as for Western evening dress. On the collar, shoulders, cuffs and hem of the tunic were green, red, yellow and blue bands of embroidered felt, and the back was piped in red and yellow. At the waist the tunic was held in by an embroidered belt, to which a knife in a worked leather sheath was attached. When out of doors the men wear a high-collared cape (Lukka) with a gilt clasp in front. This resembles an Inverness cape, but is much shorter. Round the collar they wear a silk scarf in which are pockets for money. Stenbäck, when north, always dressed as an Inari Lapp. The women wear

blouses and skirts to below the knee of the same close-woven cloth. Collars, cuffs and hems are likewise embroidered with coloured bands of felt. Out of doors they wear a small dark bonnet (Hilkka) tied under the chin.

A Lapp girl's dowry is the Church Reindeer. These are the reindeer and their progeny that were marked as her property when she was born, and it is still customary for the man to seek beforehand the consent of the girl's parents to the engagement and marriage. In every way the Lapps are a very moral people. If an unmarried couple are living together, the usual reason is that the church is so far away, it may be a hundred miles. They meant to go in the winter when travelling is possible, but they had to buy a cow or perhaps the baby has arrived. The Lutheran priests on their visitations will urge them, and usually with result, to get married. Yet even without marriage they remain as a rule faithful to each other. If after a child is born the man leaves the girl she is regarded as the victim of misfortune, and in much the same way as a jilted girl would be thought of in Britain. On the other hand, the girl who has more than one illegitimate child, or who is known to be promiscuous, is despised and ostracised. The Lapps are most honest, and so far as they are concerned there is no need to keep an eye on your money or possessions. When a Lapp is summoned to court the police are seldom put to the trouble of fetching him. He surrenders of his own accord. It is impossible for him to do anything else. Being known to everyone on the countryside, he cannot escape.

A Finnish official in the Forestry Department was so impressed by the honesty of the Lapps that he wrote last summer to one of the Helsinki papers. It was his first visit to Lapland, and he carried £200 in notes with which to pay foresters and forest guards. He was living in a forest hut with a Lapp, and had to be away for a day. Before leaving he placed the money on a table, and handed the Lapp an auto-



matic with which to guard it. The Lapp refused the pistol, and walked out of the hut followed by the official. On the stump of a tree the Lapp placed his own money, £5 in notes, stuck his knife through the lot to prevent the notes being blown away by the wind, and disappeared into the forest. Were he away for a day, a week or longer, he knew that no one would take his money.

"God made Time, but not Haste," is a Lapland saying, and it has been said that the Lapps are unreliable about time and distance. Yet if your reindeer sledges are late, it may well be that it has taken the Lapp a day or more to catch the reindeer. When a Lapp is wrong as to the distance between one place and another, it is because he has answered according to his memory of the journey he himself made. If the going was good the place will be nearer, and if the going was bad the place will be farther than it is in cold kilometres. Whilst shy and reserved, they are not a dour people. They are slow in thinking, and probably the way in which they think is not our way. They are good-tempered; also kind to each other, to children and to animals. They are very fond of drink, especially schnapps, but I had no opportunity of seeing them under its influence. Stenbäck, who knows them well, told me that in drink they become quietly affectionate and confidential, sitting on the floor and whispering little secrets to each other, and then, if no strangers are present, they will joik. In this they are psychologically different from the peoples of northern Europe, who in drink become suspicious and quarrelsome.

Stenbäck so loved the Lapps and their country that I asked him if he had Lapp blood. He had. Five generations ago, "and strange to say it was on the Swedish and noble side of the family, my great-great-great-grandmother married a Lapp." It is not rare for a Finn or a Swede to marry a Lapp woman, but it is seldom that a Finnish or Swedish girl marries a Lapp. Finnish women teachers who

go to Lapland usually stay there, and Lapp women teachers who go south seldom return.

After dinner I slept from three to five, and awoke to the strains of stringed music. In the living-room Stenbäck was playing on a mandolin one of the songs about Lake Inari. There are many songs about Inari. A Lapp once fishing there with a hand-line lost his tackle and watched it sinking until he heard the voice of the lake, "I am Inari. I am as deep as I am long." At five o'clock there was afternoon coffee, and Stenbäck's nearest neighbour paid a call. From the Children's Home at Riutula he had heard we were coming, and that there was an Englishman with the party. How did they know? News travels fast in lonely places. Someone telephoning from Muonio to Tornio had mentioned our departure. In a telephone talk between Tornio and Rovaniemi someone else repeated the news. It was mentioned on the line between Rovaniemi and Ivalo. From Ivalo the news reached Inari, and from Inari someone told the Matron of the Children's Home. Thus the news of our going and coming had gone hundreds of miles south, east and then north. Later in this book I shall give some useful advice to criminals who may be fleeing from justice.

At afternoon coffee I said something at which the Lapps were a trifle shocked. I quoted the saying that coffee should be as hot as hell, as black as the devil and as sweet as an angel. Stenbäck translated. The Lapps did not smile, but gave me a look of mild reproof. Almost all the religious pictures that I saw in Lapp houses were of angels. Afterwards I went out to the wood to say good-bye to Little Bread Eater, for these reindeer were now going back home.

Later Stenbäck unpacked and stowed away the gear that he had carried on our journey. In his medical case I was surprised to see Schimmerbush's instrument for inserting wire sutures. "Much handier and quicker than with needles and catgut. Besides, you can use it on yourself. I once cut

myself badly with an axe and found wire sutures very useful. Of course in this cold, dry, germ-free air cuts heal very rapidly." Then he told me of the lumberman who fell on a circular saw, which cut through to the abdomen. The man was carried home, and when his wife saw the intestines protruding she wrapped a mat from the floor round his body. They had telephoned for a doctor who was a long way off and arrived two days later. He sutured the wound and sent the man to hospital. In hospital the wound was reopened, cleansed, sutured and healed by first intention.

Yet epidemics play havoc in that land, and infection like that of measles spreads rapidly, because every traveller calls at nearly every house. Four years ago there was a measles epidemic. "In the influenza epidemic of 1918," said Stenbäck, "everyone then living in this house died. That is how it came to be for sale. In the house now occupied by the neighbour who called this afternoon they found the father and three children dead in the house, and the mother with a baby at her breast dead in the cowshed. The cows had died of starvation. At that farmhouse where we stopped yesterday the neighbours who had survived found everyone dead except a child six months old, which showed that the last adult must have died not long before the neighbours called."

"What is your view about the epidemiology?"

"Well, of course the virus or whatever it is follows the routes of travel, but I also think it may be carried by birds. There is an island—Gottska Sandön—with a lighthouse in the middle of the Baltic. In 1918, owing to storms, no store-ship had been there for four months, and yet after a flock of geese had rested on the island the lighthouse-keeper and his family got influenza."

At eight o'clock we had supper—raw anchovies, boiled grayling with tomato sauce and boiled potatoes, stewed apples and glasses of milk. Vegetables of Lapland are

potatoes, carrots, turnips and wild angelicus. The young roots are eaten raw and older ones are boiled. These roots were once in the British Pharmacopoeia. In winter fish are netted. Holes are cut in the ice, and from one hole to another a rope is passed under the ice by means of long poles. Thus the net is pulled into position under the ice. Nets are also set across unfrozen rapids.

After supper I signed the visitors' book, and looked back to see who had also passed that way. Under an appreciation of what he had seen in January 1935 was the signature, "Sandy Baird, Scotland," and I asked Stenbäck about this visitor. "He's a young man who spends his life travelling. Last time I heard of him he was in the South Sea Islands. I met him in Helsinki, and he said he would like to come north. So I took him to Ishiuttajoki, forty miles north of here. It was a rough journey, but on the 15th of January he saw the greatest round-up in the world, when from twenty to twenty-five thousand reindeer are rounded up and driven, a thousand at a time, into a round corral 200 yards wide, with wooden fencing 9 feet high. The reindeer go milling round the circle, and in the centre are a hundred Lapps with lassos. As each Lapp recognises one of his reindeer by the marks on its ears, and even by day there is only dim twilight, he lassoes it round the antlers and is dragged some distance in the snow. All around the outside of the corral are gates opening into large pens, where the reindeer belonging to one man or perhaps to one district are segregated into herds that will be driven home. It takes two or three weeks before all the rounded-up reindeer are collected into separate herds."

"I would like to have seen that."

"Yes, but I gave Sandy Baird a rougher time than I have given you. He was young and very rich."

## CHAPTER XIV

### LAKE INARI

IN the hope of more frost we stayed over Monday at Stenbäck's house. Had there been frost to dry the snow we would have gone on to Inari with reindeer and pulkkas. At 11 a.m. on the Tuesday we left on a large horse-drawn sledge, and the floor of the sledge was somewhat congested by the luggage and ourselves, so that we sat for the most part between each other's legs. Our way was north over a chain of small lakes to Lake Muddus. Here we turned east to visit the Children's Home at the south end of the lake.

Often in London, poring over maps of Lapland, I had wanted to see this Children's Home to which, according to the guide-book, it was difficult for fishermen to make their way in summer. It stood on the top of open rising ground above the level of the lake, and at the foot of a hill covered with pines. A one-storied wooden building, it was larger inside than one would have thought after seeing the outside. A dozen or more children, boys and girls, were playing on the snow outside the front door, and curtsied when they saw us. The eldest, a fat boy, aged about eleven, came forward, placed the toe of his right boot behind the heel of the left, bobbed a curtsy, and smilingly shook hands. All these children appeared to be self-possessed and quite at ease with strangers. Indoors the rooms were large, well warmed with stoves, and in the dormitories the cots for infants and the bunks for older children were in double tiers—as I understand are all sleeping-rooms in barracks on the Continent. The Home is supported and managed by the Finnish Y.W.C.A., and takes orphans or children who are motherless, and whose father, especially if he be tending reindeer, is unable to look after his offspring. The older children attend

a State boarding-school, within a few hundred yards of the Home, as day scholars, and the boys when over twelve go there as boarders. There were about thirty children in the Home. The matron gave us coffee, bread and butter and cake. Afterwards we saw the children in their dining-room, and I gave them some chocolates and sweets that I had brought from London in the hope that one day I would see this Home in the Arctic.

We had arrived at the Home at 1 p.m., having come 5 miles 5 furlongs in two hours, and left at 2 p.m. for Inari,  $8\frac{3}{4}$  miles distant. Our way was across the lake to its south-eastern corner, and then south along the motor road that now runs from Kammen to Ivalo, where it joins the Great Arctic Highway.

Inari, a small village at the western end of Lake Inari, was reached at 5 p.m. The new hotel is a few hundred yards from the main road, and on the southern bank of the Joen, which flows into the lake. It is a large two-storied building facing south-east by south and north-west by north. The windows of the dining-room and one of the windows in the lounge overlook the rapids, now frozen over save for one black pool in the centre of the ice. In the upper story are eight single and three double bedrooms, and adjoining the hotel, to the right of the main entrance, is an annexe with sixteen smaller bedrooms for students on holiday. In the grounds is a building with sixteen bunks, dining-table, chairs and a stove. This is provided free for the Lapps who may be visiting the village on business or religious occasions. The hotel was completed, but would not be open to the public until the 1st of June.

Next morning I was alone at breakfast, as the others were having a longer sleep. The waitress, who was not in uniform, spoke fluent English. We spoke of the scenery, and she explained the meaning of the Lapp endings to the names of mountains.

"Most interesting," I said.

"Oh yes, but, after all, in Anglo-Saxon you have fifteen different suffixes to the word 'ship.'"

"What!"

"Fifteen."

"Yes, yes, but I don't know a word of Anglo-Saxon. How do you come to know it?"

"One of the subjects for my B.A."

"And your other subjects?"

"History of Architecture, History of European Literature, and Sociology."

During the forenoon the engineer, after telephoning to Helsinki, left by horse-sledge for Ivalo, 25 miles to the east. There he would get the motor bus to Rovaniemi, over 184 miles south, thence by train to Helsinki.

Next afternoon I was sitting in the lounge attempting to read a four-day old copy of the *Hufvudstadsbladet*. The international news in large captions on the front page was as follows:—

"SCOTTLAND VANN OVER ENGLAND 3—I."

"ARSENAL SLOG PORTSMOUTH MED 4—0."

Stenbäck joined me for afternoon coffee. "No international news."

"All the better," I said.

"Things seem quiet. I used to think there would not be another war—but now I think it will come. The nations seem to be going mad."

"Yet in no country do the common people want war."

"Individually people are all right, collectively they become dangerous, and when they are all armed they will fight."

"Not if they're afraid of each other—not until one nation thinks itself strong enough to tackle the others. Wasn't it Bismarck who said that no country should go to war without a 75 per cent. superiority over its opponent?"

"Does not Mussolini think that he is strong? I think England is the sanest of them all, but even England has had to rearm. Yes, England is the sanest . . .," he paused, and it may be he was thinking of his English wife, dead these ten years.

We were sitting in modern arm-chairs at a circular table next the large oblong windows looking out on the pine woods. The waitress, the B.A. who had served me at breakfast, was sitting on a settee against the wall and near the square open hearth on which upright birch logs were blazing into the large brick chimney that tapered like a lime-kiln to the ceiling. She was a slim, pleasant-looking girl in her early twenties, of medium height, with dark brown waved hair and grey eyes. Officially her duties did not begin until the 1st of June, when the summer visitors would arrive, and she was now north for a few days to see the hotel arrangements. She was dressed in a dark blue jersey, tweed skirt, leather belt, woollen stockings and reindeer shoes. Incidentally I had learnt that her father was a Professor in Helsinki. Every now and then she adjusted the blazing logs with a long pronged iron fork, a replica of the unpleasant implement with which the Devil arranges the fires in Hell.

After coffee I passed to Stenbäck *The Street of the Fishing Cat*, which he had not yet read.

"You like it?" he asked.

"It's great. A living picture of modern *émigrés* and exiles in Paris—a Paris as real as that of Victor Hugo—all kinds of people, Russian banker, Cabinet Minister, anarchist, furrier, mechanic, seamstress—all living in shabby lodgings in shabby streets. The pathos of their first years there, when each thinks he will soon be going home. Yet when the anarchist goes back to Spain his lodgings are taken by an exiled prince. It is the tragedy of those nations that cannot retain all their nationals at the same time. Yet in exile, in their loneliness, all these people become friends."



Stenbäck rose, paced the floor for a moment, and said, "I know them. I know them."

"What!" exclaimed the waitress. "You know the people in that book?"

"Yes, I know them all—not in that book, but over twenty years ago—Russians, Poles, Armenians—in London," and he returned to his chair.

"But surely you yourself," I said, "mixed with English people?"

"I, yes, because I had good introductions, but every Sunday I went to Kropotkin's house at Highgate for dinner, and there I met the others—Emma Goldman, Red Emma, she died in New York. Prince Kropotkin was fortunate. His articles in the Press were well paid, his books, especially *Memoirs of an Anarchist*, sold well, and he had a good house at Highgate. He had been an officer in the Czar's army before he became an anarchist, but his hobbies of agriculture, geography and exploration were of use in exile. As I say, he was fortunate in London, but many of the others were glad of his Sunday dinners."

"What were these anarchists like, and had they a programme?"

"They were dear, kind people. I suppose they had some vague sort of programme. They were idealists. They believed in the good of human nature—but after that I don't think they quite knew what they believed." He crossed to the gramophone and put on a record of Finnish Folk Songs.

We listened, and at the end of the record I remarked, "Rather sad."

"All folk songs are sad, but let us have something cheerful," and he put on a polka-mazurka, went over to the waitress, bowed, and they began to dance. They danced well, and as I watched their reindeer shoes on the polished floor, for Stenbäck was in Lapp costume, I knew that he

could have danced the girl off her feet. Yet this was the man who had never been able to insure his life—by reason of some supposed defect in his heart!

He put on another record, and as soon as I heard the opening bars I kicked off my felt bedroom slippers, crossed to the waitress, bowed and began to waltz. It was the Blue Danube—and I remembered Inez, the garden of the Casa Colon, and my last night in Spain. There was also that dance in London, it was in George Street and—what was your name? Oh yes, Margaret. I remember your green silk dress, and how seriously you took your studies at Bedford College. What was it you said?—"Now, there's to be no nonsense." Well, there was no nonsense. Last I heard, you were married and had four children. I also am married and have six children, but now I am dancing in my stockings in the lounge of a Lapland hotel.

Next day, Friday, 23rd April, Stenbäck, the hostess and the B.A. waitress left for Ivalo. The thaw, the earliest known for years, had set in. Soon the road to Ivalo would be too muddy for sledges, and the motor-bus service did not run until the 1st of May. From Ivalo, Stenbäck would go 148 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles north by motor bus to Liinahamari, and the hostess would take the south bus to Rovaniemi. There she would get a train to Laurila, a junction on the Tornio line, another to Kaufiranta, a motor bus to Muonio, and a sledge or bus to Hetta. Her journey back would take much longer than the way across country by which we had come. The B.A. waitress was going home to Helsinki.

I was minded to go with Stenbäck, but he advised me to stay at Inari until the thaw was over. "You will find it quiet here for writing. If you want peace in the summer, when the hotels are full of tourists, you can always go to my house. I shall hear if you go there. In Lapland you can never get lost. For me, the next few days will be a rush, and then I go back to Helsinki. Here you will be able to

drive a pulkka on Inari. The ice will be safe for another month."

On the following forenoon Juhani the Lapp had two pulkkas ready on the ice by the shore of the lake. Juhani was good-looking, even picturesque, aged twenty-five, his only blemish being a withered eye that had been destroyed by the point of an antler during a reindeer round-up. He now looked after the reindeer and livestock of the hotel in addition to making himself generally useful.

The pulkka is a small sledge with a long pointed prow and a circular stern-piece. The upper half of the stern-piece, which serves as a back rest, rises 15 inches above the level of the sides. From stern to prow the pulkka is 5 feet 7 inches long. The side boards, held together by six ribs, rise 6 inches from the flat keel. This keel or runner projects 7 inches behind the stern-piece, is 7 feet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and curves upwards in front to form the pointed prow. Only 5 feet 6 inches of the keel is on the snow or ice, and this portion, 5 inches wide and  $1\frac{1}{3}$  inches deep, is shod with iron. Beyond the running surface and 2 feet below the prow is a circular hole through which a single leather trace is attached to the keel. The harness of the reindeer is similar to that used for a sledge except that there is no belly-band. In place of the belly-band is a crescent-shaped piece of smooth birchwood about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep. From each end of the crescent two horizontal circular knots project. These are inserted into round openings at the end of the short traces that pass from the collar to the foot of the saddle-band on each side. The projecting knots are held in place by ties. In the middle and centre of the crescent is a longitudinal slit through which the single four-foot trace of cow or seal hide is attached. The trace, covered by reindeer skin with the hair outermost, passes between the animal's hind legs to the keel of the pulkka. The reindeer-hair covering on the trace is to prevent chafing when the trace touches the

inner sides of the hind legs. On the back of the saddle-band seven small circular bells were sewn in line. The single rein, as when driving a sledge, is secured to the right upper arm by a running noose. Driving is the same, except that when turning right the rein has to be thrown higher to get it over the animal's back, because the driver is sitting at the level of the ground.

Juhani led the way, and the reindeer went off at a trot. For the first few minutes my pulkka was zigzagging from side to side behind the reindeer. Once or twice I was nearly thrown out, until I found that it was possible to balance a pulkka, like a canoe, on an even keel. Juhani looked back every minute or so to see how I was getting on. I also was watching him and saw that he drove with his legs projecting over the sides of the pulkka. That made balancing easier, and the heels when lowered to the ice acted as a brake to prevent the pulkka running under the reindeer's legs when coming to a stop. On going down hill on the snow the pulkka is also braked with the heels, the only danger being if the foot strikes a projecting rock or tree stump, an obstacle that ought to be foreseen.

Our intention had been to visit the ruins of the old seventeenth-century church at the top of Lake Iso Pielppa,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Inari. To get there we should have gone north on Lake Inari, and then west up a valley. After we had gone some way, Juhani, instead of going west, turned east on the lake until we stopped at an island on which was a great rock about 50 feet high. Juhani got out and pointed to the top of the rock. It was clear that he expected me to climb the rock, and I shook my head and said, "Ei," Finnish for no. Juhani spoke only Lappish and Finnish, and I spoke neither. As we were going to the church I had no wish to climb the rock, however wonderful the view from the summit. Juhani looked sad and stood patiently. Afterwards it transpired that there was too much water on

the ice to the west for us to get to the church without being soaked, for pulkkas are not watertight. Finally I got out. Juhani smiled, tethered the reindeer to bushes on the shore of the island, and led the way up the rock. It was an easy climb with either a path or good footholds all the way.

There was a good view from the top of Ukon, for that was the island's name—the island of the Old Man. It was not to the view that Juhani directed my attention, but to a great boulder set on the summit. It was a granite boulder left there by the glaciers, and I said "Granite." Juhani shook his head and said "Seita," the Lapp word for God. Seeing me puzzled, he knelt down, made the sign of the Cross, and bowed his head. So the stone was or had been a god. He then stretched his arm far into a crevice beneath the boulder, withdrew it, and showed me that his hand was empty. The symbolism of that action was beyond my comprehension.

Later in the hotel the manageress, to whom you will be introduced in the next chapter, explained that the boulder on Ukon was the old god of fishermen, and that much treasure had been left in the crevice as an offering to the god. This was sacred to the Lapps, but forty years ago an Englishman was said to have found and removed the offering, which included Roman coins. Now if Roman coins were found on the island they could only have come there through the Vikings. We know that the Vikings reached Constantinople, which became the capital of the Roman Empire in A.D. 324. If the story of the coins be true, it is of great interest, and therefore I made enquiries at our national depot for the reception of stolen property, the British Museum, but the officials had no knowledge of any coins found on Ukon.

In pagan times every Lapp family had its own Seita, usually in the form of a boulder or rock. If there was sick-

ness amongst the reindeer, then, when a reindeer was killed, one of its ears would be brought and laid before the Seita. When the head of the family died it was customary to kill a reindeer and place the whole carcase before the Seita to avoid further misfortunes. Juhani, with the manageress to interpret, told me about the Staalo, an evil race of giants who come from Russia. Some of them are as tall as the pine trees. They walk over from Russia to tempt the Lapps, but only rich Lapps. To these they show a lot of money and say, "If you can wrestle with me I will give you this money." Then the Lapp begins to wrestle, is killed, and the Staalo takes the Lapp's money. Sometimes the Lapp is able to kill the Staalo and gets the money.

I also learnt how to tie the reindeer knot. Also that only the ptarmigan and the hare go white in winter. The wolf, the bear and the red fox retain their usual colours. The white arctic fox is always white. Juhani would not agree that sparrows became white. The sparrow was known as the bad bird because of the damage it did. In March another kind of sparrow—white sparrows—appeared in Lapland and stayed until the 24th of June. "Then they go away to the Bird's Country. I do not know where the Bird's Country is."

One afternoon in the forest I watched Juhani free the two reindeer that had drawn our pulkkas. He untied and removed their halters. All winter these animals had worked, rested and grazed together. At first they continued grazing within a few yards of us and then walked slowly away as if uncertain of the extent of their liberty. There was sadness in this liberation. For the six coming months these two must fend for themselves and without men or dogs to protect them from the wild beasts. Would they ever come back to pull their sledges, or would they be missing from the round-ups at the end of the year?

If horses who have worked together all winter are turned

loose in spring they may wander far afield, but will always keep together. It is otherwise with reindeer. The two of which I have written were free and restless. For a few days they kept each other company, but they were hearing a call, and each was feeling an urge to go back to the place where in his first summer he had trotted at his mother's heels. On the fifth day they were seen together on the outskirts of the forest, and then they disappeared. Juhani knew where they had gone. One had gone to Utsamo, a mountain 5 miles south-west of Inari; and the other 25 miles north-west to the Tshuan Hills.

Thus what I had read in boyhood about reindeer traveling hundreds of miles to reach the sea was only partly true. Reindeer who spent their first summer in forests or on mountains near the sea will return to these places, but others will travel just as far in another direction. Like all herbivora, they are fond of salt, but the majority never taste either salt or salt water. By reason of this homing instinct herds are usually grazed in the State forests far from cultivated land. If young reindeer were reared in private forests around farms they would return every summer and trample the standing crops of hay, rye, potatoes, turnips and cabbages. They damage although they do not eat the crops, and on that account are seldom reared as pets. Yet a pet reindeer is faithful and affectionate, following its master outdoors and indoors like a dog, but—it can jump anything except a nine-foot fence. When kept as pets reindeer have lived to the age of fifty.

Every Sunday there was a service at 11 a.m. in the Lutheran Church on the bank of the lake within three hundred yards of the hotel. The congregation numbered about fifty—the Lapps and the Finnish hotel staff. The church (1897) is an example of simple beauty in a wooden building. In addition to a pointed red roof there is a tower with a belfry. All the Lutheran churches in Lapland are of

this design. Men and women sit on opposite sides of the church. The service in Lappish lasts for two hours and includes a forty minutes' sermon. The priest was not at home to visitors as his three children were seriously ill with measles. From all I heard he was an earnest, energetic man and had compiled the first grammar in Lappish. As a rule there is no collection, but on this Sunday a velvet bag on the end of a long stick was passed round for funds in order that a copy of the Bible might be presented to every newly married couple.

In the vestry I saw a few mementoes from the old church on Lake Iso Pielppa. A painting of the Last Supper had been given by Queen Christina of Sweden in the seventeenth century. The drawing and painting are crude, and the eyes of all the figures are too large. On the table is a candlestick and fish on a platter. Behind the empty seat vacated by Judas a little Devil is sitting on the floor. More interesting was the only relic of local Catholic art—a very primitive small wooden statue, about one foot high, of the Archangel Michael, holding a wooden sword in the right hand. The head and features are those of a Lapp. There was also a small piece of painted memorial glass showing a man in a boat on a lake with a horse on the bank and a background of trees. The inscription, in old Swedish lettering, was dated 1840.

In winter, when Lapps at a distance die, their bodies are brought on sledges for burial in the churchyard. In summer there are often no means of transport, and then the body, in a rough coffin, is placed on a sledge and left on an island or in the forest, and covered with birch bows. There it lies until winter comes, when the funeral sledge can be drawn by reindeer to the burial-ground.



## CHAPTER XV

### A BRAVE GIRL

ONE evening towards nine o'clock I was writing in the lounge by the light of a paraffin lamp, for the electric plant was not yet working, when the manageress came in and exclaimed, "Have you seen the light in the sky? The servants are terrified." We went to a window facing south-east by south. Four miles away was a range of hills covered with pine trees, and all along the top of the range the dark trees were bright orange-yellow, so bright that the trunks and larger branches could be seen. This was not due to sunlight, for the sun had already set in the north-west, and the afterglow was over. The light was from the rising moon, hidden from our view. So extraordinary was this light that I noted the time, five minutes to nine, and took the direction with a pocket compass. At five minutes past nine the trees on the range were once more dark. We crossed to the window facing north-west by north. The sky was azure blue, the clouds a bright orange. The light that had lit the trees was now on the clouds. Above the snow the forests were dark olive green, but the pools of black swirling water in the thawing rapids reflected the orange clouds. At a quarter-past nine the colour faded, and the white moonlight shone.

She was the first to speak. "They say that in Lapland all colours of flowers and in the sky are brighter than in any other country. I shall never go back."

"It might be Fairyland, and I wish I could write of this moonlight as Maupassant wrote of the moonlight in the Auvergne. Have you been to many other countries?"

"Canada."

"From your accent I wondered if you'd learnt English there."

"I was there for seven years."

Thus we sat down to talk, and, as she is no longer at Inari, I am telling her story.

She was an orphan and in 1918 had finished her secondary school education. The War of Independence was over and throughout Finland food was scarce. Not wishing to be a burden to her friends, she sailed for Canada, and in the ship were hundreds of Finns, Swedes and Norwegians on their way to the Land of Promise.

"If England is in another European War, Canada will not fight. One day they will be independent—when they are a great country. But now there are too few people there. They like the Royal Family, but not the English people. Englishmen in Canada are called sparrows, and I laughed when Juhani told you that Lapps call the sparrow the bad bird. England has sent the wrong type to Canada. You were sending boys out to farms in Canada at a time when the farmers could not sell their wheat. Canada also sends the wrong type of men from the cities to work on the land. To get them off the rates men with large families of six or seven children were sent to work on the land. They were given land and \$600 worth of implements and canned food. That lasted six months, and then they found themselves left in the forest with no food and no money. These men could not use an axe. They returned to the cities, where they got relief-packets, and if the Government gave them employment the work was underpaid. In Finland the unemployed are given work on the roads, and are well paid."

"But your boatload of Scandinavians? How do they find work?"

"Because we can do anything. If an Englishman is a carpenter, he is only a carpenter, and if there is no work for carpenters he is unemployed."

"Surely it's difficult to change from one skilled job to another. How could I become a lawyer or an architect?"

"Purely mental work is different, but if you were skilled with your hands at one job there is no reason why you should not become skilled in another. On the boat going over I met a boy—he was a nice boy—a carpenter from Sweden. In Toronto there was no work for carpenters, but they were advertising for house painters. He applied for a job and the foreman asked what experience he had. He told the foreman that he'd been a painter all his life. He got the job and an hour later, when the foreman came round, he got the sack. Then he got other jobs as a painter and the same thing happened. At each job he learnt a little, and in three weeks got a job that he was able to keep. Now he is earning good money. Then in Toronto there was a Lutheran Institute, quite a small place with a reading-room where you could write and receive letters. There were Sunday services in Finnish and in Swedish. The minister also helped us to find jobs, and there were weekly dances."

"What was your first job?"

"In domestic service. I was the only servant in the house of a couple who fought. The previous girl only stayed a week. She told me they fought in the kitchen and threw the crockery at each other. But they respected me and only quarrelled in the dining-room. They were Swedes and had no children. The man was in business, and thought his wife was socially lower than himself. I could see no difference, but I did not often see the man. Except for breakfast, he usually had his meals out. He was always back regularly at 2 a.m. and drunk. They had separate rooms. The quarrels were usually at breakfast. She would try to speak nicely to him, and then he shouted at her. He treated her worse than a dog.

"One night they had a terrible row. They had been to a party, where he was sitting out with another woman. His wife was dancing. The other woman did not know it was

his wife and pointed her out to him, saying, 'I call that a self-made woman.' At once he got the car and brought his wife home, where they had a terrible row. Whose fault in the beginning? How do I know. It is difficult to tell in these cases. Better had they separated. If they had dinner at home, she cooked it. She was a great cook, and took trouble to make dishes that pleased him. As they usually had their meals out, the work in the house was mostly cleaning. A few hours' work a day would have cleaned their little house, but she had a mania for cleaning. She would run her finger along the tops of doors to discover dust, and there was cleaning from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Her motto was that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well. That is a good motto, and she acted on it. She joined a bowling club and became president. To improve herself she joined a French class, and was the best in the class. One curious thing was that whenever I heard her footsteps coming to the kitchen I was frightened. Until I heard her speak I was terrified. I don't know why, because I liked her. And she had one strange idea about me and would often say before leaving the kitchen, 'I know that you are not a real servant. You are writing a book, and do not be too hard on me.'

"My bedroom was a little room off the kitchen and the latch of the door was insecure. Every morning at six o'clock the door was pushed open by a great black retriever, followed by a black cat. They marched solemnly into the room, and got up on the bed. Then I had to get up, for it is impossible to stay in a narrow bed with two animals on the top of you. They were always punctual, but when I had been to a dance and got back at 5 a.m. it meant that I had only one hour's sleep. The dog was very fond of me, and when I left he knew that I was going for good. When I was carrying my case down the road to the street car I looked back and saw his face at the kitchen window with his paws on the sill. He was howling. She was crazy about

those animals, and perhaps they gave her the only love she had ever known.

"What happened? Two years later she had a mental breakdown. He got a nurse to look after her, but one afternoon she went into a clothes closet and killed herself with a revolver.

"Myself? My next job was at the hotel at Begwin, an island on the Lake of the Bays, where I was a chambermaid. The manageress, Miss Muir, was Scotch. She was interested in her girls, and now I would like to send her a snapshot of myself and of the hotel where I am manageress."

"The photo shall be taken to-morrow. What then?"

"After that I was waitress at an hotel in Bermuda. On the way back to New York a sad thing happened. There was an old woman who was a scrubber in the hotel. She had saved enough money for a holiday in New York. On the way over the sea was rough. She was sick and lost her false teeth overboard. She cried all the rest of the voyage, because all her savings would be needed to get new teeth."

"Yet if anyone had told the captain I am sure that the first-class passengers would have given money for new teeth in a few minutes."

"Yes, no doubt; but as usually happens there is nobody to tell the captain. Then I got tired of service and wanted to do needlework. At school I had been clever with the needle. In Toronto I saw an advertisement for hands to do smocking. I applied and got a job, but I had never done any smocking, and at the end of the first day I was sacked. But I had learnt a little about smocking. At other jobs I learnt more before getting the sack. Then I got a job at Eaton's, the great Store in Toronto, and in three years' time I was head-seamstress on the seventh floor and in charge of five hundred machines. The work was a great strain, because there was always a rush, and the hours were from a quarter to eight in the morning till five in the afternoon,

with an hour off for lunch. I had planned to spend thirty dollars on my holiday, but when the time came I did not like to spend the money, because I knew that if I ever got ill I would need all the money I had. After that I came back to Finland and—I say, just look at the time.”

“Never mind about the time, and thank you for a wonderful talk.”

One afternoon the manageress found me watching the ice floes going down the rapids, and said, “There’s a telephone message that two skiers are arriving this afternoon. The line was bad, but they’re instructors from one of our hotels. As we’re short-handed, do you mind if they sit at your table?”

“Of course not.”

“They’ll be off to-morrow afternoon. They’ll be quite nice boys. Most of the instructors are students or graduates who can’t afford the fare to Lapland. So the hotels pay their fares and give them board and lodging. Guests who want instruction pay them ten shillings a week. This plan works very well, and it’s much nicer for the guests and the hotels to have educated instructors.”

At seven o’clock I met them at dinner. One was tall, broad-shouldered, and with the well-proportioned physique of a heavy-weight boxer. His friend was not so tall, but lean and muscular. Both were clean-shaven and good-looking. The tall man spoke a little English, and took a lot of trouble in telling me about their journey. For three weeks they had been on skis and as far north as Haltia on the Norwegian frontier. There they had drunk a lot of coffee in Lapp houses—twenty-seven cups in one day. He smiled. “That is my record, and what is yours?”

“Seventeen on one day of the journey here.”

The skiers had followed our route from Hetta, and had done the distance in three days, an average of forty miles a day. This he said was due to the bad going on soft snow.

As a rule they averaged fifty miles a day. They had heard all about us on the way, and had also visited the coffeeless house. "It is very unusual," he said, "not to get coffee, but the man was in Norway and his wife was in hospital at Rovaniemi. There were only servants in charge of the house." After dinner they both went straight to bed.

In the morning they were not down to breakfast at eight o'clock, and during the forenoon the manageress asked me what I thought of them.

"Excellent fellows, and they must be very tired."

"Yes, they must be tired, but there's been too much ringing of their bell. Last night they arrived at five and went up to their room. They had asked for a double room, although I'd have been willing to give them single rooms. Then the bell-ringing began. First ring was to ask for beer. I sent up a jug of that small beer we brew ourselves. Second ring was to ask if some of their clothes could be dried overnight in the furnace-room. One of them had fallen into a rapid. Of course their clothes could be dried. Third ring was to ask if they could have hot baths. This morning the bell-ringing began at eight—could they have coffee? I sent that up. At nine they rang again, but I said to the girl, 'Don't go, I will go myself and stop this ringing of bells.' Up I went and found each still in his bed. 'And what do you wish now?' I asked. The tall one answered and said they would like porridge and milk. So I told him there was no food till lunch at noon, and that if they had wanted porridge they should have been down at eight. He just laughed and said that he would eat twice as much as usual at lunch. I also told them that there was to be no more bell-ringing. I felt a beast about the porridge, because there was plenty in the kitchen, but I was determined to stop the bell-ringing."

"But why shouldn't they ring the bell?"

"Because as skiing instructors they are more or less on

the staff of the hotels. Those who belong to the staff and stay in hotels are expected to show consideration for the other employees and to give as little trouble as possible. But they are nice boys and are off to Ivalo at 4.30. They'll go part of the way by horse-sledge and walk the rest."

At four o'clock the three of us had afternoon coffee in the lounge and the manageress joined the party. It was a pleasant party with talk in Finnish and English, until the tall man said something in Finnish. From the expression of the manageress I wondered if the subject of bell-ringing had been reopened, but the conversation, as I learnt afterwards, was as follows:

*He:* "Could we have our bills, please?"

*She:* "I suppose you think it amusing to ask for your bill?"

*He:* "Not in the least, and at times in my life I have found it far from amusing to ask for bills—or to pay them."

*She:* "You know as well as I do that you pay nothing in this hotel."

*He:* "This is the first I have heard of it! You had better look at our passports in case you are making a mistake."

She looked at the passports and ran off to fetch the bills. The bills being paid, she announced that she would get her hat and coat and walk with them as far as the village, where their sledge was waiting. This, as she explained to me later, was to make up for her unintentional rudeness. Whilst she was getting her things the skiers harnessed themselves with their rucksacks. I helped the tall man, and commented on the weight of his rucksack, which included an ice axe.

"It weighs 18 kilos."

"And you ski for fifty miles a day with that on your back!"

"The steel harness distributes the weight. You see, I am a captain in the Finnish army, and so I have got to be what you call in England—a sportsman."



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE DYING MONASTERY

THE first motor bus of the season left Inari for Ivalo on 5th May, the fare for the 25-mile journey being 1s. 1½d. At Ivalo there is a modern hotel and the old posting inn, where I stayed the night. On the Ivalo River you may, under licence from the Government, wash the sand for gold and make about 2s. 6d. a day. There was a fall of snow, but the thaw continued. Next day I took the bus to Virtaniemi, 26 miles 3 furlongs farther north, and stayed at the inn. That evening I got a boatman and fished for two hours on the Paats River, where a large number of trout and grayling are caught every summer. I used a Silver Devon and got nothing. There was a cold wind, and ice-floes, accompanied by lumps of tar from the chains binding logs left on the ice, were coming down the river. On the following day I went to Ylaluostari, 98 miles 1 furlong to the north.

The road follows the Paats River and the intervening lakes to Lake Salmi—where a recently discovered lode of nickel is being worked under licence by the International Nickel Company—and continues north for 3¼ miles, along the western shore of Lake Knuts. Beyond the lake the pine forests have reached their northern limit of growth, and the road goes eastwards for 27½ miles across a high windswept moorland, where the only trees are the dwarf arctic birches, to the valley of the Petsamo. Here the road turns north for Liinahamari, and a third of a mile beyond the turn is the Ylaluostari Inn. In the hollows of the higher mountains lay patches of snow, but there was none on the moors. The feathery branches of the short birch trees were as black as in winter, but the silver bark nearest the ground was stained a reddish brown by the rising sap, and in places

was peeling. Here and there portions of reddish bark were studded with white spots like a toadstool. The silex was in flower, and in the meadows amongst the withered yellow grass of autumn were a few blades of green. Dandelions were out, the air was warm, flies were buzzing around a manure heap, and spring was here. The temperature was 72·4° F. during the day.

From the corner where the Arctic Highway turns north at Ylaluostari a small road goes south for three-quarters of a mile to the Russian Orthodox Church and Monastery of Luostari. On the way to the monastery and to the left of a bridge across a rivulet was a large pond, mostly covered by the leaves of water plants. Thousands of small frogs were swimming in the pond or leaping on to the broad leaves of water-lilies, and the croaking of older frogs made a great noise. The time was one o'clock on 11th May, and that is mentioned because, although I often passed that way again at all hours, I never again saw the frogs or heard the croaking. After crossing a bridge over the Naam River, a tributary of the Petsamo, the road opens into a large meadow. The place is sheltered. To the south-east, a mile and a quarter distant and beyond the Petsamo, is a high, steep, rocky hill (400 feet), the Saviour's Hill, and to the south-west is a plateau covered with dwarf birches.

At the end of the fifteenth century the whole of the Petsamo district, now Finland's corridor to the Arctic Ocean, passed from the suzerainty of Norway to that of Russia; and about 1550 the Russian monk Trifon founded a monastery on the sheltered meadow land to the west of the Saviour's Hill. His monastery became the centre of Russian government in the district. In 1589 an expedition of Finnish farmers, led by Pekka Vesainen, came from the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia to the Arctic coast, burnt the monastery and massacred the monks. Last century the monastery and church were rebuilt by Russian monks

from the great monastery at Valamo, a group of islands on Ladoga, the largest lake in Europe.

In the centre of the meadow is the two-storied wooden monastery with accommodation for two hundred monks and lay brothers. There are now only thirty, and all are Russians. Beyond the monastery are the farm buildings, and in the left-hand corner, where the tributary turns north to join the Petsamo, is the church. A pathway of raised duck-boards, of use when the ground is covered with snow, leads from the monastery to the church. To the right of the meadow is an enormous mound of sand, and on the top a small chapel. That mound is a memento of days when men did penance for their sins. I know not what crime he had committed, but as a self-imposed penance a monk spent the remaining years of his life in carrying buckets of sand from a quarry some distance away to this place, so that when he died a great mound had been raised.

On the top of the Saviour's Hill is a hut built in 1918 for the use of a British gun's crew who lived there during that and the following year. The monastery was then the headquarters of the small British force guarding Petsamo, or Petchenga, as it was then called.

The facts about the British expedition to Murmansk in June 1918 are simple, but the strategy is complicated. March 1917 saw the Russian revolution, the collapse of the eastern front against Germany, and the transfer of German divisions from east to west. In March 1918 the Finnish Government sought aid from Germany to suppress the revolution of Red Finns and Russian soldiers. Early in April General von der Goltz landed at Hanko with his Baltic Division. The Civil War of Liberation ended on 26th May. Finland was now a sovereign state, and wished to extend her south-eastern frontier to the line fixed by the Stolbova Peace Treaty of 1617, when Finland was an integral part of the kingdom of Sweden. Thus she would regain from Russia

those districts of Carelia, in which the bulk of population is Finnish, surrendered by Sweden in the peace treaties of 1721 and 1745. Moreover, Finland also wanted the Petchenga district on the Arctic coast, which had formerly been ceded to her in the treaty of 1864 between Sweden and Russia, although the cession had never been made. All these desires for the revision of frontiers by force of arms were an expression of the intense nationalism now wide awake in Finland.

Thus in 1918 Britain was at war with Germany, Russia was Britain's ally, and Finland was preparing to attack the Russian territories of Petchenga and Carelia. In June 1918 the collapse of Germany in the autumn was unforeseen, and the strategic reasons for landing a British force at Murmansk are given by General Maynard,<sup>1</sup> who was in command. Had there been no intervention in Russia:—

(a) More German divisions would have been withdrawn from Russia and employed against the Allies in France.

(b) Germany, by drawing on the resources of Russia, could have annulled the effects of the naval blockade.

(c) North Russian ports would have been converted into German naval bases for submarines.

(d) The Allies would lose the chance of employing the Japanese army.

(e) The anti-German movement now beginning in Russia would achieve no tangible result.

"The expeditionary force was to consist of a meagre 600 men, almost all of whom would be of a physical category so low as to render them unfit for duty in France; whilst 400 Royal Marines, a few Royal Engineers, a battalion of Serbian infantry, and some French artillery would come under my command on arrival."<sup>2</sup> "At Kandalaksha were collected 500 scurvy-stricken Red Finns, who had been

<sup>1</sup> *The Murmansk Venture*, by Major-General Sir C. Maynard, p. 8. London.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 14.

driven out of their country by the Whites. Their tendencies were probably Bolshevik; but they would certainly be ready to oppose the White Finns, and perhaps the Germans."

Let us return to the British force at Petchenga in June 1918. From H.M.S. *Cochrane*, at anchor in the harbour of Liinahamari, 150 men had been landed. "On 28th September, whilst on a visit of inspection at Petchenga, I learnt from the garrison commander that his outposts near the Norwegian frontier had been driven in by Finnish troops, reported to be the advance guard of a large force. . . . *Cochrane's* wireless was therefore utilised to despatch an order for half the 11th Sussex Regiment and one machine-gun company to leave [Murmansk] for Petchenga."<sup>1</sup>

Why this defence of Petchenga? As a base either for submarines or for destroyers the natural harbour at Liinahamari, ice-free all the year, would be of great strategic value. Nevertheless, General Maynard writes, "The whole appearance of the bay and its surroundings filled me with a sense of deep relief. For it seemed to me impossible to believe that Germany would consider it worth her while to make any sustained attempt to obtain and hold a footing on its desolate shores. How could her gain compensate for the effort required? To capture Petchenga, and hold it after capture, needed the employment of military strength far beyond that of a mere Finn raid. It would mean the equipment and despatch of an organised force, with guns, engineering material, and an immense quantity of supplies, since none of the last could be obtained on the spot. What this would have entailed, with the nearest railhead [Rovaniemi] 250 miles away, and no roads available for other than the lightest of wheel transport, was fairly easy to calculate; and one hour's examination of the locality convinced me that von der Goltz would not waste men and material in a real

<sup>1</sup> *The Murmansk Venture*, by Major-General Sir C. Maynard, p. 108. London.

effort to establish himself at Petchenga. Had the place held out any attractions as a submarine base, I might have been left in some doubt. But to my mind it was inconceivable that such a base could have been established at that wild spot without years of toil and concentrated labour, which must include the construction of 250 miles of railway . . . if Germany were really bent on acquiring a North Russian base, she should and would concentrate against Murmansk. With Murmansk in her possession, Petchenga, if she desired it, was hers for the asking."<sup>1</sup> With that opinion, so far as 1918 is concerned, anyone who has been over the ground will agree. It was the Admiralty that insisted on the military defence of Petchenga.

As to the strength of the opposing forces, General Maynard writes, "Now, it had always appeared to me that von der Goltz's inaction up to the present [middle of August 1918] could be explained in part by an exaggerated impression of Allied strength. . . . Any such misapprehensions as he may have entertained, it was of course in my interest to foster."<sup>2</sup> "Not only, therefore, had the Murmansk force been instrumental in defeating German attempts to secure a footing on the North Russian seaboard, but it had succeeded in pinning down to Finland large numbers of German troops who could otherwise have been employed against the Allies elsewhere, at a time when the War's final issue was still shrouded in uncertainty."<sup>3</sup>

It is possible that von der Goltz was also fostering misapprehensions. According to General Maynard, "The strength of the German army was about 55,000, in addition to some 50,000 White Finns, who were acting under the orders of General von der Goltz, the German commander."<sup>4</sup>

In point of fact there were never more than 18,000 German troops in Finland. The man who sent them there was

<sup>1</sup> *The Murmansk Venture*, Major-General Sir C. Maynard, p. 67. London.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 90.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 111.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 13.

Ludendorff, the coolest strategist in Germany. He reasoned as follows: The Russian front had collapsed in the revolution of March 1917. Then came Kerensky and the Duma. For a time it was possible that the Russian front might be reconstructed. If the Allies wished to assist Russia their nearest way lay through Finland. Therefore he sent the troops under von der Goltz. These troops prevented the Allies reaching Russia via Finland. Secondly, if Russia resumed the offensive, these troops were in a position to attack Petrograd, and the fall of that city would increase the prestige of Germany.

After the Finnish War of Independence the German force attacked nobody. They remained as a garrison until the 7th December 1918. Ludendorff was indifferent to the Allied force at Murmansk, whence a single railway line, easily destroyed, led through hundreds of miles of forest to Petrograd. Mr. Bruce Lockhart writes:

"The consequences of this ill-conceived venture were to be disastrous both to our prestige and to the fortunes of those Russians who supported us. It raised hopes which could not be fulfilled. It intensified the civil war and sent thousands of Russians to their death. Indirectly, it was responsible for the Terror. Its direct effect was to provide the Bolsheviks with a cheap victory, to give them a new confidence, and to galvanise them into a strong and ruthless organism. To have intervened at all was a mistake. To have intervened with hopelessly inadequate forces was an example of spineless half-measures which, in the circumstances, amounted to a crime."<sup>1</sup>

One German regiment went as far north as Rovaniemi, and stayed there, 333 miles from the harbour of Liinahamari. From Rovaniemi a small volunteer force of 100 Finns, led

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of a British Agent*, R. H. Bruce Lockhart, pp. 311, 312. London, 1932.

by two doctors,<sup>1</sup> marched to Liinahamari. The expedition was approved by the Finnish military authorities, and its purpose was to annex Petchenga. On reaching Liinahamari they found H.M.S. *Cochrane*, and were repulsed by her guns. It is easy to be wise after events, but, nevertheless, it is interesting to see how the wheels went round twenty years ago.

In the Petchenga district there are two British war graves, those of Petty Officer Evans, of H.M.S. *Cochrane*, and of Private Black of the Essex Regiment. Both died from natural causes. At Alaluostari, where there are now barracks, the Finnish soldiers on Christmas Eve light candles on those graves.

In the monastery at Luostari all the monks are Russians. They also speak Finnish. The Superior, so I was told, spoke German, but none of them had French or English. The church is a fairly large wooden building with pointed red roof, having in front a square belfry tower surmounted by a bulbous wooden dome painted blue with a Russian cross on the top. At the other end of the roof is another blue bulbous dome with a cross. These bulbous domes are the Tartar corruption of the original Byzantine dome. The church looked neither beautiful nor ugly, but out of place in the Arctic. The door was locked, and from a small hut to which the duck-boards extended a brother came out to show me round. He was tall, bare-headed, with long black hair and beard, and dressed in a long-skirted black coat, secured at the waist with a belt. He wore black trousers and Russian boots.

The interior of the church is gaudy with gold and blue paint, and the pictures are also highly coloured. On each side of the chancel and facing the entrance is an altar, hidden from view by an iconostasis, which corresponds to the rood

<sup>1</sup> *History of War of Independence*, J. Hannula, p. 315. 2nd edition. Porvoo, 1934.



screen in some English churches, but is less open. During Mass the screens, hinged on pillars, are opened so that the congregation may see the Elevation. Otherwise the screens perpetuate the old Jewish custom of having the sanctuary, or holy of holies, hidden by a veil. The lay brother opened one of the screens to enable me to see the altar of Our Lady. I was about to enter, as one would in any Catholic church, when he barred the way with his arm and said, "Priest only." In answer I pointed to myself and said, "I am Catholic—Roman Catholic—Papist." At that he smiled, nodded, and allowed me on to the altar steps. This puzzled me, and I wondered whether the presence of a non-Catholic would defile the altar or if a Papist was too emancipated to be impressed by the secrecy. The high altar is also concealed by an iconostasis. To the right of the screen is the tomb of St. Trifon. On a lectern was a large leather-bound book, and the binding was decorated with what I took to be silver bas-relief. On running my finger over it I found that it was made of tin. In a loft in the tower below the bells he showed me their store of faded vestments, and before leaving the church I put an offering into a large iron chest.

Outside the church the brother beckoned me to follow him to the hut. It was a ramshackle affair of wood and corrugated iron. The door opened outwards and towards one at the end of the duck-boards, so that only one person could enter at once. Inside the hut a narrow passage, alongside of what I took to be store-rooms, led to an apartment which was not more than 8 feet square and 7 feet high. In the middle of the wall opposite the door was a small square window which looked towards the entrance of the church. Beside the wall on the right was a modern iron bedstead with bedding. On a small portable cupboard near the door was a pewter samovar. On the wall to the right of the window hung an ikon, so begrimed that I could not make out whom it represented, and in front of the ikon

was an open oil lamp. To the left of the window was a *prie-dieu*. There was a frowsty smell. The brother then pointed to himself and said, "Hermit."

At that moment the ghost of my old friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes appeared. I had seen all that the hermit had wished to show me, but Holmes insisted that I should note carefully what I had seen. There was a large flame in the lamp before the ikon, but no smoke rings on the white-papered ceiling a few feet above. Therefore the lamp had been newly lit for my benefit. The coverlet on the bed was as white as snow, whereas hermit was unwashed and his hair was tangled and greasy. Therefore hermit did not sleep in that bed, and the hut was arranged as a sight for tourists. "My dear Watson, you excel yourself, but the ceiling might have been newly papered, and a clean coverlet might be placed once a week on the bed. That is elementary. The case against our friend the hermit is proved by a padlock and chain."

"How?"

"There is neither latch nor bolt on the inner side of the door through which we entered, but on the outside is a heavy padlock and chain. Hermits may lock themselves in, but they are not locked up in their cells. You remember the case of the rural dean who . . ." and then Holmes disappeared.

On leaving the hermit's cell I walked along the narrow passage and let myself out. The hermit followed me to the door and I waited for a moment on the duck-boards to see if he would join me, but he remained inside. So I walked back along the duck-boards. As I was passing the end of the hut I heard from within a loud abdominal groan, "Ooooh-aaaah," and wondered if hermit had been taken ill. Then I remembered that I had not tipped him. "If ever you go back," said a Finn, "he will meet you and say, 'Have you not brought some schnapps for the poor monk?'" Hermit had been a sergeant in Kerensky's army.

These monks are harmless people, owning some property in the neighbourhood and working on their farm. They do not meddle in politics. Their congregation consists of the Koltta Lapps who live in the small village of Moscova, 3 miles 1 furlong to the west. The monks have never attempted to educate the Lapps. There is no school either at the monastery or at Moscova village. There is a smaller monastery belonging to the same order of monks at Alaluostari  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles farther north on the road to Liinahamari. When all these monks are dead the Government will either take over their monasteries or may give them to the Greek Orthodox Church in Finland. No more Russian monks will be allowed to come to the monasteries. In Parkino, a village at the upper end of the Petsamo estuary, there is a Greek Orthodox Church and a Finnish Carelian priest. There the children are educated at the State elementary school. Be it noted that I saw nothing of the Russian Orthodox Church save in Lapland, but no Church that neglects the religious and secular education of children can hope to survive the coming storm.

## CHAPTER XVII

### A GENERAL IN THE ARCTIC

THE bus arrived at Liinahamari at half-past five in the afternoon, and in the hotel the first to greet me was General Wallenius, who had heard from a friend in London about my visit. The General was a pleasant-looking man of middle age, clean-shaven, with iron-grey hair, keen grey-blue eyes that sometimes twinkled, and a friendly smile. He had a good head, and the occiput was almost vertical—a point more characteristic of the Germans than the Finns. Of only medium height, but broad in the shoulders, he carried himself erect. I had not been more than ten minutes in the hotel when we left for the pier, a mile away. Before leaving the hotel he put on a Finnish hat and a long grey overcoat of military cut. We were going out in a naphtha-driven Iceland cod-fishing boat to inspect the fishing-station at Nurmensätti, a bay to the west outside the Sound of Petsamo and 9 miles from the pier. The General was now general manager of the Petsamo Deep-Sea Fishing Company.

This was the man who at the age of twenty-three was made a Colonel of the 27th Prussian Jäger Battalion fighting on the German eastern front, who fought against the Reds in the Finnish War, and who commanded the Finnish forces during 1918 and 1919. In his early thirties he became a General and then Chief of the Staff. He had been wounded, so I was told by others, many times, and the inner half of his right hand was withered from a gunshot wound that had left a depressed scar. In 1930, when Chief of the General Staff, Wallenius believed that Communism might again endanger Finland, and that Stålberg, the Liberal candidate for the Presidency, had leanings towards Moscow. So a week before the presidential election in January 1931 Wallenius

ordered two of his junior officers to kidnap Stålberg and convey him by motor car across the Russian frontier. The disappearance of the Liberal candidate was discovered at once by his friends, a hue and cry was raised, and the car was stopped by the police within a few miles of the frontier. For that exploit Wallenius was dismissed from his post.

He then became leader of the White party, which leans towards Fascism. Most of the Whites are also members of the Civic Guard. This is a force of 100,000 men who voluntarily sacrifice their spare time for military exercises. Every Sunday from 2 to 8 p.m. I heard rifle fire echoing through the forests, a sign of the will of the Finnish nation to defend itself. Membership of the Civic Guard is open to "every Finnish man of good repute, whose loyalty to his country and its lawful organisation of society can be relied on." The Civic Guard is Finland's second and most easily mobilised military force. In addition to the standing conscript army—"For the defence of the country and of the lawful organisation of society every Finnish man is liable to conscription"—there is a skeleton Territorial organisation, consisting of 9 Provincial Army staffs and 30 District Army staffs. On the outbreak of war the Civic Guard would supply the Territorial organisation with the necessary cadres for its wartime units. The barracks of the Civic Guard are their homes, where each man has his uniform, rifle, ammunition, iron ration and skis. In the next war no ultimatum or declaration is expected. The call to arms will come by telegraph or by radio, and within a few hours 100,000 armed men will be skiing to the point of attack, where they will form into territorial units. No force could be more easily or rapidly mobilised, and the Civic Guards will be in the field before the standing army. There is also the "Lotta-Svärd," an association of 100,000 women to "awaken and strengthen the idea of the Civic Guard and assist the Civic Guard organisation to defend the faith, the home and the

country." This they do by moral suasion, and by assisting the medical, victualling, equipment and clerical staff.

General Wallenius had and has a considerable following among the Civic Guards, and in 1932, with the aid of certain detachments, he planned a *coup d'état*. By the premature action of a few supporters the rising occurred before plans were completed. In March a Socialist was lecturing in a public hall at Mäntsälä, 40 miles north of Helsinki. Suddenly the hall was raided by armed men, who overpowered the police and announced that unless the Government resigned they would march on the capital. The news was flashed through the country and the Civic Guards stood at arms. Wallenius, taken unaware by the premature outbreak, went post-haste to Mäntsälä, where he encamped with Civic Guards from the neighbourhood and awaited reinforcements. No reinforcements arrived. By reason of the mistake the radio was still in the hands of the Government. That night President Svinhufvud, who had stood against Stålberg in the previous election, spoke on the air, advising the nation to remain calm and appealing to the Civic Guards to respect the oath that each had taken to uphold the law. A single speech quelled a rebellion. The rebels dispersed and Wallenius surrendered. He was brought to trial and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. In recognition of his former services to the State he was released at the end of two months, was allowed to retain his rank, and was granted a pension commensurate with his age. I have read in a Norwegian newspaper and in an English weekly that he was exiled to Petsamo. That is inaccurate, because in Finnish law a sentence of exile is unknown. In point of fact, General Wallenius went to Petsamo as general manager of a fishing company.

The boards of the pier were greasy with fish oil. A pungent smell came from the factory alongside, where cod heads and small fish are dried and ground into cattle food.

On the lower part of the outer wall of the factory next the pier millions of bluebottles were crawling. Our fishing-boat, built on the lines of a small trawler, crossed the harbour and went down the Sound, a deep channel 5 miles long and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  broad, between bare precipitous hills over 300 feet high and of basalt rock, the oldest rocks of the earth. Half-way to the sea there is a rock in the centre of the channel, from which in 1918 booms and submarine nets extended to either shore when H.M.S. *Cochrane* was at anchor in the harbour. The value of the place as a base for submarines or destroyers was obvious. From the ocean the entrance is concealed, and often on the incoming tide a localised sea-mist creeps up the Sound like a smoke-screen.

Nurmensätti is a small sheltered bay on a narrow peninsula to the west. It was low water and our small ship anchored in the centre of the bay. On the peninsula were a pier, a few sheds, huts and long screens for drying fish. We went ashore in a dinghy and climbed a step-ladder, greasy with fish offal thrown from the pier and intended for the sea. On the pier a Finn was weighing codfish in lots of 50 kilos, which averaged twenty-two fish. The cod were then gutted and beheaded—heads thrown into one barrel, livers into another, entrails into the sea, and the cleaned fish wheeled away in barrows. From the end of the pier, where the Lapp fishing-boats came alongside, the newly caught fish were being wheeled in barrows and dumped in heaps beside the weighing machine.

Whilst I was there ten small open boats, deep in the water, came in under sail. The boats are owned and manned by Koltta Lapps, who sell their fish to the company, and live in huts on the peninsula during the fishing season from the end of April to the 1st of June. For this fishing no bait is used. A weighted hook at the end of a line is dropped amongst the shoal and the fish pulled on board. These shoals are sometimes so dense that the uppermost fish are

pushed out of the sea. That evening three men in one boat had 1000 kilos of cod for one day's fishing. For the ungutted fish 1 mark ( $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ ) per kilo is paid, and between them the three men would have 1000 marks (£4, 8s. 10d.). Additional payments of 1.40 marks ( $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) per kilo for the livers, and of 30 marks (2s. 8d.) per thousand heads are also made. Nets are used for catching smaller fish that are bought by the company and sent to the meal factory. This fishing season is short, and for many of these Koltta Lapps is the only opportunity of earning money.

On the peninsula between the bay and a ridge of rugged rocks that give shelter against western gales, there is a long stretch of grass on the sandy soil. Here the drying screens are erected — long horizontal birch poles supported on posts. Finnish girls hang the fish on the poles, and there were 200,000 kilos of drying fish. Last season 250 tons of dried cod were sent to Finland. Cod for the national dish at Christmas is boned before being dried. Dried ling is exported to Italy and Spain; and dried sesh to Africa. Large cods' heads, to be fed to cows in winter, were drying on stakes, and the smaller heads are sent wet to the meal factory. The gulls left all this food alone, as they could get fresh fish from the sea. At the far end of the links is the chapel, a small turf hut, in which a raised plank makes an altar, to which a small locked iron box was screwed. The box presumably contained the chalice. Once every season one of the Russian monks comes from Luostari to say Mass. Amongst the sand-hills near the rocky ridge is a burial-ground for Koltta Lapps who had died on the peninsula. The graves were unfenced and mostly unmarked. Over some was a rude cross of packing-case wood, and over others a broken oar or part of a boat.

During intervals in his inspection the General, with a book in his hand, walked beside me up and down the links. The book was a Finnish-English Dictionary in which



he found any words he wanted. It was some years, he said, since he had spoken English. Towards ten o'clock a Lapp rowed us in the dinghy to the mouth of a burn at the end of a small valley opening on the bay. We walked a short distance up the valley to a well-built hut belonging to the hotel. The sun was now setting behind the ridge of rocks on the peninsula, and the brilliant colours reminded me of tropical sunsets over the bare volcanic hills of the Cape Verde Islands. This sunset lasted far longer, and we watched it in silence until black contours stood out against a deep band of violet light.

"There are only three colours," said Wallenius, "the colours of the sea—green, yellow and violet."

Knowing that he was an artist I let it go at that, because the last time I had mentioned colours to an artist the man had talked for forty minutes, and at the end of his lecture I was none the wiser. Wallenius is also a writer and has published a book of short stories full of character and drama.

In the hut were two bunks with bedding, a table, chairs, open hearth, firewood and cooking utensils. Summer visitors sometimes walk over the hills to fish in the bay. The Lapp lit a fire and made coffee. I asked about the war in 1918.

"I was on the North Carelian frontier," said Wallenius, "with 500 White Finns. We were faced by a force consisting of British troops, Russians, and Red Finns. There I had the pleasure of meeting some of the English. We had no quarrel with England, and I was glad one afternoon when an English Colonel, Captain, and Lieutenant called at my headquarters. I told my servant to fetch whisky and soda. But your English Colonel was *très correct*. 'Thank you, General, but not for us. It is not customary to drink with the enemy in time of war.'

"'But is it customary to call on the enemy in time of war?' and I told my servant to bring port and four glasses.

"'Not for us, General,' said the Colonel.

"'One moment, Colonel. In the first place, you are my

guests, and, in the second place, I think you will drink the wine when it arrives.' The servant brought the wine, and I filled the four glasses. Then I rose, raised my glass, and said, 'Gentlemen, I drink to the King of England. May God bless him!' So they had to drink the toast. What did they want? I don't know, and I don't know what you English were doing in Murmansk. You were there with French, Czechs and Russians. I don't think you knew what you were doing."

"We were supposed to be helping the White Russians."

"Indeed. Were we now in Helsinki I could show you a telegram that I intercepted. A telegram from Lord Curzon to the Red leader in northern Russia. Red Finns driven out of Finland also joined General Maynard's force. He had a lot of our Reds. One of them got a commission. When the Murmansk force was withdrawn in October 1919 that man dared not return to Finland, where he had been sentenced to death. So the British Government paid his fare to Canada and settled him on a farm. I hope he has settled," and Wallenius laughed.

"And what of the future?"

"War within two or three years. Up here the Russian frontier is closely guarded, but south of Petsamo is a long frontier across wild country. The Lapps on this side are quite friendly with their neighbours in Russia. We know that there is a certain amount of friendly intercourse. Anyone who wants to know what is happening on the Russian side can find out quite a lot from our Lapps. The Russians have a series of flying grounds along the Finnish border, and the flying strength there now is very impressive. The extent of their activities leaves nothing to be desired.

"Throughout Scandinavia there is a Communist movement at work. Here the important thing is that Finland and Norway should work together for a common front against a common enemy. It should be Scandinavia, and not each land for itself. If Valencia wins there will be revolution in France.

At this moment conditions in France are very uncertain. As I say, within two or three years there will be war in Europe, and possibly throughout the world, between two systems of government—and one of these is Bolshevism. The nations who wish to remain neutral will go under.”

Those views are unpopular in Britain and America, but that does not prove them to be wrong. It seems as though humanity was at the beginning of an evolutionary struggle to found a new environment. The nature of that environment will depend, under God or the Devil, on those who make it. The trend of world thought and events demands recognition, which means more than consideration, by all—from the Prime Minister to the boy who cleans the boots in the Savoy Hotel, “Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die.”

At midnight we left the hut, and on the Iceland fishing-boat was a deck cargo of barrels full of cods’ livers. For our personal use the General brought back to the hotel a bagful of cods’ tongues, which when boiled are a great delicacy.

Next day I returned to the Iceland fishing-boat and went to Maattivuono, a sheltered bay to the east of the Sound. Here oil was extracted from the cods’ livers. In a two-storied factory the livers were placed in a cylindrical wooden tun which reached from the ground to the second floor. Steam under pressure was led into the foot of the tun, and became condensed into boiling water on which the oil floated. After a time the layer of oil had risen to the level of the second floor, where it was run off into barrels. It was the crude cod-liver oil and tasted fishy. At this fishing-station I saw on the drying poles  $1\frac{1}{2}$  million fish, whose weight when wet had been 220,000 kilos. Here also was a dog of which all the men were proud. It was a film dog, and had acted for the screen. Indeed, it was anxious to repeat its performance by standing up, placing its forepaws on my shoulders, and showing an open mouth of gleaming teeth. The animal was a wolfhound, whose ears had been cut down

so that on the screen it passed for a wolf. The scenes of the film had been shot in the vicinity, and the film producer on leaving had presented the dog to the fishing-station.

My longest excursion was in a small steamer of 120 tons to the Russian frontier at Vaitolahti on the Arctic Ocean. The steamer was 98 feet long, 16 feet beam, and drew  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet. As the cargo was coming aboard on a derrick I heard the Finnish mate shout to the men on the pier, "Let go!" and realised that this English phrase is used by all races in all seaports.

The captain, a pleasant, good-looking Finn in his early thirties, spoke excellent English and made me free of the bridge and the chart-room, in which he slept. "If a man has to live in Liinahamari," he said, "it generally means that he has a past. This is the place where the bad boys come," and then he added, "I was divorced."

"Is that all? I expected murder, and surely divorce is not uncommon in Finland?"

"No, but it's not so usual here as in Hollywood."

"Does anyone take Hollywood as a standard of anything?"

"In my case I think it was her fault. She refused to have children, and I wanted children. Anyway, this is my last trip in this damned ship and I'm going back to Helsinki."

"What's the matter with the ship?"

"If you'd known beforehand, perhaps you wouldn't have come. There's a hole in the stem as big as your head. That's not so bad, because it's been filled up with concrete, but the plates are loose and she leaks like a sieve. They wanted me to take her next winter to Iceland. By God, to Iceland. I told them that I was still young and had no wish to die."

"But what about the survey?"

"There's one survey for passenger ships and another for things like this."

On the way north I saw to westward the Heinna Islands, where thousands of seabirds nest in spring, and we called at Pummanki and at Kervanto, two small settlements on the

Finnish coast. There were no piers, and the Lapps came out in boats for their cargo.

The only other passenger was a German journalist from Berlin. He was a young man who had travelled far and spoke good English. He knew the ropes of travelling. On one steamer he had gone from Panama to Japan via the South Sea Islands for £20. He had been with sealers to Greenland and Bear Island. "I could not watch them killing the seals. Poor harmless beasts. You see, they skin them before they are dead. It made me sick. I never looked at it again. The men must get used to it. They are not by nature cruel and they are not cowards. I saw one of them jump overboard in a rough and icy cold sea to save a dog. Have you ever seen seals killed?"

"No, and I don't want to see it, but I would like some women to see it—the ones who wear seal skins and attend anti-vivisection meetings."

"So."

The German and I became friendly, after he had ceased to regard me as a tutorial class and to use the word "yes" as an affirmative interrogation, equivalent to the French *n'est-ce pas?* at the end of every sentence. Thus, "I have been to the West Indies and there you meet Creoles. They are of European stock with a little negro blood, less than an octoroon. Yes? Yes?"

"No, no, they have no negro blood."

"But yes, yes, they have."

"No, no, they have not. It is a common error about which people in the West Indies are rather sensitive. A Creole is a person of pure European stock, possibly Aryan, born in the West Indies. Believe me, that is the truth, and you can verify it in an encyclopaedia."

"So."

And again, "Most of the dried fish from here goes to Spain. It shows how religion influences commerce. Their confession makes them eat fish on Fridays. Yes? Yes?"

"No, no. I have lived in Spain. It is the only Catholic country in Europe that was dispensed by Rome, to commemorate the conquest of the Moors, from eating fish on Fridays. The eating of fish is due to scarcity of beef."

"So."

He was a pleasant fellow and I envied his modern camera, which was much better than my old pre-war apparatus. This was his second visit to Liinahamari. He had been here five years ago, and now found little change. On his last trip to Vaitolahti one of the passengers was a German-Swiss who boasted of being a Communist. He alone would be able to cross the narrow bridge at the frontier without a passport. Nor did he speak Russian. In this great brotherhood it would be enough to make the sign of the Hammer. At Vaitolahti his fellow-passengers, from a safe distance, watched him crossing the frontier, making the sign of the Hammer to the guards, and being arrested. The ship sailed without him.

In the late afternoon we reached Vaitolahti in the centre of a bay open to the north and surrounded by flat country with bleak treeless moorlands to the south. A mole marks the frontier. On the Finnish side are some thirty scattered fair-sized houses, a school, and post office from which the telegraph goes to Helsinki. Cod-fishing is the staple industry. Across a small rivulet and above the beach is the Russian guard-house, from which a telegraph line goes to Moscow. On the Russian side there are no houses. After the frontier was defined by treaty in 1920, all the houses on the Russian side were pulled down and the scanty populace, mostly Finnish, was moved eastwards.

The ship's cook was one of those who, in his late teens, had been moved, and it had taken him eight years to make his way back to Finland. This possibly explained his physical and mental condition. He was a lean, anaemic, cadaverous looking fellow, who feared consumption. At

the captain's request I examined him, and reported that his lungs were all right.

"I wish you could say that he was all right in the head."

"Is he peculiar?"

"Well, a month ago I was taking the ship out of here in rather a rough sea, when this cook appeared on the bridge and said, 'Dear brother, do you think it is kind to take us out to sea in so great a storm?'"

Many would like to know what is happening behind the Russian frontier, and from the wolves something may be learnt. Twenty years ago there were few wolves in Finland or in Norwegian Lapland. Now there are wolves in Carelia, and a few winters ago a child was eaten within fifty yards of its home. In the north thousands of wolves have crossed from Russia as far as Norwegian Lapland. The staple food of the wolves is reindeer, and the exodus means that in Russia reindeer are getting scarce. The inference is that there is a shortage of food and that too many reindeer are being slaughtered either by the Russian Lapps or by the Government.

That night I slept aft in the small cabin where meals were served. The cabin was a horseshoe in shape, as also was the table and the settee around it. On each side in a recess above the settee was a bunk, screened by a curtain hooked on rings to a rod. The bunk to the left of the door as one entered belonged to the second engineer, and that on the right to the cook. To-night the cook gave me his bunk and slept on the curved end of the settee. On the settee below my bunk lay the German, and below the engineer's bunk the stewardess, aged about thirty. The skylights were closed, the swinging paraffin lamp over the table was extinguished, and five people had retired for the night.

It was daylight when I awoke, pulled back the curtain, and looked out of my bunk. An alarm clock in the midst of last night's supper dishes on the table showed the time as 5 a.m.

All the others were asleep. It would be most inconsiderate to disturb them by getting up. Also it would be impossible to get out of the bunk without stepping on the German asleep on the settee below. A German or anyone else might resent being stepped upon. Then there was a stiffness in my right hip, and I turned on my back to consider this symptom. Was it a sign of age? Most assuredly not. The same stiffness had been there before the war whenever I slept aboard my three-ton S.Y. *Adria*. A stiff and possibly damp mattress was the explanation. In Victorian times schoolgirls had to lie for an hour a day on a hard board to improve their posture. One should also sympathise with prisoners. Did prisoners have spring mattresses? Difficult to remember, and I turned over on my left side and slept.

The alarm clock rang at 7.30, and again I looked out. Cook rose, made his way to the sleeping stewardess and said softly, "Kello puoli kahdeksan" (half-past seven). The woman slept like a log. He touched her gently on the shoulder. She stirred, opened her eyes, and for a moment her face showed a look of puzzled indignation. Then she got up and went out. I also got up and descended from my bunk by getting my feet on the edge of the settee clear of the German. On deck I opened the skylights as far as they would go to clear the cabin of a truly appalling fug. The German and engineer came on deck, and the ship was alive. Breakfast was the remains of our supper with fresh coffee, and the German remained on deck. "I could not possibly eat food that has lain all night in that atmosphere. This is worse than the sealing ships." Then steam was raised, and we chugged back to Liinahamari.

At the hotel, among the interesting people I met, was a silent American, who came off the evening bus. In the lounge after dinner I spoke to him and learnt that he was returning south by the seven o'clock bus in the morning.



It was certainly a flying visit. Thinking he might like to see something of the place, I said, "There's not much to see, but if you walk along the road by the shore for a mile you will see a fish meal factory."

"Thanks, but I'm in the linen trade, and I've seen all I want to see through the windows of this hotel."

"It's a very rude question, but what brought you here?"

"A bet. A fellow in Philadelphia bet me two dollars I'd never see the Arctic Ocean. I was at Tampere on business and came north. I left my wife at Rovaniemi, because she's expecting a baby in September, and came on here by myself. Now I've seen the Arctic Ocean and won the bet." He seemed so happy about this bet that I refrained from telling him that he had not seen the Arctic Ocean, but only the Sound of Petsamo. At this hotel I listened on the wireless to the Coronation Service in Westminster Abbey.

For a haircut I had to go to Parkino,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles south, where a shack bore the sign "Parturi." On the steps a Finnish girl was seated knitting, and she led the way into a sitting-room with a dressing-table and mirror, in front of which I sat. On a clean towel she set a spirit lamp, and in its flame sterilised scissors, comb, clippers and wire hairbrush. Moreover, she gave me a good haircut and charged  $7\frac{1}{2}d$ .

On entering the hotel breakfast-room one morning I was astonished to see the tables, usually mostly vacant at this season, occupied by officers in uniform. My own table was vacant, as also was a table set for four. A moment later General Wallenius, in uniform, with a white band round the right arm and a blaze of medals on the left breast, entered the room followed by three staff officers. We all stood at attention as the General crossed to his table, where he bowed and beckoned us to be seated. For a wild moment I wondered if there was to be another march on the capital. Then I remembered. The day was the 16th May, the anniversary of the entry of the White troops into Helsinki in 1918.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### MY FRIEND NILS

NILS was a Swede, aged twenty-five, well-built, clean-shaven, dark-haired and good-looking. On the evening of 1st June he arrived on his motor-cycle at the Ylaluostari Inn, where I was staying in the hope of getting salmon in the Petsamo. He was on his fortnight's annual holiday, had entered Finland at Tornio, gone south, east and then north to Liinahamari, and was now on the way back to Stockholm. It was Tuesday. On the following three nights he would stop at Ivalo, Rovaniemi and Tornio, and be back at Stockholm on Saturday night to resume work with an engineering firm on the Monday morning. He found me adjusting fishing tackle in the parlour of the inn, and I commented on his good English.

"Oh no, it is only school English, and I have never been to England. You go fishing?"

"Yes, to-morrow I'll fish near a pool called the Salmon's Castle, and then walk up the river  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles south-west of the monastery to a hut where I'll stay the night and come back next day. It's  $9\frac{3}{4}$  miles from here, and I don't want to leave without seeing it."

"I have never fished in a river, and wish that I could come and see you fish."

"Come by all means. I'll be glad of company."

"I must think. It would mean leaving here on Thursday afternoon, but if I went on through the night to Rovaniemi I could be at Stockholm on Sunday evening. Yes, I thank you. I will go with you."

At ten next morning we made a start, carrying a rucksack and a fishing-bag, thermos flasks of coffee, a bottle of milk, waterproofs, my fishing tackle and pre-war Kodak.

At the end of the meadow around the monastery a good straight sandy road ascends a short hill and leads to Moscovia village over three miles to the south-west. A third of a mile from the monastery a path branches off to the left and leads down a steep hill to the river and the pool called Lohilinna or the Salmon's Castle, a mile from the sandy road. Here on a stretch of level sward, where workmen were erecting a new fishing hostel between the river's bank and the forest of small birch trees, I set up my nine-foot trout rod.

As I pulled the butt piece out of the cover, Nils remarked, "That is a very small stick with which to fish," and when the second piece appeared he said, "That makes the stick longer." These remarks irritated me, and when the rod was on the turf he was walking so dangerously near the top piece that I suggested he should go to the half-finished hostel and light a fire in the sitting-room, where we would eat our lunch, as it was bitterly cold outside. Off he went, and I felt ashamed of my complex in setting up a rod—but as a child it was my custom to wander aimlessly round any rod laid on the ground until sometimes I stepped on the point and broke it. To-day a child who did that would probably be psycho-analysed, whereas my relatives had only shouted.

For half an hour I fished without success in a run above the pool. I had wading boots from which the waders came up to the thighs, and was able to go into the stream. Until I fished the Petsamo I had never spun a Devon, and a trout rod is not the best for spinning. Two nights ago I had fished without success from eight to ten in the Salmon's Castle. Sunshine lit the new green of the birch forest on the farther bank, and snowflakes were falling to melt on the ground or in the black swirling water—

"Or like a snowflake on a river,  
One moment white, then gone for ever."

For the Petsamo the strongest tackle is required—steel traces or twisted Norwegian gut—as the bottom is very

rocky and in the deep pools there may be waterlogged trees carried down the river during spates. After the thaw in spring the water is muddy with the clay released by landslides, and the salmon do not begin to take until the water has cleared. Salmon fishing is legal from the 1st of May to the end of August, and most fish are got in June and July. Fishing rights belong to the State, and a licence costs 2s. 3d. a day, or £2, 4s. 6d. for the season. Salmon flies—Silver Doctor, Silver Jock Scott, Silver King, Silver Lion, Dusty Miller, Black Prince and Mar Lodge—should be sizes 6/0 and 5/0, but salmon do not take the fly until a small white flower has appeared in the woods, usually about the 24th of June.

After lunch we went downstream to a long gravel beach. At the end of the beach the Sheep's River joins the Petsamo in a deep pool whose eastern bank is a sheer precipice of clay. On the beach I gave the rod to Nils for half an hour, and sat in the bushes to watch him fishing. He had leather, watertight motor-cycling boots that reached to the knees, and was able to go a little way into the stream. Within five minutes he was throwing the Devon farther and checking the free-running reel with the edge of his hand much more skilfully than I had been able to do. Yet he caught nothing, and I took the rod to fish the lower half of the run. After the second cast there came a pull and the trout rod was alive. Yet I knew it was not a salmon. Seeing the rod bent, Nils came running along the gravel with the gaff, "Shall I wade in and gaff the salmon?"

"No, no, it's only a trout, and I ought to have brought the landing net." I was glad none of the local salmon fishers were about to see Nils running with the gaff. It was a pound trout, and after playing him I pulled him ashore over the stones. In this I was fortunate, because on the beach he got free of the hook, and Nils caught him before he was back in the river.

"And how do I kill?" asked Nils.

"Knock him on the head with a stone."

I put the fish at the bottom of my fishing-bag. Fresh trout makes an excellent supper, especially if you have caught it yourself—but supper would be late. It was now 2 p.m., and I had planned to be at the hut by six so that I could fish the river below the Ylä waterfall in the evening. We returned to the path that leads from the Salmon's Castle to the sandy road on the plateau. To reach the road meant retracing our steps for a mile, and when we reached the road Moscova village would be 2 miles  $6\frac{1}{2}$  furlongs farther on. In fact, our walk had scarcely begun.

Nils now produced a compass mounted on a celluloid map case, in which he had placed a sketch-map to scale of the Petsamo, the pools, rapids and paths. On the compass was a movable pointer. Having adjusted the compass so that north corresponded with north on the map, the pointer could be set in the direction where one wished to go. As long as you went in the direction of the pointer, with the needle of the compass pointing north, you could not lose your way in a forest. "In Sweden we do long distance running through the forests with a map and this special compass. There is an interval of ten minutes between each runner, and you cannot see which way the man in front has gone. I am very good at this kind of running. While you were fishing I study the map.

"From here it is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  kilometres back to the Moscova road. When we get to road we are  $4\frac{1}{2}$  kilometres from Moscova. That is a walk of 6 kilometres to Moscova. Now if instead we go through this forest due west for 1 kilometre, we come out on the Moscova road 3 kilometres from the village, a saving of 2 kilometres. At the marching pace of the Swedish army we will be on the Moscova road in twelve minutes."

"Well, I'm not the Swedish army, but let's try it." After

all Nils had not caught a fish, was giving up a day and a half of a short holiday, and was anxious to show me what his compass could do. He led the way into the birch forest, and soon we were pushing our way uphill through dense undergrowth. Nobody seemed to have been in that wood before us. At the end of ten minutes we were on the top of a ridge overlooking what appeared to be a large uncultivated meadow. I sat down to gain breath, and then we began to cross the meadow. It was not a meadow, but a swamp, and Nils turned south-west as the quickest way out of it on to another ridge of birch trees. I was almost off the marsh when my right leg went down to the middle of the thigh in mud. I took hold of the root of a tree on the bank and pulled. For a moment I wondered if one wader would have to be left behind, but by moving my foot I got wader and leg out of the mud. On the top of the ridge we had a rest. In front was another open space that looked like a meadow, and a smaller one to the right. I looked at the map, on which were twelve different kinds of shading with a key to what they represented. The meadow to the right was shaded the same as the morass behind, and was therefore a swamp. The meadow in front had a different shading.

"What is that?" I asked Nils, "the key says it's a 'Nevat ja metsäätuotta mattomat rameet.' What a language!"

"I do not know, but I will try to find out from my pocket dictionary. It is only Swedish-Finnish, because the second volume was sold out. I shall have to guess what it is in Swedish and then look up the Finnish words." Then in a few minutes, "I have found it. It is a dried lake."

"Well, let's hope it's properly dried," and on we went across the dried lake and over moorland with sparse birch trees, until I heard the sound of rapids. "Stop. With all respect to your compass, I think we've been following the river. These rapids that you can hear are half-way to Moscova."

"I have come south-west to keep out of swamps. Would you like to fish in the rapids?"

"No, I would not like to fish in the rapids. I want to find the road."

"I think perhaps the road will be at the top of this hill on our right. I will run to the top of the hill and if the road is there I will shout. It will save you coming up the hill if the road is not there."

"No, the road must be there. We will both go up the hill. If we keep going west it is impossible to miss the road."

"That is so, and if we did miss the road we could not get lost, because we would come to the Naam River."

"Come to the what?"

"The Naam River that flows north-east."

"Oh yes, and if we missed that we would come to the Great Arctic Highway, and if we missed that we would come to Norway."

"I think we will find the road at the top of the hill," and he led the way. A hundred yards beyond the crest of the plateau was the straight sandy road to Moscovia. From the Salmon's Castle to the place where we found the road was 1 mile and 3 furlongs by our short cut. Had we kept to the path and the road the distance would have been  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The short cut saved us 1 mile and 1 furlong, and lost us sixty-five minutes. We had been two hours on the short cut, and the following afternoon I walked the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from this point on the road to the Salmon's Castle via the path in fifty-five minutes.

We were now 1 mile and 3 furlongs from the village, and began to realise that neither motor boots nor wading boots, even with the waders rolled down to the knees, were the best footgear for a walk. At the village were nine scattered small shacks, and we entered the newest to get cups of coffee. An old Koltta Lapp and his wife were in the kitchen-living-room, where she gave us coffee. They seemed to be poor,

because the man rolled shag tobacco in newspaper to make a cigarette. Their only son was away working in the Nickel mine at Lake Salmi, and his wife was not in the house. I had heard she was very good-looking, and that when asked if she was a Lapp would reply, "No, I am an English miss." She was proud of her unknown father in the Essex Regiment. And why not? In England the *baton sinister* is flaunted on many coats-of-arms. In the kitchen I said to Nils, "It's not charity, but this trout is heavy, and I was thinking of leaving it with the Lapps."

"No, please do not leave it. I would like to eat trout for my supper. After the village we will repack your fishing-bag and my rucksack." This we did, having first compared their weights, and mine was the heavier by reason of the fish and my camera. We also exchanged burdens, and the rucksack I got from Nils had a steel harness which made it easier to carry. Beyond the village there was a good path and the ground was level, until at the end of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles we came to the Puska River, where there was a ford and a high bank on the other side. I crossed first so that Nils could watch my waders to know if he could manage the crossing in his leather boots. He got across with dry feet, and from the top of the bank on the other side we saw a house and a boat where the Puska joined the Petsamo. We might have crossed in the ferry. That was the last house on the Petsamo and the upper reaches are uninhabited.

The next landmark was Lake Vapo on the right, and then a small round lake. From neither of these lakes was there any outlet. The path now led through virgin forest carpeted with heath and reindeer moss. In those forests birch trees have grown, died and fallen since the Age of Ice. Here and there was a solitary pine. How came they to be here, so far north of the pine line? "The cones," said Nils, "must have been blown here in a great gale from the south." On what resembled the bed of a dried-up stream between high banks,



long grasses lay flat on the ground and pointing in our direction. "When the snows melt," said Nils, "this must be a torrent in which last year's grass is swept flat." Farther on was a pit to the right of the path. Nils wondered what it was, and I was glad to be able to contribute something to our general knowledge. "A good thing it's not covered." From the bottom a pointed stake projected. It was a bear-trap. So we took the opportunity of sitting down to discuss bears. Indeed, on this walk we tacitly welcomed every reasonable opportunity of sitting down to discuss points of interest on the way, so footsore were we both. Nils showed me how to sit with legs outstretched on the ground and by leaning against a bank to ease the weight of the rucksack. During these halts we consumed all the coffee in the thermos flasks, and smoked many cigarettes.

The path ascended a short incline of not more than 20 feet, but from the top was a view of miles of green forest behind us and on either side, and of the Petsamo winding its tortuous course through the wilderness to the Saviour's Hill in the north-west. In the higher plateaux was more virgin forest until we came to a small stream running across the track. Within twenty yards of this stream we both stopped at the sight of a ghost among the green trees. It was the ghost of a tall pine. All the bark and most of the branches had gone. The trunk was of a blue-grey colour. Death had come to the tree a long time ago, and yet no gale had thrown it to rest on the earth.

Beyond the stream the path, hitherto on firm sandy soil, ascends over the spur of a rocky hill, and for the next and last 5 furlongs we were walking over large stones and boulders between birch trees. On the other side of the ridge we came out of the wood, and 20 yards away was the hut at the end of a broad ledge of rocky ground, with patches of grass, 30 feet above the river. At the back of the ledge and fed by springs is a natural pond from which a rivulet flows to the

river. There was no wind and the surface of the pond mirrored the rocks, heath and birch trees on the steep hillside. Behind the hut is the steep western half of Engels-part Hill, through which the Petsamo flows in a gorge to the Ylä Falls at the top of the pool below the ledge. On the other side of the river is birch forest and high hills. The time was 10 p.m. and the sun had not yet set. "It was worth the walk," I said, and Nils replied, "This is most beautiful."

We unlocked the door and outer shutters on the window of the hut, which belonged to the hotel. It was an excellent hut, 12 foot square, with four bunks, mattresses and blankets, a raised open hearth, dry birch logs, an axe, saw, cooking utensils, cups, saucers, plates, spoons, knives, forks and towels. Table and chairs were there, and on a shelf tins of coffee, sugar, salt and fish gelatine for clearing coffee, that had been left by former visitors. Why mention all these trivial things? Because things are not trivial when, instead of the rough conditions that you expected, you find comfortable surroundings. Nils lit a roaring fire, fetched a bucket of water from the pool by the steep rocky bank, and made coffee in a kettle. I took the trout to the rivulet flowing from the pond and there cleaned it. In the hut I put it in a pot of salted water to boil for twenty minutes. As soon as the water began to boil a great deal of foam came to the surface, and Nils remarked, "Does not the hostess usually scrape fish before putting it in pot?"

"I don't know what hostesses do, but the fish was properly cleaned." It made good eating. With the eggs, sandwiches of cheese, reindeer meat, and jam that we had brought from the hotel, there was enough food in the hut to last a couple of days.

After supper we looked to our feet. Nils had a blister on his right heel, where his stocking had worn through. I was wearing two pairs of stockings and offered him one, but the offer was useless, because on getting the waders off,

with some difficulty, I found that my outer stockings were also holed in the heels. So Nils bandaged his blister with a piece of calico sterilised in boiling water. He then put our mattresses and blankets to air in front of the fire. At eleven we made more coffee and talked till one o'clock, when the sun was rising over the Cigay Hills in the south-east. Then to our bunks. "Shall I lock the door?" asked Nils.

"Perhaps you'd better, although the only thing that might come in is a bear."

"Do you carry a pistol?"

"No, do you?"

"No, I do not carry pistols."

Then I told him of the aged American financier who had spent the night in this hut some years ago, and in the early morning had seen through the window a bear gathering berries on the opposite bank of the river. Back in the hotel he had told them that this was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen. "Good night, Nils."

"Good night. This has been a wonderful day and I shall remember my holiday in Finland. The Finns are a very happy people. All I say to them is 'Hyvää.' ("Good," the Y pronounced like eu in French, and the ää short.) Hyvää, hyvää! It sounds like a battle-cry," and he went to sleep.

At 4 a.m. I awoke. There was a great noise, and I wondered if a gale was blowing. It was only the sound of the waterfall. I got up for three hours' fishing. Before leaving the hut I brought a bucket of water from the river, and appreciated the steep stony bank on which some of the water got spilt. Then I put wood on the red ashes of the fire, and made coffee, but forgot to throw out the old grounds. I woke Nils and gave him a cup in his bunk. "Is the coffee 'hyvää'?" He sipped it. "I think it is ten minutes to 'hyvää.' I shall get up at six and come to see you fish."

At seven, having caught nothing, I returned to the hut. No smoke ascended from the chimney and Nils had to be

wakened again. After breakfast we washed the dishes, stored the bedding, swept and locked the hut.

On the way back we stopped to look at many things in the forest. Here and there old uprooted birch trees, bleached white, and their branches twisted like a petrified octopus, lay on the ground. Some living birch trees had what Nils called "swamps" growing on the trunk. He knocked one off with a large stone, for they are firmly adherent. It was a semicircular fungus, as hard as the wood on which it grows, and the outer surface was white like the bark of the tree. In another place he picked up a "dried ground swamp," a hollow ball about the size of a golf ball and containing seeds in the form of brown dust, which he said was poisonous. In England the ball is sometimes called the Devil's Puff Box.

In a glade carpeted by reindeer moss we sat on the trunk of a fallen tree. In colour the old moss was grey-blue, and the new pale green-grey. Sunshine lit the edge of a thick cluster of birch trees at the end of the glade, so that their stems and branches seemed interwoven against a screen of shimmering green. Here no poet could have sighed, "Oh, for that greener green." Birds were singing in the forest, and high overhead in the blue sky a hawk was hovering. From the west came the call of the cuckoo, and Nils said it was a good omen:—

"The west cuckoo is the best cuckoo ;  
The east cuckoo is a hopeful cuckoo ;  
The south cuckoo is a dead cuckoo ;  
The north cuckoo is a trouble-bringing cuckoo."

I asked him where he had learnt all his forest lore and other useful knowledge.

"In the Boy Scouts, and I think that your General Baden-Powell should have one of the Nobel Prizes."

"So do I, and which of the prizes should he have?"

"For Peace."

At the place where the path went down a short hill we heard a great rushing sound. The air was still and warm. For a moment I thought of some new kind of aeroplane. Then Nils said, "Look over there," and two miles away to the north the tops of the trees were bowed before a wind that was coming our way. We went down the short incline of not more than 20 feet, but at the foot the air was cold. In this district the climate varies even in places not far apart. Spring had come to the valley of the Petsamo. Here all trees and shrubs were in leaf except the aspen, whose olive-green boughs were bare. Yet only 10 miles away in the north-east, on the wind-swept moors around Lake Maaj, the birch trees were in bud, but not in leaf.

At Moscova village we gave what remained of our sandwiches to some Lapp children, and on the straight, sandy road beyond the village Nils and I said good-bye. Even with a blistered heel he was the faster walker, and my wading boots retarded me. He offered to wait, but I pointed out that it was now one o'clock, that he needed every hour for his motor-cycle journey to Stockholm, and that in any case I was going to have a last try in the pool near the Sheep's River. "And when shall I say you will be back at the hotel?"

"About seven."

"If you are later they may get anxious, for you have been away since yesterday morning."

"All right, Nils, tell them that you murdered me in the hut."

So we parted, and as I saw the last of him on a crest of the road ahead I reflected that some girl in Sweden might be very fortunate.

On reaching the river I decided to begin by fishing in the run and then to try the pool. Within ten minutes I regretted the decision. Along the gravel beach strode the Finnish

Greek Orthodox priest from Parkino, one of the best fishermen in the district, and a friend, each carrying a fourteen-foot salmon rod. Within five minutes the priest had hooked a salmon, and I went down to the pool to see it killed. There was no playing of the salmon. With a steel trace, a thick hemp line, a powerful rod, and a strong man at the butt end, the salmon was dragged to the side of the pool, where the friend very skilfully gaffed it. The salmon looked like a twelve-pounder. Within ten minutes the friend had caught another, which the priest gaffed. Then they departed, striding over the beach as if the salmon in their rucksacks only weighed a few ounces. There were probably no more salmon in the pool for the present, but it was worth trying. After the first cast the Devon got caught. I pulled on the line and the top of a small tree appeared on the surface. Then the line broke, and I packed up.

When ascending the path to the road I saw the Superior of the Russian monks standing on a knoll 20 yards away. He removed his Russian bonnet, bowed low, and called in a loud voice, "Gratias Domino."

In the Western Church the more usual phrase is *Gratias Deo*, but my ignorance of Latin precluded a discussion of the question, and being hatless I bowed and called "Hyvää."

## CHAPTER XIX

### LURE OF SALMON

IF there were no salmon for me on the Petsamo there would be some at Kolttaköngäs, and from Ylaluostari I took the bus back to Lake Salmi,  $31\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the west. In Lapland and Finland distances are marked in kilometres on high posts by the roadside. On the top of the post is a metal plate showing on each side the number of kilometres you have travelled from the place where the road began. Here and there are smaller posts 4 feet high with wooden boxes on the top. When a white flag, the size of a small handkerchief, projects from a box the bus stops, and the guard, who is also postman, collects letters for posting and often money for the stamps. Newspapers are also left in the boxes.

From Lake Salmi a bus goes north on a new road to the eastern and Finnish side of Lake Jänis, where a motor boat crosses to a landing-stage on the western and Norwegian side a hundred yards above the Koltta waterfall. At the top of the waterfall is one of the frontiers between Norway and 5 square furlongs of Finland on the western bank of the last rapids in the Paats River, before it enters the upper reaches of the Bokfjord Fjord.

These 5 square furlongs of Finnish territory were originally ceded by Norway to Russia in the Treaty of 1826, by reason of the Russian Orthodox Church built there by Trifon in the sixteenth century and of the Koltta Lapps who lived around it. The church was built in memory of the Russian princes Boris and Gleb who were murdered *circa* 800; and to-day the Lapp village is called alternatively Kolttaköngäs or Boris-Gleb. The old wooden church is preserved, and beside it a new Russian Orthodox Church was built in the last century.

The stretch of fishing water north of the Koltta waterfall is half a mile long and 2 furlongs wide in its lower reaches. On each side are high hills on which birch trees almost reach the bare crests of rock. To the south the hills converge on the gorge through which the Paats River drops from Lake Jānis in a vertical fall of about 12 feet. At the fall the river is 50 yards wide, but so large is the volume of water that there are leaping waves in the rapids for 200 yards below the fall. The river is tidal up to the waterfall, and at low water the broad lower reach is very shallow and studded with scores of uncovered rocks. In the clear air the water reflects colour and on cloudless days is a deeper blue than the sky. The river is cold, and in the early morning currents of warm moist air from the woods on the eastern bank are condensed on the water and carried downstream like a thin trail of smoke from a bonfire. Although it was early June the leaves of the birch trees had a brownish autumn tint, for here the unusually early spring had been followed by a spell of cold and rain. The silver birch is named from its bark, but at times when lit by white light overhead the leaves are also silver.

Here the Midnight Sun was shining. As it took me several hours to understand the explanation of this phenomenon, I shall attempt to explain it for the benefit of readers who are as stupid as I am concerning astronomy. In summer and winter, on 21st June and 21st December, the earth reaches the two most distant points in its elliptical orbit round the sun; and the moments when it reaches these points are called the Summer and Winter Solstices. In spring and autumn, on 21st March and 22nd September, the earth reaches the points on its orbit where it is nearest the sun; and the moment when it reaches these points are the Spring and Autumn Equinoxes, midway between the Solstices. The plane of the earth's elliptical orbit is called the Ecliptic.

At the summer solstice the Northern Hemisphere is towards the sun, which therefore appears in the north.



Conversely, at the winter solstice the Northern Hemisphere is away from the sun, which appears in the south. As the earth travels from the winter solstice to the spring equinox the sun appears to move northwards until at the equinox it is overhead on the Equator; and the northern movement continues until the sun is in its most northern position at the summer solstice. From that point the sun appears to move south, and at the autumn equinox is again overhead on the Equator.

If the earth's axis, from the South to the North Pole, was in line with the long axis of the ecliptic and the summer solstice, then the whole of the Northern Hemisphere would have one day of twenty-four hours during which the sun did not set. As the earth's axis is inclined at an angle of  $23^{\circ}28'$  to the plane of the ecliptic, it is only within the Arctic Circle (lat.  $66^{\circ}32'$  N.) that there are days when the sun is above the horizon for twenty-four hours during the summer solstice. Thus from the top of the Ounas Hills at Rovaniemi,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles south of the Arctic Circle, the sun is visible for a few nights around 21st June. The farther north you go the more days there are when the sun is above the horizon throughout the twenty-four hours, and conversely the more days in winter when the sun is below the horizon for twenty-four hours. At Kolttaköngäs (lat.  $69^{\circ}45'$ , long.  $30^{\circ}10'$  E.) the sun does not set from the middle of May to the end of July. As the earth is spinning on its axis from west to east—the sun moves round the horizon from east to south, west, north and again east. At midday the sun is highest and in the south; at midnight it is lowest and in the north.

The time has come to debunk the Midnight Sun. Photographs of this phenomenon are usually taken by exposing the same plate at intervals of fifteen minutes around midnight. When a print is made, two or even six suns, according to the number of exposures, are seen equidistant on the horizon in a black midnight sky. Now a photograph of the

sun taken in any part of the world will show a black sky, whereas in reality the sky is full of light, as it is in Lapland at midnight in summer. The only place where the sun could be seen shining in a pitch-black sky is said to be the moon, and so far no photographs have been taken. My point is that where there is no night there cannot be either midnight or a Midnight Sun. This grandiose misnomer was probably coined by some travel agency, and the shipping companies that run summer cruises to Norway are determined that it shall not die. All that happens is that the sun is shining at 12 p.m. or at 24 o'clock continental time, and if you must be poetical, why not follow the French and call it "The sun that does not sleep"?

The village of Kolttaköngäs is on meadow land beside the river. There are some twenty small wooden shacks, some raised on piles to keep them above the snow in winter, and a couple of shops in two-storied wooden buildings. On passing one of the shops I saw a score of men, women and children wearing shorts and carrying rucksacks. They looked like hikers, but were Norwegians who had come from Kirkenes, 7½ miles distant, to buy sugar and coffee at half the prices ruling in Norway, because in Lapland these commodities are duty-free for the benefit of the poor Lapps.

The Koltta Lapps are of poor physique compared to those of Inari, by whom they are despised. Yet a Koltta Lapp can row a boat for four hours at a stretch and hold it for most of the time against a strong current. On one occasion I took the oars from a Lapp who I thought was consumptive, and at the end of ten minutes I was exhausted. He was so kind as to say, "You row good," and although there may be a knack in this kind of rowing it must also require a certain strength. They are also able to carry on their backs for long distances weights of from 80 to 100 kilos. In fact, they are able to do almost anything except regular work. Some of the women, by reason of their proximity to Kirkenes, a seaport

town, have contracted syphilis. Their dialect differs from that of Inari, and their origin is as obscure as that of other Lapps. A French journalist who motored a year ago to Liinahamari and there saw a few Koltta Lapps contributed an enterprising story of their origin to a French motor paper. Two hundred years ago the King of Denmark thought there were too many prostitutes in Copenhagen and transported them in a ship to the North Cape, where they were landed on the beach. Those who were not eaten by wolves became the great-great-grandmothers of the Koltta Lapps!

These Lapps are poor and their main income is from the salmon-fishing, which is legal from the 1st May to the 15th of September, although the tourist season only lasts from the middle of June to the middle of August. Before tourists came this stretch of water belonged to the Lapps. So the Government has given them the sole right of rowing the boats from which the river is fished and all money received from the issue of licences to fish. The licence costs 2s. 3d. per day or part thereof when a single rod is used, and 3s. 7d. if two rods are used for trolling from a boat. For rowing the boats the Lapps receive 11d. per hour. Not more than five boats are allowed out at the same time. For about a month at the height of the tourist season five boats with two rods will be out for sixteen hours a day, and would earn about £4, 4s. In that month the income of the whole village would be about £132.

It would be easy but erroneous to attribute the poverty of the Koltta Lapps to the Russian Orthodox Church, which has so neglected their education that many cannot sign their names. In the settlement of Suonikylä in the hills south-east of Ivalo there are rich Koltta Lapps of the same faith, but in winter they have their reindeer, and in summer each family has a lake to itself. At Kolttaköngäs there is little moss for reindeer, and the money received from the fishing is comparatively little. On the Tana River there is little

reindeer moss, but the Lutheran Inari Lapps make a decent living from their salmon nets.

At the end of the village the hotel stands within enclosed grounds, and at the entrance gate is the Finnish post office, customs and passport control. So far as I know it is the only hotel that has within its grounds two churches and a burial-place. To the right of the avenue at the entrance gate is the old unused church of Boris-Gleb, and beside it a larger Orthodox church and the burial-ground. There were seven graves with unnamed crosses, and three enclosed graves with tombstones. One of the latter is that of the last Russian Orthodox priest who lived here, and his ghost is said to walk the village. There is also the ghost of an old woman who gives three knocks on the door of a house as a warning that one of the inmates is about to die. When the Finnish manager and his wife came to the hotel (they are no longer there) neither knew anything of this story. One night at ten o'clock the wife heard three knocks on the back door of the hotel, and when she opened the door no one was there. She told her husband and neither thought anything more about it. Three nights later she was unexpectedly taken in labour and her child was born dead.

There is no longer a resident priest at Kolttaköngäs, and the nearest priest of the Greek Orthodox Church in Finland is four hours away. Once a year in summer the church is open when he comes to say Mass for the Koltta Lapps. I counted thirty-four Lapps, men, women and children, coming out of the church, but some of the congregation were away at Lake Salmi working in the nickel mines. The men were not in costume, but the women wore bright coloured skirts, blouses and kerchiefs, mostly red. The married women wore a red head-dress with a vertical semi-crown, embroidered with beads, in front.

The hotel was a modern two-storied wooden building with a large dining-room and lounge on the ground floor.

## LAPLAND JOURNEY

From the eaves swallows building their nests were darting to and fro. Although the sun was shining for twenty-four hours, the swallows retired to their nests at 10 p.m. On a hill behind the hotel was an annexe, where I had a bedroom in which I could write out of sound of the wireless. In front of the window was a birch tree, and one day at 12 p.m., when the sun was low in the north, the leaves turned to silver, the stem and branches to burnished gold—the most beautiful tree I have ever seen.

The best month for fishing is July, and the following table shows the catch during the fishing season for the three years ending 1933.

*Salmon Catch Statistics for Kolitaköngäs*

	1931			1932			1933		
	Number	Weight kgs.	Average weight kgs.	Number	Weight kgs.	Average weight kgs.	Number	Weight kgs.	Average weight kgs.
May							4	17.5	4.4
June	18	130.7	7.3	17	146.6	8.6	19	164.5	8.6
July	73	817.7	11.2	44	439.8	10.0	27	188.6	7.0
Aug.	26	244.9	9.4	12	112.3	9.4	11	78.9	7.2
Sept.	4	39.9	10.0	2	25.7	12.9	5	15.7	3.1
Total	121	1233.2	10.2	75	724.4	9.7	66	465.2	7.0

I analysed the hotel fishing book for the eight seasons ending 1936. The record was incomplete, because some anglers forget to make entries, but of 315 fish the analysis gave the following results. Forty-two fish weighed less than

2 kgs., and 14 less than 3 kgs. Many of these were probably sea-trout. Of the 259 unimpeachable salmon 47 were over 3 and under 8 kgs.; 204 were over 8 and under 20 kgs. (the arithmetic mean being 10 kgs.); and 8 were over 20 kgs. The largest, caught on the Silver King, weighed 27 kgs.

The best times for fishing are the four hours before and after high water. At low water the water is too shallow and boats are never out. On clear sunny days, when the stones on the bed of the river can be seen from the boat, the fish are not likely to take the lure. The best weather for fishing is an overcast or clouded sky, with a north wind and slight rain. As salmon here run to a large size, the strongest tackle, as for the Petsamo, is needed, and hooks should be from size 6/0 to 4/0. Of flies the most successful, in order of fish caught, were the Silver Doctor (44), Dusty Miller (36), Black Prince (26), Silver Jock Scott (24), Jock Scott (20); and of lures the Pikie Minnow (23), the Silver Devon (14), and the Dolphin (11).

In the annexe a middle-aged engineer from central Finland, his wife and two daughters, had rooms adjoining mine. He was a keen fisherman, and when not on the river spent most of the time drying lines and adjusting his gear. One forenoon when others had caught nothing he came ashore with eight sea-trout, and outside the annexe in the afternoon he showed me his lures. They were of wood, roughly shaped like a sardine,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and half an inch deep, covered with silver paint and attached by a metal eye under the jaw to a fine wire trace. From the belly two triple hooks were suspended from eyes an inch and a quarter apart. The art of making these lures is to insert just enough lead into the under surface of the wood so that the lure floats like a large minnow on the surface. When trolling, the lure is made to dart along the surface by short jerks of the rod. During the long winter evenings he made these lures at home and tested their buoyancy in a basin of water.

For salmon he had larger and darker lures. With one that was all black save for a patch of grey on the belly, he had caught his largest salmon in the late autumn on a dark night, "so dark that you could not see six yards ahead. You see," he added, "all fish are colour-blind, and it is the shape and not the colour of the thing on the water that attracts them."

"Then why should there be so many different coloured salmon flies? And why should a salmon refuse one fly and take another?"

"Owing to a difference in the shape of the fly. Colour has nothing to do with it."

Such was the theory he had practised with success. Incidentally I asked the manager of the hotel how I happened to be meeting so many Finnish engineers. He replied that engineering was flourishing, and that only engineers could afford holidays in Lapland.

The engineer had given me one of his lures, and that evening I tried it from a boat. Within ten minutes I had hooked a 4-lb. sea-trout, which gave plenty of play and before being landed in the net had nearly jumped into the boat. Up to now I had been out in the boat on five consecutive days, and each day had returned to the hotel without catching a salmon.

To change my luck I changed my boatman. In the small flat-bottomed boat with raised and pointed prow and stern, I had sat on the after seat with my back towards the aged boatman. At my feet the butts of a trolling rod and my 9-foot split-cane trout rod were secured under a loop of rope in such a way that the reels and lines were clear of obstructions, and either rod could be lifted when a fish was hooked. Prior to making a remark the old man always said, "Hello," to which I answered, "Hello," and was thus reminded of telephone talks.

"Hello!" came the voice at my back.

"Hello!"

"Stick-aus," which meant that I should let out more line.

"Is that enough?"

"Yo." (Finnish rendering of the Swedish "Ja," Yes.)

When the lure caught on a rock and the line ran steadily out, the wicked old man would call, "Hello! Fish! Fish!" although he knew as well as I did that it was not a fish. Moreover, he had told the manager of the hotel that if I did hook a salmon with my trout rod the salmon would never see the inside of the boat.

The new boatman was a younger Lapp with a Russian surname—Mikko Kerasimoff, and I told him to wake me at 3 a.m. I also gave him the number of my room in the hotel to which I had moved from the annexe, in favour of visitors who had booked rooms there in advance. He would have no difficulty in getting into the hotel, because the doors, by reason of the fishing, were never locked.

At 3.30 a.m. I was on the river, and at 4 a.m. looked at my watch. We were in the rough water at the foot of the run below the fall. The point of the trout rod dipped and a yard or more of line ran out. In a moment I was standing up, rod in hand, and winding in the slack of the line. Then, at long last, the rod bent and the reel raced as the fish rushed downstream. Above the muffled roar of the waterfall all the old colonels and majors whom I as a boy had seen and heard in Highland inns and on Highland streams—dear dead Stentors of a bygone time—were shouting in unison, "Fingers off the line, sir, or they'll be cut to the bone." Meantime, Mikko had leant over the seat, pulled in the trolling rod, and rapidly wound up its line. There must be no fouling of the live line with the other rod, line or the boat. The first rush of the fish was not more than 20 yards, and of that I was glad, having only 100 yards of line, including the backing, on the reel, and having read about whale-like rushes of a hundred yards. When Mikko



was putting the trolling rod out of action the boat was swept downstream, and I wound the reel to keep the line taut. I watched nothing except the rod and the line. The boat was no concern of mine. These Koltta Lapps are masters of the art of manœuvring boats so that lines are never fouled.

The fish was now moving upstream against the current. That would soon tire him, and Mikko was keeping the boat alongside. "Keep a taut line, but not too taut. Let the fish kill himself," called the ghostly chorus. "Now he's coming up!" And up he came, leapt out of the water, and rolled over as he leapt. "Dip the point of the rod, sir, or he'll break the line," yelled the friendly watchers, and the point of the rod was dipped. Now I drew him near the boat, where Mikko was ready with the gaff, but as soon as the fish saw the boat he made another rush. "Ah," sighed Mikko; and, "Give him the butt of the rod, sir," shouted my advisers. It was a tired fish that I drew near the boat for Mikko to gaff, and when in the boat to knock on the head with a large stone. I had got him after ten minutes' play on a 9-foot split-cane trout rod—well within the regulation time, for he weighed 5 kilos—and that was the first salmon I had ever caught in my life.

At 7 p.m. the salmon, with some ceremony, was served for dinner. Two waitresses in Finnish costume carried it on a salver to the side table, from which guests help themselves. Yet nobody moved until the manager came to my table. "This is the first salmon of the season to be got by a guest, and it is customary for that guest to take the first portion. It is your salmon." I crossed to the side table and helped myself, although, to be accurate, it was no longer my salmon, since the management buy at the rate of 1s. 2d. per kilo all salmon got by guests. The salmon was boiled and so well garnished that I wish I had asked for the recipe. It was the best salmon I have ever eaten. Not that this is saying much, because so far as edibility goes

the salmon is overrated and would not hold a fin to the herring if the latter were scarcer and more expensive, or if people were less snobbish.

In the lounge, after dinner, a tall elderly Norwegian diplomat spoke to me. "I hear it was your salmon we had for dinner, and assume you were wakened in good time this morning."

"Yes, the Lapp woke me soon after three."

"Before waking you he also woke me. Entered my room and said, 'You go to fish.' I said, 'Get out of here. I do not go to fish.' I expect the fool woke the whole hotel before he found your room."

"Now that you mention it, there did seem to be some disturbance in the corridor before he came to my room."

We spoke of many things. Norwegian nationals returning from holiday are allowed to bring into the country dutiable articles to the value of one pound free of duty. This was being abused by the people of Kirkenes, who came to Kolttaköngäs for sugar and coffee. I asked him about Communism in Norway.

"There's much less of it than there was a few years ago. Kirkenes was a hotbed of Communism, but at the last election Liberal members were returned to parliament. Some of the Communists in Kirkenes learnt a lesson. Fifty of them thought it would be a good idea to charter a small steamer for Vaitolahti and congratulate the comrades there about something or other that had happened in Moscow. They went and were promptly put in prison. Comrades are expected to carry on the good work in their own countries, but not to go to Russia. It took us three weeks to get the deputation out of jail. They had left Norway dressed in their best clothes, and returned in tatters. Their Russian comrades had insisted on a change of clothing. In England you seem to be giving Communism a free rein. I know the theory about Hyde Park being a safety-valve, but in Norway we are taking no risks."

## CHAPTER XX

### ESPIONAGE IN NORWAY

MEETING the Norwegian diplomat reminded me that at the Finnish Legation in London my passport had been stamped—"for travelling in Finland for six months. The stamp will not allow you to stay more than ten weeks." It was now ten weeks and three days since I landed at Helsinki, the visa was out of date, and I had no right to be in Finland. The Norwegian frontier was 5 furlongs to the north, and from information received I knew that 2 furlongs beyond the frontier was a customs house. There my passport would be stamped to show that I had been to Norway, and when I came back the Finnish customs, at the entrance to the hotel grounds, would register the date of my second visit to Finland.

The first part of the road to Norway goes behind a small rocky hill at the back of the hotel. This hill is of solid rock and great boulders, but in every crevice birch trees were growing and by the roadside the bird cherry was in flower. On the other side of the road and some fifty metres apart were four one-storied wooden shops. Three were large lock-up huts with shop windows. The fourth was larger and housed the shopkeeper and his family. All were owned by Finns. In the windows of the first shop were sheath knives, men's ties and babies' shoes. The second shop was empty, but a notice on the door announced that it would be opened for the sale of men's boots. The third displayed men's caps, shirts, braces, ladies' shoes and a dress of voile. In the windows of the largest shop were men's shirts, ladies' coats, shoes and hand-bags. The men of the Lapp village might be occasional customers, but none of their women looked like patrons of this shopping centre.

In a coppice of birch between two of the shops was an unfenced burial-ground for the Koltta Lapps. On nine of the graves were wooden crosses. One cross was of new wood and to this a card with a small coloured picture of St. Peter had been nailed. From most of the crosses Time had obliterated the names and particulars once scrolled on the wood with a metal style. Some crosses were falling to pieces and the remains of others lay on the ground. Over some graves there were either a few loose rotting boards, or part of a boat or of a sledge turned upside down, and on these lay the dead man's tools. A broken oar and a rusted axe on the planks of an overturned boat was the story of a life.

Beside a rusted broken shovel on one of the older graves some passer-by with a strange sense of humour had set an empty beer bottle. Whilst I was there two young Norwegian boys came off the road and, as they strolled through the coppice, looked at this grave with interest. "Trunker," was the solemn remark of one to the other. To their astonishment I picked up the bottle and threw it into a rivulet behind the burial-ground. Of other graves all that remained was the outline of an oblong mound. Yet within a stone's throw of the coppice was granite, red, grey and green, to prove that the Koltta Lapps have never had the inclination, or the strength, or the knowledge to fashion tombstones from the primordial rocks. *Vanitas vanitatum*. Sooner or later, vault, tombstone or wooden cross, we shall all be forgotten. The pyramids of Egypt stand, but who is there left to remember the loves, hates, virtues, vices, failure or success of a Pharaoh? Napoleon foresaw that for a time he would live in history, but he gave both himself and conceited Bourrienne a cold douche by the question, "Can you tell me the name of Alexander's secretary?"

From the rocky hill the road passed by the foot of a wooded mountain in the west to a cairn of red granite which marked the frontier. Here the road ended at a gate in a

wooden fence, and from the gate a path crossed the upper field of a small Norwegian farm which went down to the river's bank. From a gate on the north side of the field a stony track went up a short incline to the moorland, where a level, well-trodden pathway passed through a forest of birch trees. Amidst the heather were white flowers of *Ledum pallustra*. A short distance farther on, to the right of the pathway, was a white post with a large notice-board bearing the sign, "Toll-og. Passkontroll."

I looked all around amongst the trees for a man or a house, but in vain. The pathway went on straight ahead past the post, and I was about to proceed on my way when I discerned on the notice-board the faint outline of a ghostly hand with a finger pointing to a steep and narrow path that went downhill through the forest on the right towards the river. Apparently the Toll-og man had left the path of duty to live nearer the river, and so *bona-fide* travellers had to go out of their way to find his house; whereas a keen frontier guard would have either sat night and day beside his notice-board or built his house on the main pathway. No matter. Down the narrow twisting path I went. At the foot of the incline the track turned north and still there was no sign of the man or of his house. It is true that here part of the forest is fenced and that in the fence is a gate, but there was no notice on the gate and I took it to be the upper entrance to some riverside farm. On looking over the gate I saw no house, nor did I see the Norwegian or any other flag waving in the wood.

For more than a kilometre I continued north along the narrow path, which became stonier and stonier until it almost disappeared over smooth rocks. Eventually I came round the corner of a precipice and far below was the river, a suspension bridge, and at its eastern end the village of Alvenes with large stacks of new sawn wood. Over several buildings the Norwegian flag was flying, and as this was a

frontier village there was probably a Toll-og down there. The problem was how to get there. I looked at what only a company promoter or a chamois would have described as a path down the steep rocks to the river. All rash mottoes—such as “Follow the Roman Eagles”—were here misplaced. The situation required careful consideration. First, I had no experience of Alpine climbing; second, there was the manager of the Accident Insurance Company to be considered; and, third, I funked it.

From memory of the map I concluded that I had walked  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles from the hotel and had missed the Toll-og. To the breeze I quoted aloud:

“And I’ve lost Britain and I’ve lost Gaul,  
And I’ve lost Rome, and, worst of all,  
I’ve lost Lalage.”

All search for the man in the wood must be abandoned. I would regain the pathway leading to the road between Alvenes and the port of Kirkenes,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles farther north. At Kirkenes police station my passport would be stamped in a minute, and at the shipping office I would enquire about steamers across the Varanger Fjord to Wadsø. In another week or so I would go to Wadsø, thence by motor bus to Skipaguorra on the Tana River, up the river by motor boat to Utsjoki, and then go down the centre of Lapland to Inari, 70 miles.

The pathway was easily regained and led over the smooth rocks on the top of a hill down through a wood to the road at the western end of the suspension bridge. Opposite to where the pathway joined the road was a large white building flying the Norwegian flag, but any hope that this building might be a Toll-og was dispelled when a band of children rushed out into their playground. The road to Kirkenes was of firm sand, and there was not enough motor traffic to make walking unpleasant. From Alvenes the road went

eastwards and skirted the silver strand at the southern end of a circular lake, about a kilometre in diameter and fringed with birch trees.

About half-way to Kirkenes a wooden structure 100 feet high had been erected on the top of a hill to the right. From a platform, like that of a diving-board, a wooden shute with a hand-rail on either side descended at an angle of fifteen degrees to the crest of the hill. The thought of standing up there on the platform and of looking down the shute made me feel dizzy. Yet this was a comparatively low shute on which beginners practised ski-jumping in winter. Down the snow-covered boards they would come at a speed of 40 miles an hour to the take-off on the crest of the hill—then through the air in a horizontal flight, their bodies leaning forwards from the ankles and almost parallel to the skis, to the foot of the valley. By reason of their high mountains Norwegians are the best skiers, and Anderson made the record jump of over 90 yards at Planitz in Czechoslovakia. The shute on my right was for beginners, and there last winter a lad of eighteen broke his neck.

Farther on, in the heather to the left of the road at the foot of a little hill was a lake too small for the map. At one end the shore was of heather, and at the other end the water reflected mossy rocks and the birch trees above them. Here by the roadside two blackcock rose, flew for 50 yards, and came down in the heather. I wondered if the Highland people, and, indeed, if any people, were less likely to be home-sick if they settled in foreign parts where the scene was identical with that of their native land. On the motor-bus drive to Lake Salmi, so like was the scenery to that of the Highlands, that more than once I nearly asked the driver, "When do we get to Aviemore?" After  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles the road passed between two large lakes and then turned north beside the railway that carries ore  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the mines at

Bjornvandel to the ironworks at Kirkenes. The only distinction, if any, of this noisy electric railroad is that it is the most northerly one in Europe; and precisely for that reason some reader in the antipodes has probably already decided that he or she will travel thousands of miles to see it.

To the right of the road at the top of the hill above Kirkenes I found the tourist hotel, built by the directors of the ironworks, and the hall-porter was a pleasant young man whose English was so good that I asked him if he had lived in England. No, he had learnt English at the secondary school. Being tired and thirsty, I rested in the lounge, where he brought me a bottle of Pilsener. I told him that my passport had to be stamped by the police, and learnt that the police station was at the back of the co-operative store, the only large shop in the town. The shipping office was on the quay. A bus to Alvenes left a garage next the church at 3.30 p.m., and I put my watch back an hour to 11.30 a.m. Norwegian time. These geographical differences in time produce some curious results. If at noon you leave Helsinki by airplane for Stockholm you fly for an hour and arrive at Stockholm at noon. If the plane could travel from Helsinki to Croydon in two hours you could leave Helsinki at noon and arrive in London at noon; but in view of my intended walk through Lapland the only question of time in which I was now interested was that it had taken me three hours to walk from Kolttaköngäs to Kirkenes. The distance was  $7\frac{1}{4}$  miles, and my view of Alvenes from the cliff had added another 5 furlongs. Still worse, I had limped over the last kilometre, and the only ray of hope for the Lapland walk was that probably my feet had not yet recovered from their 21-mile walk in wading boots only seven days ago.

Thus cheered I left the hotel and limped down the hill into the town. Kirkenes is a town of manual workers, but their two-storied wooden houses with high-pitched roofs were mostly detached and some twenty feet apart.



Although of a pattern, each house was painted a different colour from that of the houses next door. Thus each had a measure of individuality, and altogether the coloured houses—green, yellow, white, brown, blue, cream and terra-cotta—gave the town a cheerful aspect. Along the ridge of a low hill to the west were the sheds of the ironworks, mounds of slag and two high stacks from which black smoke was pouring. I thought—because maybe of having lived for two months in Lapland or maybe of the smoky city where I was born—that in those two smoke stacks there was something of majesty. They stood for Man's conquest of metal.

There was no difficulty in finding the co-operative store. It was a large shop with six windows, and in two of the windows a flat stream of water was flowing down the glass on the inside. This seemed to be a good way of keeping things cool in hot weather, and I entered the shop to see how it was worked. The water came from a perforated pipe across the top of the window, poured down the glass, and was collected in a zinc trough at the foot. From the trough the water was sent back to the perforated pipe by an electric pump under the floor. Like most indoor fountains the fittings were not quite watertight and from one of the troughs there was a leak. As I was examining this apparatus a short, stout, bald-headed, clean-shaven, elderly man came from behind the counter to watch what I was doing. He was presumably the manager of the store. I pointed to the waterfall on the window and said, "Muy bueno," in the hope that he, being a Norwegian, understood Spanish. Indeed, so contrary is my nature that when in a foreign country I wish to speak the language of another foreign country. Where French is not understood there do I most desire to air what little French I know. So also here in Norway I wanted to speak Spanish, and as the manager made no reply I left the shop.

In the street behind the store was the police station. None of the windows had iron bars, but over the entrance was carved the Norwegian coat-of-arms. I entered and found two officials in plain clothes writing at their tables in a fairly large room. At one end of the room an open door revealed an inner room, carpeted and furnished like a library. As in Whitehall the carpet denoted the abode of a senior official, and in this inner room a senior official was writing at a large desk. Assuredly he was a senior official, because from time to time he called for assistance. At the other end of the room was another door. This was shut and in the room behind it men were talking. When anyone tapped on this door it was cautiously opened for a few inches, and whispered conversations were held with those in the room behind. Once, after much whispering, a man came out. He wore a lounge suit and looked every inch what he was—a member of the Criminal Investigation Department, better known to felons and newspapers as the C.I.D.

I went to the official at the nearest desk and said, "Would you please stamp this passport? I've walked from Koltta-köngäs and missed the customs on the frontier."

"The man in the wood!" was the reply in excellent English.

"Ah, that's just it. He was so much in the wood that I couldn't find him." This pleasantry was accompanied by my best "officer to man" smile, the smile that in England is a talisman only surpassed by the *laissez-passer*. Both fell flat; but after all I was no longer in the Service and the official was probably an officer. He set out a chair for me, and said, "Please sit down."

I sat down and next moment the young porter from the tourist hotel came in. Him I greeted with a smile and the remark, "Hello—you here too—not in trouble, I hope?" The official at the table smiled grimly, and the lad answered somewhat abruptly, "No, I'm not in trouble." With the

exception of myself everyone in the police station seemed lacking in a sense of humour.

The young porter stood by the wall and awaited his turn to interview the official. He was not the only one who had to wait, because the next to arrive was the manager of the co-operative store. It was merely a coincidence that these two should have followed me at the police station, but, nevertheless, it was a curious coincidence. The official began to examine my passport, and as soon as he looked at the photograph I knew that a little delay was inevitable. For this the official was not to be blamed. Were I a policeman or a frontier guard in any civilised country I would think twice before stamping the passport of any person who acknowledged that photograph as one of himself. This Norwegian police official looked a decent man, a man to whom the seamier side of police work would be distasteful. Like all honest married men on the Continent he wore a wedding-ring. In all probability he was a considerate husband and an affectionate father. Full well did I realise what his feelings must be on beholding the photograph that claimed to be mine. Forgery, embezzlement, incendiarism and even barratry would be amongst the lesser felonies of which he was reminded. Let no reader jibe, jape or jeer, for we are all in the same boat. On his or her passport everyone looks like a criminal, and the officials whose duty it is to examine passports on the Blue Train must be under the impression that every jail-bird in the world is at liberty—as, indeed, many of them are, especially on the Riviera and on the Thames above Richmond.

The next move on the part of the police official was to take a ledger from a shelf and to open it on his desk. Into this ledger he proceeded to enter everything that was either written or stamped on my passport, including the damning statement, "*Ne peut occuper un emploi salarié en France.*" These proceedings astonished me, because so far

as I knew I was not wanted by the police of any country. The entries having been completed, the official to my further astonishment began an interrogation:

"This passport was last examined at Helsinki on 30th March?"

"That is so."

"To-day is the 9th of June?"

"Yes," and for a moment I feared he had noticed that the Finnish *visa* was out of date. But even the best of us forget which months have thirty-one days.

"When did you leave Finland?"

"This morning. I walked from Kolttaköngäs."

"There is no entry here to show when you left Finland?"

"No."

"At Kolttaköngäs the Finnish Passport Control is at the entrance to the grounds of the hotel?"

"I know that, but I forgot that passports should be stamped on leaving."

"You forgot that?"

"Yes, I forgot that."

"Across the frontier you could not find the man in the wood?"

"No."

"But the man in the wood has the Norwegian flag flying over his house?"

"I saw no flag flying in the wood. All I saw was a notice where the path divides. I'm surely not expected to call at every house to ask if your frontier guard lives there?"

"No one would expect you to do that, and the only house at which you could have called was the house of the frontier guard."

Here the police official had scored the first point, and as an old hand at the game I knew that my flash of temper had been an error in tactics.

"Why did you come to Kirkenes?"

"To ask about steamers to Wadsö."

"When are you going to Wadsö?"

"Perhaps in a week or so."

"But where are you going now?"

"Back to Finland."

Then came the trap question—the kind of question that great cross-examiners reserve for the end of the performance to catch you out just when you think your ordeal is over, and to prove you a liar unless you have been speaking the truth. This police official spoke and read English as well as I did. He knew that the person to whom that passport belonged was born in Glasgow, and was domiciled in England. He had also read Regulation 2, which says, "Passports are issued in the United Kingdom at the Passport Office, Westminster, London, S.W.1, and at the Branch Passport Office, 36 Dale Street, Liverpool."

"I see that Glasgow is mentioned here?" he remarked casually as he closed the passport. He spoke as one whose sister might be married to a man in Glasgow.

"Yes."

Holding the passport as if about to return it, he asked, as though it were a matter of no consequence, "Did you get it in Glasgow?"

Splendid! Not one of them in the King's Bench Division of the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand could have done it better. No, not even if his brief had been marked one thousand guineas. Here was a policeman who deserved to have a run for his money, and sorely was I tempted to answer, "No, officer, to tell you the truth I found that passport in a train going to Liverpool, and I share your suspicions about the man whose photograph it contains. It is not my passport. I disown the document, and, indeed, to avoid troubling the police it has been my custom for many years to travel without a passport." Yet I forebore. Great is my reverence for a sense of humour, even of boisterous

mental humour when for a few moments of joy the imagination is given full rein, but by experience I have learnt that humour is a handicap when dealing with cross-examiners, crooners and the custodians of ancient monuments. Therefore I answered civilly and truthfully:

"No, I was born in Glasgow. The passport was issued in London."

With that he was satisfied. He stamped the passport, and handing it back remarked, "Do not forget to get the *vu à la sortie* from the man in the wood before you cross the frontier."

"Thank you; and as a matter of interest may I ask if in Norway you always have to copy out the particulars on passports?"

Without raising his eyes from the blotting-pad the officer answered in level tones, "No, not always."

As I walked out I felt as if I was guilty of some crime, that everyone in the police station recognised me as a criminal, and that I was fortunate in being at liberty.

On the quay I looked around for the shipping office. There were several offices, but none exhibited the familiar posters. In vain I looked for the strong, silent, clean-shaven captain on the bridge, his hand raised to shade from the setting sun those kind but determined eyes that look twenty miles ahead to make sure that the river on the horizon is indeed the St. Lawrence and not, as some nervous passengers imagine, the Mississippi. He was not on the quay at Kirkenes. Nor was his twin brother, who is always up betimes on the bridge whenever the sun rises over Table Mountain or the Rock of Gibraltar. Absent also was the third officer, spick and span in white drill and coming smartly to the salute as two lovely girls in airy frocks stroll on deck before breakfast to tell him how perfectly marvellous is a life on the ocean wave as seen from the first-class saloon. The poor devil has a master's certificate and a third mate's billet and pay. He is engaged to a girl in Colchester, but

their marriage is contingent on his promotion, and that is slow in the mercantile marine.

And where, oh where, is that gentlemanly Lascar in spotless white, standing in the bow of one of the ship's boats, a boat-hook in hand, and pushing off as the passengers go ashore for a couple of hours to buy all kinds of rubbish in the native bazaar. Yet better to buy in the bazaar than from the boats that come alongside at Colombo. In particular, beware of the Levantine with a pair of Zeiss binoculars attached to the end of a long pronged pole with which he pushes them up to the deck level for your inspection. Excellent glasses, and all he asks is £1. At that price they must be stolen property, and gladly do you stick a pound note on one of the prongs. He pockets the pound, and up comes the pole so that you may return the binoculars in order that he should put them in their case. Then up come binoculars in case, but, alas—they are not the same as those you inspected. *Moral.* Stick to the Zeiss glasses, tell Levantine to keep the case, and hurry to your cabin before your fellow-passengers hear a good deal of startling information about your parentage.

But why the immaculate Lascar with the boat-hook? Is it because his swarthy features harmonise better with the tropic scene than the sunburnt face of a perspiring British bosun, or is it because he sells his labour cheap? Not so long ago there died in England a shipowner who left many millions. And how did this good kind man, who paid a fair price for his peerage, make so much money? Very simple was his secret of success—sheer hard work, industry, employing cheap Lascar labour on British ships, and steaming them across the ocean with cheap coal, brought to the earth's surface by child labour in India. Yet some who believe in the immortality of the soul boggle over the Doctrine of Purgatory, as though in the hour of death everyone of us was either good enough for Heaven or bad enough for Hell!

With such thoughts I entered the first office on the quay and asked, "Is this the shipping office?"

"Yes," said the clerk, "but this is the passenger department. If you go to the office at the end of the quay they'll tell you about cargo boats."

"But I don't want a cargo boat."

"Oh, you want a passenger steamer."

"Of course I want a passenger steamer."

"Where do you wish to go?"

"To Wadsö."

"There's a steamer at 6 a.m. on Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays. It takes two hours, and the steerage fare is two kroner."

"Very reasonable, and I usually go steerage on short trips."

"Quite so."

"Where do I get a ticket?"

"The office next door will be open before the steamer sails."

"Perhaps I could get it on board?"

"No, you'd better get it at the office before you go on board."

"Thank you very much."

"Not at all," said the clerk.

I walked out of the shipping office and wondered what the devil was the matter with the people of this town. They were polite, but there seemed to be something unusual about their attitude towards myself. Kirkenes was not living up to my expectations. It was no longer the model abode of manual workers.

In a narrow street were two small shabby hotels. One was called Hotel of the Midnight Sun, and I went into the other—the Ritz—in search of coffee. The ground-floor room had soiled muslin curtains in the windows, and small, round marble-topped tables and cane chairs on the linoleum-



covered floor. At the far end of the room was a counter with a glass top, and under the glass were ham sandwiches, sardines on cold toast, pastries, cheese-cakes, hard-boiled eggs and many flies. There was no one in attendance, but at any moment a customer might come in, sit at a marble-topped table, eat cheese-cakes and drink fizzling lemonade out of a glass-stoppered bottle. I fled, but before leaving caught a glimpse of my face in the glass that protected an oleochrome of the nuptials of some European potentate. I was hatless, unshaven, with dabs of iodine on the lumps raised by gad-flies, and thus in a democratic town had been judged on my appearance and not on the intrinsic worth of my better nature. A bus brought me back to Alvenes, where I joined a straggling line of hikers with empty rucksacks on the way to Kolttaköngäs. As they crossed the crest of the hill I remembered a picture entitled, "On the trail to Klondyke."

## CHAPTER XXI

### TO THE TANA RIVER

A BREAKFAST was served at 5.30 a.m. on the day I left the Kolttaköngäs hotel. I left with regret, because it was a happy hotel where I had made friends with the only other Britishers staying there—two married couples, the Craigs of Dublin and the Macdonalds of Portsmouth. Macdonald is a solicitor with a sense of humour, because he told me that the Taxing Master had once disallowed an item in a solicitor's bill which read, "To telephoning you and finding out that you were not at home, 6s. 8d. Disbursements on your behalf, 1½d." I would like to have stayed, because in two days the hotel would be *en fête* for the summer festival on 24th June, when salmon in large numbers came up the river. For that occasion every room, nook and cranny had been booked up in advance. Two other guests—a turbaned Indian and a young Englishman—were having breakfast before the hotel motor-boat left for Alvenes. An Indian rajah and his tutor was my lightning diagnosis. They were both doctors, and only the Englishman came in the motor-boat, where I found that he was not an Englishman, but a Scotsman, and an assistant bacteriologist at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. He had a gentle voice, and preferred the calm of the laboratories to the rough-and-tumble of general practice.

The boat stopped at a post which marked the Norwegian frontier on the river's bank, and the boatman collected our passports and took them to be stamped by the man in the wood, whose house was as invisible from the river as it had been from the path. At Alvenes we got a motor car to Kirkenes and, as Norwegian time is one hour later than Finnish, reached the shipping office at 6.30 a.m. and before

the steamer had arrived. At Kirkenes the steamer would reach the most eastern point of a summer cruise round the Norwegian fjords, and Wallace, the bacteriologist, had booked a cabin passage to Oslo. To have his company I took a first-class ticket to Wadsø, a two hours' sail across the Varanger Fjord.

We were on board the *Prince Olaf* at 7 a.m., with an hour to wait for a second breakfast when the ship sailed at 8 o'clock. Her passengers were not yet out of their bunks. In the empty smoking-room we sat and talked. It was a sombre, substantial room, panelled in mahogany, with heavy card tables and upholstered arm-chairs—so unlike the well-lit airy public rooms on modern Finnish steamers that I remarked on the decorations, and learnt from Wallace that the *Prince Olaf* had been the steam-yacht of Edward VII. Here in this smoking-room the old King, when to his relief his partner at bridge said, "Leave it to you," may have made the famous declaration, "No tr-rumps, and the M.V.O. for you."

Talk of Edinburgh made me feel a trifle home-sick, and I wished that I were going on the five days' cruise with Wallace. That was impossible, because all my luggage, save what I carried in my fishing-bag, had been sent south to Ivalo. "You would regret it," said Wallace, "if you did not carry out your plan. On all journeys there are times when one feels lonely and wants to go back. Then, before the day is over, one meets a friend. Before to-night you will meet a friend." There was something so quietly prophetic in his words that I laughed, "Are you telling my fortune?"

"No, but that's what happens to me."

"Very well, I shall leave you at Wadsø provided you promise, for the honour of Edinburgh University, not to buy one of the post cards displayed on the mantelshef."

"What's wrong with them?"

"They perpetuate a falsehood. They certify that Mr.,

Mrs., Master, Miss, Herr, Frau, Fraulein, Monsieur, Madame and Mademoiselle have landed on the North Cape, the most northerly point of Europe, and have seen the Midnight Sun. You buy the post card, and apparently the captain is expected to sign this false certificate."

"If passengers land at the North Cape there's nothing false about it."

"Yes, there is, because the North Cape is on an island and is therefore not the most northerly point of Europe. The most northerly point is Nordkyn to the east of the North Cape and not so far north. In fourteenth-century maps Nordkyn is called the North Cape and is shown as being farther north than the present North Cape. Very confusing."

In the saloon we got seats opposite one another at a side table where we were joined by a thin male passenger, who sat next to Wallace. He wore a grey Norfolk jacket, white flannel trousers, flannel shirt, soft collar and a nondescript tie. His hair and short moustache were iron grey, and he looked at the menu through gold pince-nez. Having ordered his breakfast, he focused the pince-nez on myself eating porridge and cream, and said in a brisk voice, "Your first voyage, sir?"

"Yes," and I nodded gravely, "my first voyage."

Wallace paused, porridge-spoon in hand, looked at me in amazement, but said nothing. Wallace did not know the stranger. I did, although I had never seen him before. He was the well-informed passenger. This type travels alone, is friendly to strangers, imparts accurate knowledge in precise terms, and is inclined to patronise the untravelled. On all counts he is less guilty than his second cousin once removed, the stout, hearty, middle-aged person who organises deck games and becomes the life and soul of the party. This type has a weakness for flappers, to whom he shows avuncular affection.

If any reader in a mood of bilious righteousness should now ask, "Are you not ashamed to tell lies at breakfast?" I maintain that I told no lie, but made use of a wide mental reservation in answering a somewhat impertinent question. The spoken words were, "Yes, my first voyage," with the mental reservation "in the *Prince Olaf*," which was true. In this contention I am supported by St. Raymund of Pennafort and by many other moral theologians of great renown. Moreover, the whole truth about my voyages would have annoyed the stranger, whereas the mental reservation pleased him very much, because he smiled and said, "Never mind, you'll soon find your sea-legs."

"I take it, sir," he continued, "that you have not yet seen the Midnight Sun?"

"I am looking forward to seeing it."

"Well, on this voyage the passengers have been most fortunate. On the way round they had a clear view of the sun on two successive nights."

At this point I was disappointed in the stranger, who ought to have known that in the latitude of Kirkenes it was impossible to miss seeing the Midnight Sun.

At Wadsö I found a closed bus that was labelled to go to many places, including Skipaguorra. On buying a ticket from the conductor I added, "For post boat to Utsjoki," to which he replied in Norse that to me conveyed no information. Half-way through the town the bus stopped at the depot and the conductor fetched a stout man who appeared to be the manager of the bus company. Inside the bus the conductor pointed me out to the manager, who inspected my ticket and attempted without success to tell me something in Norse and then in German. All I could say was, "Nein, no comprendo, je ne parle pas." He was alike kind and persevering, and now produced a bus time-table on which he pointed to the word Skipaguorra, a strange name with a bull-fighting flavour, and on seeing the name of the

place to which I was going I said, "Ja, ja." Then he pointed to a footnote which referred to Skipaguorra and read, "Korrespondanse med motor båt til Karasjok onsdag og Lordag." Having read the footnote I said, "Ja, ja," but with less conviction, and the bus resumed its journey of 39½ miles to Skipaguorra. Prior to leaving Kolttaköngäs I had expected a letter from Stenbäck to give me the days and times of the postal motor-boats on the Tana. The letter had not arrived, and now from the footnote I learnt that the motor-boat went to Karasjok on the Norwegian bank of the Tana near Utsjoki on Wednesdays and Sundays. To-day was Tuesday, but I preferred to go on and stop the night at Skipaguorra rather than stay in Wadsö.

The scenery around the Varanger Fjord is treeless hills of grass on which outcrops of black shale project here and there. A bleak, windswept country, but to the west beyond the fjord the hills were covered with the arctic birch and by the roadside were ferns and moss-covered rocks. Skipaguorra is a pleasant hamlet of half a dozen well-built wooden houses on the eastern bank of the Tana, and has a single-roomed school which I mistook for the post office. There were high fences around the fields. Most of the villagers were Norwegians, but at the store I saw a number of well-dressed Lapps. On the river were many salmon nets. I found that the Norwegian post boat left at 3 p.m. next day. At one house, where I was shown into a drawing-room stuffed with bric-à-brac, the lady of the house invited me to sit down, and I endeavoured by means of signs to make her understand that I wished to get up the river that day as far as Nuorgam. In this house I had lunch, and afterwards a dark-haired, clean-shaven man of medium height entered the drawing-room. He looked like a Lapp, although he was wearing a lounge suit. "I go Nuorgam," he said, "at five o'clock in my boat, and will take you."

"How much?"

"Ten kroner."

"How far is Nuorgam?"

"It is one half-hour."

"Then ten kroner is too much."

He smiled and said, "Five kroner?" to which I agreed as he had reduced the price with such rapidity and good nature. "My name," he added, "is Mr. Tapio, and I will be ready at five o'clock."

At five o'clock I was on the beach and neither Mr. Tapio nor his boat was there. I waited, and the longer I waited the greater became my belief that Mr. Tapio was a Lapp. "Time is of the essence" is a phrase in English legal contracts. To a Lapp Time does not exist, and so I never lost hope. At 6 p.m. came the sound of an outboard-engine, a boat came upstream and Mr. Tapio landed. "I get some things and in a few minutes we go." He made two journeys to the village, and returned with a drum of paraffin, two sacks, and a case of margarine.

As Mr. Tapio was loading his boat, a tall, burly, clean-shaven man strolled down the road to the beach. By his boots, leggings, breeches, flannel shirt, soft collar, tie, loose-fitting jacket and Homburg hat I took him to be either the manager of the salmon fisheries or a summer visitor. He nodded and came up to ask, "Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

"Nein. Only English and a little French."

"You are Englishman from Wadsö?"

"Yes."

"You came from Kirkenes to Wadsö by steamer, *Prince Olaf*?"

"Yes," and here I thought was a fellow-passenger whom I had not noticed in the bus.

"You have been in Finland?"

"Oh yes, I've been in Finland—wonderful country, don't you think?"

"You go to Nuorgam with this man?"

"Yes, and then I go"—this inquisitive visitor might be satisfied if he learnt the complete itinerary—"to Utsjoki, and then with postman to Inari."

"So you go back to Finland?"

"Yes, I always seem to be going back to Finland."

"A long way to Inari?"

"Yes, a hundred and seventy-eight kilometres from here."

"You go to fish?" and he pointed to my rod.

"I might do a little fishing on the way."

"You have little baggage?" pointing to canvas fishing-bag.

"Of course I've only a little. The less the better for a long walk." A tiresome summer visitor this, and of the type that usually haunts boarding-houses and hydropathic establishments. Not the kind of man one would expect to meet on the banks of the Tana River.

"You carry with you a pass to show to police?"

"Yes, that's quite all right, thank you."

"Show police pass now! I am Norsk police."

This startled me, for the words were spoken rapidly, in a low tone, and the preliminary tap on the shoulder had been omitted. "Oh, you're a policeman?"

"I am Norsk police."

"Well, why not have said so? But—with pleasure," and I produced passport with alacrity. He was a big man. I also remembered that on Kirkenes quay that morning I had seen a policeman in uniform, but had failed to recognise him as the official whom I had interviewed at the police station there nearly a fortnight ago.

Passport was in order, and in another couple of minutes Mr. Tapio and I were in the boat heading upstream. The outboard-engine, unlike most of its kind, had started at the first spin of the fly-wheel, and as we left the bank I raised my hat to the Norsk policeman, who remained standing on the beach. No other sign of jubilation did I display lest he



should think this was the escape of a happy criminal. Even so, he shouted some instructions in Norwegian to Mr. Tapio, who answered, "Jo, jo." For a moment I feared a false start and that the recall flag had been waved, but the boat continued racing against the stream. Once we were well away I asked Mr. Tapio, "What did he shout to you?"

"That your pass must be marked at frontier." It was now 6 p.m. Had I gone to Nuorgam in the Norwegian post boat my passport probably would have been stamped at Polmak, where the middle of the river becomes the frontier between Norway and Finland, but as it happened Mr. Tapio did not stop at Polmak, and so for the second time within a fortnight I left Norway without the *vu à la sortie*.

## CHAPTER XXII

### MR. TAPIO

"DOES that policeman live at Skipaguorra?" I asked Mr. Tapio.

"No, at Tana, fourteen kilometres away."

"Very kind of him to come and see me off."

"The Norwegian police are very clever," replied Mr. Tapio rather tactlessly.

"Yes, I think they're excellent sleuths," and I spoke sincerely. Later, from a reliable source, I learnt that at this time the Norwegian police were on the look-out for Russian agents.

"The Norwegian police caught a spy at Tana," continued Mr. Tapio.

"I bet they did. What kind of a spy was he?"

"A Russian spy."

"They're the worst."

"I do not like Mr. Stalin."

"Neither do I. Not at all a pleasant person; but what was the spy doing in Tana?"

"He was telling Moscow what Englishmen and German men were doing in Norway."

"How was he telling Moscow?"

"He had a radio, and every night he would tell Moscow."

"That must have been a very powerful radio?"

"Yes, he had a very good radio."

"And what did the Norwegian police do?"

"They took away his radio."

"Is that all they did?"

"Yes, and the man goes about in Tana. A very bad man."

"Have you ever seen the man?"

"No, I hear about him."

The boat was 9 feet long, flat-bottomed, with pointed

prow and stern. Above the gunwale were weather-boards 6 inches deep to keep out the spray as she cut through the waves in the rapids. Mr. Tapio was aft beside the tiller of the outboard-motor, and I sat on the floor-boards with reindeer skins for cushions. "A good boat," I remarked; "she does ten knots easily."

"My boat goes at speed twenty-five miles an hour."

"I hope not, Mr. Tapio. Awkward to hit floating obstructions at that speed."

"I keep good look-out for floating wood," and several times he slowed her before I had seen submerged logs ahead.

The Tana is a long river. As the Raja, the Skeitsham, the Anar, the Inarin, and then as the Teno, it is a 138-mile frontier between Finland and Norway. From Polmak it runs another 32 miles to the sea at Tana Fjord. The Finnish motor-boat from Nuorgam goes as far as Angeli on the Anar, 120 miles from the sea. From Angeli to the sea the river is a quarter to half a mile wide, shallow in view of its length, very swift, and has many rapids.

Rapids are of two kinds, the shallow and the deep. In deep rapids the water is thrown into waves by the force of the current striking rocks on the bed of the river. In shallow rapids the stream is racing past rocks on the surface and beneath. There are many deep rapids on the way to Nuorgam, and but for the weather-boards the inside of the boat would have been drenched with spray. Even in the deep rapids salmon nets were set between tripods, made of trunks of birch trees standing upright, against the current—two legs in front and one behind, the whole structure held in place by the weight of large stones placed on a platform below the apex of the tripod and three feet above the surface of the stream. To set up such a tripod in a rapid needs strength, skill and good temper. There were salmon nets on both sides of the river at intervals of half a mile, and I wondered how any salmon could find their way to the upper reaches.

I asked Mr. Tapio about fishing rights and also about the high fences I had seen around the fields at Skipaguorra. The fences were to keep reindeer from the crops. There was no arctic moss and therefore no reindeer breeding at Skipaguorra, but in summer reindeer often travelled far. Fishing rights were owned by the farmers. Many farmers were Inari Lapps and most of them were prosperous, had good houses, and outboard-engines on their boats. Here then were people to compare with the poor Koltta Lapps of Kolttaköngäs and Moscovavillage, and to refute those travellers who had made the facile distinction that all fishing Lapps are poor and all reindeer Lapps are rich. Few social problems are of simple causation.

When near Nuorgam, Mr. Tapio kept the boat close to the Norwegian bank and then ran her aground at the mouth of a small stream between high sandy banks. He gave a long whistle and in a few minutes a Lapp came down the bank, and the two of them carried the sacks from the boat and placed them behind some bushes at the top of the bank. On returning to the boat Mr. Tapio said, "Norway post boat goes to-morrow. You stay here with me to-night."

"No, I take Finn post boat, and I stay to-night in Lapp inn at Nuorgam."

We landed at Nuorgam at 7.15 p.m., climbed a path on the bank, and at the far end of a field found the one-storied inn. In the kitchen an aged man in the Inari costume was sitting with other members of the household on a bench against the wall. He did not look like a Lapp. Indeed, his high-domed head, large nose, white hair and flowing beard reminded me of an elder of the Kirk in the Highlands of Scotland. Knowing the custom, I walked round the room shaking hands with all present. The old gentleman rose to shake hands, but seemed somewhat surprised when I continued on the hand-shaking tour. He asked Mr. Tapio a question, and from the intonation of his voice I imagined the question to be, "And who is this gentleman?"

An aged woman took my fishing-bag and led the way into a very clean little bedroom. I had begun to unpack my few belongings when Mr. Tapio came in, "Finn post boat now at rapids," and he pointed upstream through the window, "ten kilometres. Old man has horse. You take horse and get Finn post boat to-night—now?"

"Do I ride the horse?"

"No, you sit in a carriage pulled by horse. I now telephone."

There was a telephone in the kitchen, and when he hung up the receiver Mr. Tapio shook his head. "Not possible. Finn postman say he will not wait for horse. Norway post boat to-morrow night six o'clock other side of river. To get Norway boat you cross river. Stay at my house—big house, shop and post office—one kilometre on other side. Norway post boat stops at my house."

"Thank you, Mr. Tapio, I'll be glad to stay at your house." We recrossed the river and landed on the Norwegian bank half a mile upstream. Mr. Tapio's house was in the middle of a cut hay-field by the river. The small shop was at the back of the house, and a pillar-box in one of the outside walls showed that the building was also a post office. The door opened into a small kitchen with a cooking-stove, a trap-door over the potato pit under the centre of the floor, and a steep staircase to the sleeping quarters under the rafters. From the kitchen we entered a small dining-room with a square table beside the window; and beyond the dining-room was the best bedroom, furnished like a parlour. Here Mr. Tapio showed me a comfortable truckle bed that was mine for the night.

In this room were the only pictures in the house. One was a framed coloured print of a park with oak trees and one of the stately homes of England in the distance. In the foreground to the left the lord and lady of the manor, and the heir to the estate, had halted their horses. The lady was

riding side-saddle, and her husband and their son, a bright lad of sixteen mounted on a smaller horse, were in hunting kit. In the centre a huntsman, whose horse had disappeared, was holding up by the tail a fox at which seven hounds were leaping. Behind the huntsman a young whipper-in stood at attention and with his right hand raised in salute. On the right two mounted huntsmen, each with a large brass French horn raised to his lips, were sounding the call that corresponds to the Last Post in a fox-hunt. Beneath the picture was the title—"End of Fox-hunting"—in five languages. This was Mr. Tapio's favourite picture, and as we were admiring it he said, "I love England." He had never been to England, and I refrained from telling him that our stately homes are vanishing. "I learn to speak English out of a little book. I have also a book called *How to speak Russian*." I did not ask to see these books, because during my visit the *How to speak English* book, was giving Mr. Tapio great pleasure. He would often go out of the room for a minute or so and return with the words of a sentence whose grammar was faultless. For the most part these sentences were questions, and in my answers I endeavoured not to fall short of his text-book.

Another remarkable picture was a coloured print of a paddle-steamer, with one funnel and sails fore and aft, in the midst of an appalling gale and dangerously near a large lighthouse. On the crest of mountainous seas two lifeboats were coming to her assistance. The picture was entitled, "To the Rescue." A large photograph of Amundsen, another of the waterfall at Kolttakongäs, and a third of Mr. Tapio and his brother as non-commissioned officers in the Norwegian army completed the collection. His wife was in hospital at Wadsö. She had been there for two months with rheumatic fever. Their two children, boys of six and three, came into the room and Mr. Tapio asked, "Do they look like Lapp children?"

"They are good-looking children, and many Lapp children are very beautiful."

"You see," he explained, "my wife is a Lapp, but I am of Norwegian descent." Nevertheless, I reflected that Mr. Tapio would look very well in Inari costume.

For dinner we had fried fish balls, made of pressed cod, rye bread, sauerkraut and goat's cheese. There was no milk for the coffee, but the goat's cheese gave it a distinctive flavour. After dinner Mr. Tapio left the room for a moment and on returning asked, "Shall we have some music after dinner?"

"Thank you, Mr. Tapio, I would like to hear some music."

"What would you like me to play?"

"Anything you select, Mr. Tapio," and I wondered on what instrument he would play as there was no sign of a piano. From the bedroom he fetched a concertina, "I shall first play Sousa's famous march *The Double Eagle*. Then I will play *Three o'clock in the Morning*, and after that I will play *The Old Boys' March*. He played well.

At 10 p.m. the servant began chasing the children to bed. The younger one came up to me and held out his hand. "Good night," I said. He replied, "Good neet," then ran to the sofa, where he bounced himself up and down, shouting "good neet," and laughing the while. When children laugh like that it makes me wonder if God intended that everybody should be happy, even in this world. This was an obedient child. Whenever Mr. Tapio told him to go to bed he toddled off, and within two minutes was back again to say "good neet." In the midst of this performance, repeated half a dozen times, the telephone rang. Mr. Tapio answered it, and later said, "The line was bad. There is a thunderstorm at Ivalo. But I understood. It was about you. Mr. Stenbäck wished to know if you were safe. I said you were very safe, and would go in Norwegian post boat to-morrow."

"Very kind of him to ring up—but Heavens, this is most extraordinary!"

"You are surprised?"

"Yes, how did he know I was in this house to-night? This is Norway."

"Perhaps he ask police."

Later I learnt that it was the Finnish Post Office, to whom Stenbäck had complained about delay in delivering his letter of instructions, who had traced me to the Lapp inn at Nuorgam and learnt that I was staying the night with Mr. Tapio. Then they put a call through to Norway.

You cannot get lost in Lapland, and what Stenbäck had said was true. The lonelier the country the more notice a stranger attracts to himself. When the fugitive from justice seeks to lose himself in the wilds he has chosen the very place where everyone will notice his appearance and take a lively interest in his movements, and the scarcer the population the greater is his news value. He is safer in a large city where few are interested in their neighbours. As I went to sleep in a comfortable bed in a room free of mosquitoes I wondered how Wallace was faring in the *Prince Olaf*, and recalled his words, "Before to-night you will meet a friend."

At seven next morning Mr. Tapio entered my room and I allowed him to speak first. "Good morning, I trust you have slept well?"

"Thank you, Mr. Tapio, I have slept very well."

"And after breakfast shall we go for a walk in the park?"

"Thank you. That is what I would like to do."

"There is a Lapp boat going to Onnela at ten o'clock this morning. The old man from the inn and other Lapps have an appointment with the clergyman. They will be glad to take you. It will cost twelve kroner."

"Excellent."

"There is one bad rapid at Storfoss, five kilometres from here. At foot of rapids you get out and follow the boat for three kilometres to the top of the rapids."



After breakfast we walked in the stubble field, and I saw the deep well in which the ice had not yet melted. A hole had been cut in the centre, through which water was drawn. "The ice lasts all summer and so we have cool water to drink." He lay down and smiled in the sunlight as I dodged mosquitoes. "I love the mosquitoes. They do not bite me."

"Well, I don't love mosquitoes."

"If there were no mosquitoes, there would be no summer." There is a Lapp saying that the snow always melts, but the summer does not always come.

"And now, Mr. Tapio, what do I owe you for your hospitality?"

"But does the guest in England pay?"

"Oh yes, very often he does."

"Then I shall charge one kroner. It is not much."

"It is very little, and I would like to give you a present of some tobacco."

In the bedroom I gave him half of the pound of cigarette tobacco I had foolishly brought from England, a dozen packets of cigarette paper, and a machine for rolling them. With this wealth he was delighted, and to lighten the weight of my fishing-bag I gave him a tin of liver salts.

"And how is it taken?"

"Four teaspoonfuls in a tumbler of water."

He ran to the kitchen and returned with a cup of water and a tablespoon. The salts fizzed and foamed in the cup, and most of the contents would have been spilt had not Mr. Tapio swallowed the mixture as it fizzed. "A very nice drink," was his comment.

The child of three came in, held out his hand, and said, "Good morning."

"Hello, have you learnt English overnight?"

"Oh no," said Mr. Tapio, "he always says that. Every morning when I wake them I say, 'Good morning, boys.' That is what English fathers say to their sons."

## CHAPTER XXIII

### A ROUND OLD WOMAN

THE boat left the river's bank near Mr. Tapio's house at twenty-past ten. There were two boatmen and one other passenger, a young Lapp woman. She landed at the foot of the Storfoss rapids, and the men indicated that I could stay in the boat. Propelled by the outboard-motor the boat moved slowly against the current. Water rushing past the side was in contrast to the slowness with which we crept past the rocks. One of the boatmen stood up in the bow, and by waving his arm guided the steersman. To be heard they had to shout above the roar of the rapid, and half a mile ahead, in a gorge, was a waterfall over which no boat could climb. The outboard-motor began to splutter, and instinctively I clenched my hands and wondered to which rock I should try to swim if the boat was smashed. Later I was told that the best chance of escape in a rapid is to float on your back, feet first, in the hope that the current will keep you clear of rocks.

The engine picked up, then spluttered again and stopped. In a moment and before the boat was out of control each boatman had a pole overboard and began punting. It was as fine an exhibition of punting as I had ever seen. With every thrust they moved the boat a few feet, and their poles were down again before the current could send her back. We landed on the Finnish side below the Ala waterfall, and the men pointed to a road that went over the crest of a hill.

It was a good road with telegraph but no kilometre posts, and at the end of a mile a lane led down to the river at the top of the rapid, where the beach was of large boulders. Here I waited for three-quarters of an hour until the boat on a horse-drawn cart came down the lane. It was a heavy

boat, and engine, weather-boards, and floor-boards were unshipped before we could carry her across the boulders to the river. These proceedings occupied half an hour, and once more we were afloat. In many reaches high white banks of sand with sparse bushes rose from the river to the surrounding birch forest. These stretches of white sand above the blue water in the heat and sunshine of noon gave the river a semi-tropical aspect, and it seemed strange that we were beyond latitude  $70^{\circ}$  North.

At Kivalä, a small farm on the Finnish bank, we stopped, and soon the young Lapp woman, who had landed below the Storfoss rapid, her mother, the elderly proprietor of the inn at Nuorgam and his wife arrived in a cart, which was presumably the "carriage pulled by a horse" to which Mr. Tapio had referred. There were now five passengers, and we all sat on the floor-boards between each other's legs and facing the bow. From 4 to 5 p.m. we rested in a Lapp farmhouse at Veatshaknjarga, where I had three cups of coffee, for which my hosts refused any payment. Towards eight in the evening, as we were approaching Onnela, I saw on a rock in midstream the greatest salmon fisher in Europe. So intently was he watching the stream that he did not hear our boat until we were within twenty yards of him. Then he barked and dived into the river. The otter is a fast swimmer, and in a few moments he came up some fifty yards away, swam back to the rock and continued watching for salmon.

At 8.15 p.m. we reached Onella,  $41\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Skipagorra. From the map and pocket compass I knew it was Onnela, because we had passed the outlet from Lake Madda that flows due north into the Tana. Up to now I had believed that the boat would go up this outlet and down Lake Madda to Utsjoki, where I had been told to go to the house of the Rector, who would give me a bed. The outlet was so shallow that not even a canoe could have got

up. On landing, the elderly innkeeper after some talk with the boatmen led me for half a mile along a path through birch forest. By the language of signs, he made me understand that he was taking me to an inn similar to his own. In vain I tried to explain that my destination was the Rector's house at Utsjoki, 3 miles and 1 furlong south on the western side of Lake Madda. Then, as we were ascending an incline the old man stopped and pressed his right hand over his heart. From his face I knew what that meant—angina pectoris. I put my left arm round his shoulders and pointed to the ground that he should sit down. Slowly he shook his head and then nodded as the spasm of pain passed. He refused to take my arm, but indicated that we should walk more slowly. I was glad that he had not died.

There were several houses in the wood, and the one we entered was ten yards left of the path. A small hall, at the foot of a steep staircase, gave entrance to the kitchen, where several Lapps were drinking coffee. To the left of the kitchen was a room with an old office desk, round wooden table and chairs. Here the elderly Lapp said good-bye, and left me with a round old woman, whose measurement around the hips exceeded her height. Her face was also round and her eyes were small and deeply set. Her voice was a mournful whine. Instead of pronouncing Jo, meaning Yes, as Yo, she said, "Yo-ooh," and it sounded as though she was for ever whimpering. Her languages were Lappish and Finnish, and she yo-oed at me without understanding a word of what I was saying. We were joined by a young clean-shaven man in a lounge suit, and in German he told me that he did not speak French.

All I wanted to know was the way to the Rector's house. "Où est Monsieur le Curé, le Prêtre, Herr Pastor, Papa, Rector, Clergyman, Minister, Vicarius?" He shook his head, the woman whimpered yo-ooh, and Lapps from the kitchen crowded round the doorway. I decided to walk

off to the church in the hope that the Rector's house was adjoining. Yet as soon as I made a move to leave, they shook their heads and indicated that I should stay where I was. It was twelve hours since I had eaten, and I was feeling most annoyed with everything in general when the telephone rang. The old woman answered, beckoned to me, and to my relief I was talking English to the manageress of the Inari Hotel. She told me that I was at the inn and post office of Onnela, where I must stay until Friday morning, when the post boat left at 10 a.m. . . . The Rector had friends staying in the rectory and could not put me up. On Friday at 8 p.m. I would reach the foot of Lake Mierash. "Follow the path for twelve kilometres until you come to the Red Autiotupa, where men will be waiting to make coffee. The first autiotupa is five kilometres from the lake, but go on to the red one. You will have less distance to walk next day. On Saturday you will find a telephone in the inn at the end of Lake Syys. If you are too tired to walk the last twenty kilometres to Kammenen, telephone to me, and I will arrange for a horse to go and meet you. Mr. Stenbäck's letter did not reach you in time."

Everything was clear, and I assumed that the man in the lounge suit was the postmaster. To make sure I pointed at him and said, "Posti?" to which he replied, "Jo, jo." I then pointed at myself and said, "Dr. Sutherland," at which he shook me warmly by the hand and led me into a bedroom next the dining-room. This bedroom had two doors, one opening into the dining-room and the other into the hall. There were also two beds, and he indicated that one of them was mine. On a table in the centre of the room were butterfly nets, dead butterflies, and small glass jars. The postmaster cleared half the table for my use, and I thought that butterfly collecting was an excellent hobby for a postmaster in a lonely place. Next day, when he had recollected some French, I learnt that he was not a postmaster, but a

Professor of Entomology on holiday. "C'est très amusant," he remarked on realising my mistake. The postmaster I never saw. He was apparently in bed upstairs, and the old woman from the foot of the staircase frequently conversed with him.

For supper, and indeed for all other meals, we had salt salmon, potatoes, rye bread, butter and coffee. At meal times the professor would point to the coarse fare and shake his head sadly. To such straits had the lure of butterflies reduced him. At 12 p.m., in broad daylight, he took his net and went out to catch more butterflies. I went to my bed, but not to sleep. The bed was clean and fairly comfortable, but the old woman had dragged a rocking-chair into the hall. There at the foot of the stairs and just outside the bedroom door she rocked herself, and talked to the man upstairs. The man did most of the talking and the old woman yo-oed. Still worse, the rocking-chair creaked. There were also mosquitoes in the room. They bit me. I rose and donned the felt hat to whose brim a yard of circular mosquito netting was glued. With the veil tucked under the collar of my pyjama jacket I returned to bed and lay with my hat on the pillow.

Yet I reflected that there could be no potential murderers at the inn, or the old woman would have been dead long ago. Later I learnt that her husband worked in Finland. Had I been her husband I would have been working in New Zealand. I wished I were back in the beautiful hotel at Koltaköngäs, where to-day they would be celebrating summer. To-day, 24th June, was also my birthday, and here I was in this miserable inn. My guardian angel must have smiled. At that moment the hotel at Koltaköngäs was a roaring furnace and burnt to the ground in fifteen minutes. Only one life was lost, an elderly, absent-minded Scottish lady. She had been roused and was safely downstairs. Then she went back to her room for her hand-bag. Even then she might

have been saved. A captain of the Finnish army went after her and reached the door of her room when the corridor was ablaze, but absent-mindedly she had locked the door from inside. When they found her remains in the ashes, the charred bones of the right hand were clutching the wire that once had stiffened the handle of her bag, and near by was half a crown. "It was her Fate," said Stenbäck later. "Twice had she cancelled her passage to Wadsö. In the fire she of all the guests was the first to be aroused by the staff. Yet she had to die. It was her Fate."

That day hundreds of Inari Lapps, men, women and children, all in gay costumes, passed through the forest. They had come in their boats on the Tana, and were walking to the church festival at Utsjoki.

On Friday morning I indicated to the round old woman that I wanted my bill. She fetched pen, ink, an old envelope, and sat down at the table in the bedroom. For some minutes she sat looking at the back of the envelope. "Yo-ooh," she whined. "Yo-ooh," then wrote rapidly on the back of the envelope in large figures 78 M. She was overcharging me, but I was glad to be going away and handed her a 100 mark note. "Yo-ooh," and she waddled swiftly out of the room. I knew what was going to happen, as I had seen the professor pay his bill on the previous afternoon, when sharp words had passed between them.

Somewhere in the inn the old woman must have had a collection of good Finnish notes. There did not appear to be any notes in the old hand-bag with which she returned to give me change. Sitting down at the table with the bag in front of her and its mouth turned away from me, she opened it, peered inside, and extracted an öre. This she pushed across the table and yo-oed in parting with the coin. The copper Norwegian coin was followed by a pre-war Austrian coin, a French franc, and by other coins with square holes punched in the centre. She seemed to be an

expert on foreign exchange, but yo-oed because the money on the table was not quite the equivalent of the 22 Finnish marks she owed me. What it was actually worth I have no idea. Yet apparently it was short, because she seized the pen and added 2 marks 50 pennis to the bill, "Yo-ooh, telefony." At that moment the servant came into the room and I gave her all the change. She curtsied and ran to the kitchen with the round old woman in pursuit. Then the kitchen door was shut, and I wondered if the change would soon be back in the bag. May the waiter from Boulogne, who after the Great War specialised in obsolete French notes, be moved to stay as a guest at the round old woman's inn!



## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE POSTMAN WHO LIMPED

A LAPP and his wife were in charge of the post boat which started from near the inn, where the stream flowing north from Lake Madda was deeper than at its outlet in the Tana River. In the boat was also a bicycle with a carrier, and the postman, an athletic young Lapp. For me to walk with the postman was one thing, but if the man was going to ride a bicycle some of my signals of distress, typed in Finnish and English, would be needed before the day was over. I had eight of these signals, the seventh and most urgent was, "Olen väsynyt alkää odottekaa minua, postiauto ottaa minut huomenna" ("I am tired. Do not wait for me. The post will overtake me to-morrow"). The outboard-engine started and for a mile and a quarter we went up the stream between the birch woods.

The first rapid began where a large burn joined the stream on our left. Above this junction the stream was too shallow for the boat to be punted with four people on board. The postman, without bicycle, jumped ashore on the right, where a path no wider than a sheep track entered the wood. Boatman indicated that I should follow postman. In the wood I began to have misgivings about the journey. The postman was ahead and going fast. As I watched his steps there came to mind the walking run of the Red Indians. Perhaps the speculation that Lapps were related to Red Indians might be true. It was certain that I could not keep up with him for long. Yet there was no alternative. Often he was out of sight, but whenever the path branched he would wait to see that I took the right turning. Part of the way was along the top of a small cliff, and 30 feet below I saw the stream and the boat. Thereafter I kept

looking at the path, and soon we were going downhill to the northern end of Lake Madda. There had only been a walk of 5 furlongs.

Lake Madda is the largest and most northerly of a chain of lakes, interconnected by rivers, that runs due south for 20 miles. On the western bank is Utsjoki, a small hamlet where the only large building is the parish church. At Utsjoki two Lapps, a young man and woman, and another Lapp postman who had a limp and carried a small suitcase, joined the boat. There was a strong wind from the south and white horses were on the lake. The boat had no weatherboards, and although the boatman slowed down when approaching large waves we shipped a lot of spray. Weather conditions were new to me. In bright sunshine and under a cloudless blue sky we were going against a strong wind with gusts that amounted to half a gale. Every hour or so the boat had to be brought to the beach and baled out. The young Lapp woman sat for'ard with her back to the bow, and head and shoulders protected by a waterproof cape. She must have been soaked, but smiled whenever an extra large deluge of spray came past her. In the sunshine the spray was golden.

On we went through Lakes Pajibsuola, Suobba, Jorbo, Jomppolan and Keva. This chain of lakes between birch-covered hills is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. At the foot of Lake Keva, in latitude  $60^{\circ}45' N.$ , I saw the advance guard of the pine forests. On the left-hand bank were two pines, standing like sentinels at the northernmost limit of their species. Half a mile farther south was a company of a dozen, and beyond on the slope of a hill to the south-east were hundreds of pines like an army advancing in open order.

Beyond Keva was Lake Pulsal, at the foot of which we stopped at a Lapp house for coffee. After coffee the young postman who could run like a Red Indian rose to leave.

Now for the next run, thought I, as I made ready to follow him. The boatman shook his head and indicated that I was to walk with the older postman who limped. The younger one was about to deliver letters in the neighbourhood. The young Lapp man and woman were not going farther. Off we went on a good broad path through the pine forest with the Keniskvoikka River on our left, a river with waterfalls and pools in which I would have liked to fish or bathe. The air was fragrant with the scent of pines, and it was good to be alive in the company of a postman who limped. He seemed to have had an old fracture of the right leg above the ankle joint, which was stiff. For that I gave him a cigarette. There was now no fear of my being unable to keep up with the post. We walked for  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the northern end of Lake Kenish, where we found an empty boat and waited. Soon the boatman and his wife arrived, wheeling the bicycle with the outboard-engine on the carrier.

At the southern end of Lake Kenish we stopped at another Lapp house to eat sandwiches of reindeer meat and rye bread. In this house was a family of father, mother and two grown-up daughters. The father was lying alongside a wall of the kitchen. He lay on one reindeer skin and was covered by another. Beside him was a bucket. Every minute or so he raised himself on his hands and expectorated into the bucket. I glanced at the contents and knew the diagnosis. Nobody in the room spoke to him, and only the postman who limped asked about his health. "Tuberkuloosin," replied the wife. In all languages that word is almost the same. Beyond the upper reindeer skin a brown foot and ankle were visible. The ankle was not swollen, and the hour of his passing had not yet come. On the wall above where he lay was what I took to be a text, framed under glass. On a dark background were three words in silver letters. I had seen framed texts in other

Lapp houses and took them to be analogous with such words as "God is Love," once exhibited in the Christian homes of Scotland. I copied the words displayed on the wall and learnt later that they meant, "Protect Mr. Koliani," the man now lying on the floor. The words were a prayer. I wondered if it was addressed to the One God, or to one of the old Lapland gods.

Poor Mr. Koliani. Two years ago it may be you saw the lady doctor at Ivalo when you went there to buy stores. She advised you to go to the sanatorium 10 miles from Rovaniemi, but you felt well enough to work, and would not go. You were not the only one. Of the 145 cases admitted last year to that sanatorium over 55 per cent. were in the third and last stages of the disease. It is a first-class public sanatorium. Dr. Yrjö Keisaari, and her sister who is matron, ladies of noble Swedish birth, are in charge. On the day I was there two flags were flying, each over a pavilion. Large white flags with a word in green letters. One had the word Toivola, the place of Hope, and the other Lepola, the place for Rest. That day two patients had been discharged with their disease arrested. The flags were flying in their honour, and to welcome two new patients who were arriving. Another practical idea was the simple furnace into which each day the patients who were out of bed threw the carton contained in their aluminium sputum pots. Thus sputum and carton were destroyed. "I do not believe," said Dr. Keisaari, "in expensive plant for destroying sputum. It makes patients think that destruction of sputum is a complicated scientific process. By this simple method they learn to destroy sputum on the fires in their own homes." Full marks to this sanatorium, supported by a comparatively poor tuberculosis association.

From Mr. Koliani's house we walked on a good road for 1 mile 7 furlongs to the top of Lake Leppälä, where at another Lapp farmhouse we had coffee. The outboard-

engine was again wheeled on the bicycle. At the northern end of Leppälä two Lapp women joined the boat, and at the southern end of the lake we walked 5 furlongs to Ollita at the western end of Lake Tsioggu, 20 miles down the chain of lakes from Onnela. Tsioggu lies from west to east, and at the eastern end is a small rapid where a dam of stones and trunks of trees had been built half-way across the stream so that the boat might be punted in deep water. The small rapid, not more than 20 yards long, led into a little lake unnamed on the map, and from the end of this lake we walked 5 furlongs to the northern end of Lake Mierash. At the end of the little lake the outboard-engine and bicycle were left for the first time in the boat. A new boat with outboard-engine was lying unguarded at the northern end of Lake Mierash. This lake, lying from north to south, is 5 miles long. At the southern end on the eastern bank the postman and I left the boat at a place where a path ran south-east up a hill covered by heath and sparse birch trees.

On landing I met a young Finn who shook hands and handed me two letters, which I put in my pocket. He was the man whom the manageress at Inari had sent to meet me, and had come down to the lake from the Red Autiotupa. He had a bicycle on which he placed my fishing-bag, rod and landing-net. The time was now 11 p.m., and I had come 30 miles from Onnela. He wheeled the bicycle up the incline, followed by myself and the postman. I had come 30 miles, but there had been little walking, and although it was late the 7½ miles' walk to the Red Autiotupa did not discourage me. The sun was shining, and on the moorland on either side of the path the Kuukkeli were nesting. No wonder these are the pet birds of the Lapps. As we disturbed them when passing by, they rose from their nests and flew overhead for a short distance along the path uttering a call that sounded like a welcome. Better to

march across a Lapland moor with the Kuukkeli overhead, than to be a ruler driving in state through a capital, with airplanes roaring overhead. I was in such good humour that, when I turned and saw the postman hanging back in the path and out of breath, I went back and insisted, in spite of protests, on carrying his suitcase, a very light one, part of the way.

At 12 p.m. we came to the first autiotupa, 3 miles 1 furlong from the lake. Here the guide indicated we should stop. It was not the Red Autiotupa, to which the manageress had told me to go. That was 4 miles 3 furlongs farther on—but it was now midnight and the 4 odd miles would be less after a few hours' sleep. I would leave at 3 a.m. There was an outer and an inner room at this autiotupa. In the outer room were four iron bedsteads with wire mattresses. On two of these men were sleeping, the wire mattresses being covered with newly cut birch boughs. The postman stayed in the outer room, and the guide led me into the inner room, where there was only one iron bedstead. The guide lit a good fire on the raised open hearth, put on a kettle of water to boil for coffee, placed rye bread, butter, sugar and reindeer meat on the only table (there were no chairs), and went out to cut birch boughs to make me comfortable on the wire mattress.

Meanwhile I read my two letters. One was the letter from Stenbäck which should have reached me at Koltta-köngäs. The other was a letter from a stranger in London. "DEAR SIR.—I have read your books, and think you could help a friend who is suffering from rheumatoid arthritis. Would you please let me know your address, your hours of consultation and your fees?" This puzzled me and, when I looked at the envelope, annoyed me very much. The envelope was addressed in four different handwritings. The first had written my name, the second the address of my literary agents, the third my address in Helsinki and

the fourth my address at the Inari Hotel. If anyone wanted my London address it was in the telephone book and in the Medical Directory. Why should anyone take the trouble to discover the address of my literary agents? It appeared in no books of reference, and was known to not more than half a dozen of my friends. Ha! ha! a trap letter. A letter to see if I sought medical practice out of my books! Be it said that in my life I have received three trap letters, although not in relation to medical practice. Anyway, as soon as I could get in touch with my secretary, the writer of this particular letter would be informed that my address could be obtained in any public library or telephone kiosk without the trouble of discovering the name of my literary agents.

The guide returned with the branches for my bed and prepared the coffee. I showed him my watch, and indicated that we would leave the autiotupa at 3 a.m. It was now nearly 1 a.m., but two hours' sleep would be quite enough for me. He nodded to show that he understood, and I made him point to 3 a.m. on his own watch to make quite sure that he did understand. Moreover, I was annoyed with him because he refused to obey my signs that the postman should be asked into the inner chamber to share my coffee and supper. He moved his hand and shook his head to indicate that postman had to stay in the outer room. Had I known Finnish or had the guide known English, I would have told him that postman was as good a man as he was and that I had spent the best part of the day with postman. At 1 a.m. the guide retired to the outer room, and having placed my shoes and stockings on the floor near the fire, I lay down in state on my bed of birch boughs. A most damnable world in general, and yet the birch boughs were comfortable and I was more tired than I knew.

Two weeks later I met postman in the courtyard outside the inn at Ivalo. We greeted each other and shook hands with great cordiality. He pointed to the bus that soon

would depart for Liinahamari, and I to the one going to Rovaniemi. He had his suitcase, and I went into the inn to discover his name with the idea of suggesting to Stenbäck that the Post Office might be told that a postman who limped should be given an easier round. The manageress of the inn had good English.

"What is the name of the postman in the courtyard?"

"What postman? There is no postman in the courtyard."

"Of course there's a postman. The man who limps. I was with him for a whole day two weeks ago."

"That's not a postman; that's a pedlar. He goes about the country trying to sell things. He's not quite right in his head, but the Lapps are very kind to him."



## CHAPTER XXV

### THULE

ON waking I found it was 5 a.m., and only sounds of snoring came from the outer room. I entered the room intending to waken guide, but could not distinguish him from the three other men. So I packed my fishing-bag, grasped my rod and landing-net, and set off alone. This would teach guide a lesson when he did wake up. It was not anger, but righteous indignation that made me walk at a great pace. The Kuukkeli rose from their nests to cheer me on my way, but there was a note of sadness in their cry of Coo-ee. The path ascended all the way to the Red Autiotupa. There I looked at my watch. It was 6.30 a.m. In one hour I had walked 4 miles 3 furlongs uphill all the way. Let Nils say what he liked about the marching pace of the Swedish army. This would be a practical lesson for a slothful guide. The path led south and on the summit I stopped to admire the vast expanse of birch forest stretching as far as I could see to the west. Then I saw guide with bicycle hurrying up the slope. I hurried on. He overtook me a mile farther on, and I allowed him to place my fishing-bag on the carrier of his bicycle. I was now tired and thirsty. At the first rivulet I lay on the moor and drank direct from the stream. That shocked guide, because it is the Lappish custom to make a cup of your hands when drinking from a stream, lest you swallow a tadpole and be tormented thereafter by a frog in the stomach. Was not Gideon told when choosing his army against the Midianites, "Everyone that lappeth of the water with his tongue as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself." Only the three hundred who lapped from their cupped hands were accepted as soldiers.

Seven furlongs south we came to an empty hut where

the guide stopped and said, "Café?" "Ei café" (no coffee), I replied and marched on. For the next  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles the ground became marshy, and the going was heavy along the eastern shore of Lake Säyts. All around us lapwings were rising from their nests, crying peewit, and then settling down where the nest was not. I was glad when guide led the way towards the lake and a boat. It was a heavy boat and he rowed against a strong head-wind. There was a second pair of oars in the boat, which was intended for two rowers. These I took and began to row. It was a sin against justice that my irritability should be expended on guide. He had overslept and I ought to have been glad of that. Two hours' sleep would have been ridiculous. Yet it is the one who allows irritation and bad temper to master his actions who suffers most—physically and mentally. All the great thinkers of the world, Christian and pagan, have advocated the advantages of a tranquil mind. No man can throw off the burden that he must carry through life, but any sane man ought to see the folly of doubling the weight of that burden by vain imaginings. Last night's letter, for example. What a fuss, stew and raising of blood pressure about nothing! The truth turned out to be that an old lady went into a public library, where she failed to find a Medical Directory. She wrote to my publishers for my address. They replied that they never disclosed the addresses of their authors, but that a letter would be forwarded. So the old lady delivered a letter which the publishers addressed to the literary agents. And yet all on account of a kindly old lady in a public library in London there had been a disturbance in the wilds of Lapland.

We rowed past three islands unlike any I had already seen. They looked like artificial islands surrounded by a round wall of granite blocks rising 3 feet above the water. These walls were natural, and on the islands were birch trees. After rowing for 5 furlongs we came to a fourth

island on which were fields and a Lapp farm. The guide ran the boat ashore. "Café," he said, and led the way to the farmhouse. He was taking no chances of an "ei" from me.

In the living-room the guide and I sat at either end of a kitchen table next the window and began to eat our rye bread, butter and reindeer meat while the farmer's wife was making coffee in a kettle. Behind my chair the farmer stirred between reindeer skins on the floor where he slept, rose and dressed himself. It was 9.15 a.m. His wife was already dressed. Two girls of twelve and fourteen were putting on their stockings, and fighting in a friendly way for the "hay" for their boots. On a mattress in another corner a boy of four and a girl of two were sitting up waiting to be dressed. A lad of sixteen then came in, and after him a grandmother. I shook hands with everybody, and for the first time opened my "iron ration" for glucose sweets. These I passed round, but hesitated to give one to the infant aged two, lest she should choke. Her mother indicated that she might have one. Two Lapp dogs, a bitch and her grown-up puppy, appeared from under the table and made friends with me, the puppy leaping up and thrusting its head above that of its mother in order to be stroked and spoken to. The Lapps must have understood some English, as the older ones laughed when I said quite truthfully, "Your two dogs understand English although nobody else knows a word of what I'm saying."

Meanwhile the father was lying on the mattress beside the infant of two, and "joiking" to her in a low melodious voice. They were a large and happy family, and in that single living-room had learnt tolerance. I decided to give them my iron ration, and so it was necessary to instruct mother how to make beef extract from meat cubes. The first attempt was a failure, because she poured coffee over the cubes. Soon she understood that I wanted boiling water, and the hot drink was prepared. The grandmother was the

first to taste it and expressed disapproval. One girl refused to taste it, and the other looked dubious as to whether she liked it or not. The boy of sixteen did not like it, and guide refused to touch the stuff. By this time he probably thought that I was a lunatic. Father relished it, and mother said "hyvää." I also showed her how to make a drink from malted milk tablets. When she realised that I was leaving the lot she thanked me as prettily as ever I have been thanked. She had borne five children, but had not lost her good looks. She crossed the room, held out her hand, and said, "Many takk." Takk is Lappish for thanks, and to that she had added a word of English.

Guide had arranged with the lad of sixteen to give him a hand with the rowing. On the way back to the boat the lad climbed into what looked like a very large dog kennel set on posts three feet above the ground. When he emerged from this sleeping apartment he was in the uniform of the Civic Guard. They rowed the boat against a stiff wind for  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the southern end of Lake Säyts. Here guide left his bicycle in the boat, and we all walked  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the Kutu River. In another boat they rowed for 5 furlongs up the river until past a tributary which came from the south-east. Then we landed and walked  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the northern end of Lake Syys, where there was a boat in which they rowed  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the southern end.

From the inn I telephoned to Inari that a horse might set out from Kaamas to meet me in the forest. Then, bidding good-bye to my long-suffering guide and his friend, I set off by myself on the last  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles of this journey. That day I had walked 10 miles and was not anxious to walk much farther. The flies had been bad. The veil had protected my face. Frequent applications of a watery extract of pitch had more or less protected my hands, but the flies had bitten through closely-woven stockings. To protect my ankles I had poured paraffin oil on the stockings, having

forgotten that paraffin oil is an irritant. Consequently I had an inflammation of the skin around both ankles.

The flies and mosquitoes in Lapland are astonishing. Clarke was not exaggerating when he wrote in 1799, "A sturdy English groom who attended us as a servant was driven to such desperation by them, that, being at last compelled, not only to make his appearance beneath a veil, but with his skin tarred, and festering wounds upon his hands and legs, he was with difficulty restrained from throwing himself into the river."

In the pine forest I killed many mosquitoes on the outside of my veil. Each one was full of red blood, probably the blood of birds, reindeer or other animals. It is astonishing that in the Arctic Circle there should be more insect life than in tropical forests. Yet it is so, and swarms of mosquitoes near the ground may be so large as to darken the sky. Here in winter the whole land is covered by ice and snow. In the brief summer every species shows enormous fertility. It is another proof of the universal law that whenever a species is threatened by environment, a stupendous effort is made by Nature to preserve it in being. Moreover, the larvae of these insects are food for the fish in the thousands of lakes and streams.

I left the inn at 2.40 p.m. and walked at an easy pace with frequent rests. It is pleasant to have a horse coming to meet you. If you sit down, then every minute brings the horse nearer; or if you walk on then every minute you are getting nearer the horse. The path was narrow and rocky, and I did not meet the horse until 4.40 p.m. With the horse was a man and a cart. The man sat on a sack of hay in front, and I sat on a board fixed across the sides of the cart. Even at a walking pace there was much jolting. Yet why complain. In childhood one of the joys of life was to be jolted in a cart, especially when the cart had to cross a ford with the water nearly reaching the axle. Great was my dis-

appointment when once we went for our summer holidays in the Highlands to find at the station a wagonette and not a cart to take us to the farm. In this philosophic mood I looked into the forest and was surprised to see a Lapp woman sitting there with her two children. Again I looked and they had vanished. There was only the stump of a tree. This would not do, and I decided to stop the phantasmagoria by talking to the driver, who knew a little English. Soon I would be leaving the Lapps, and reflected on what Linnaeus had written at the end of the seventeenth century: "Ovid's description of the Silver Age is still applicable to the native inhabitants of Lapland. Their soil is not wounded by the plough, nor is the iron din of arms to be heard, neither have mankind found their way into the bowels of the earth, nor do they engage in wars to define its boundaries."

His words are true to-day, when the southern boundary of Lapland is the Arctic Circle and when all Lapland is divided into four parts—Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish and Russian.

Five miles from our destination, for we were going a little farther than Kaamas, the path changed into a road in the making. Sooner or later that road may reach the Tana, and people will be whizzed there in motor-cars. It was nearly 8 p.m. when from the top of a hill the driver pointed proudly to a hamlet beside a lake and exclaimed, "Thule." To all peoples that word means the End.



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